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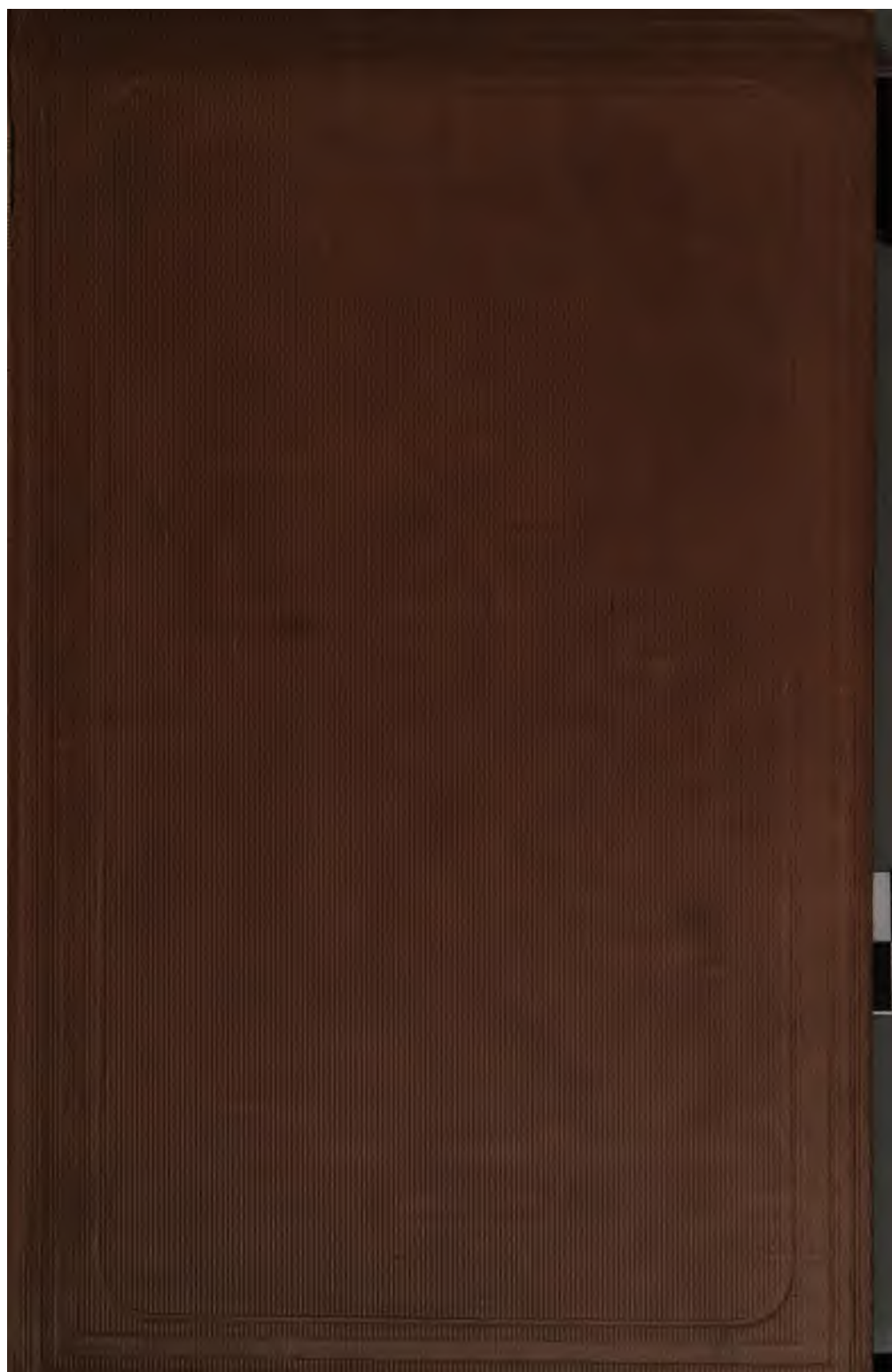
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THE GRAND PACHA'S

CRUISE ON THE NILE

IN

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT'S YACHT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

EMMELINE LOTT,

Author of "Harem Life in Egypt and Turkey," &c., &c.

VOL. II.



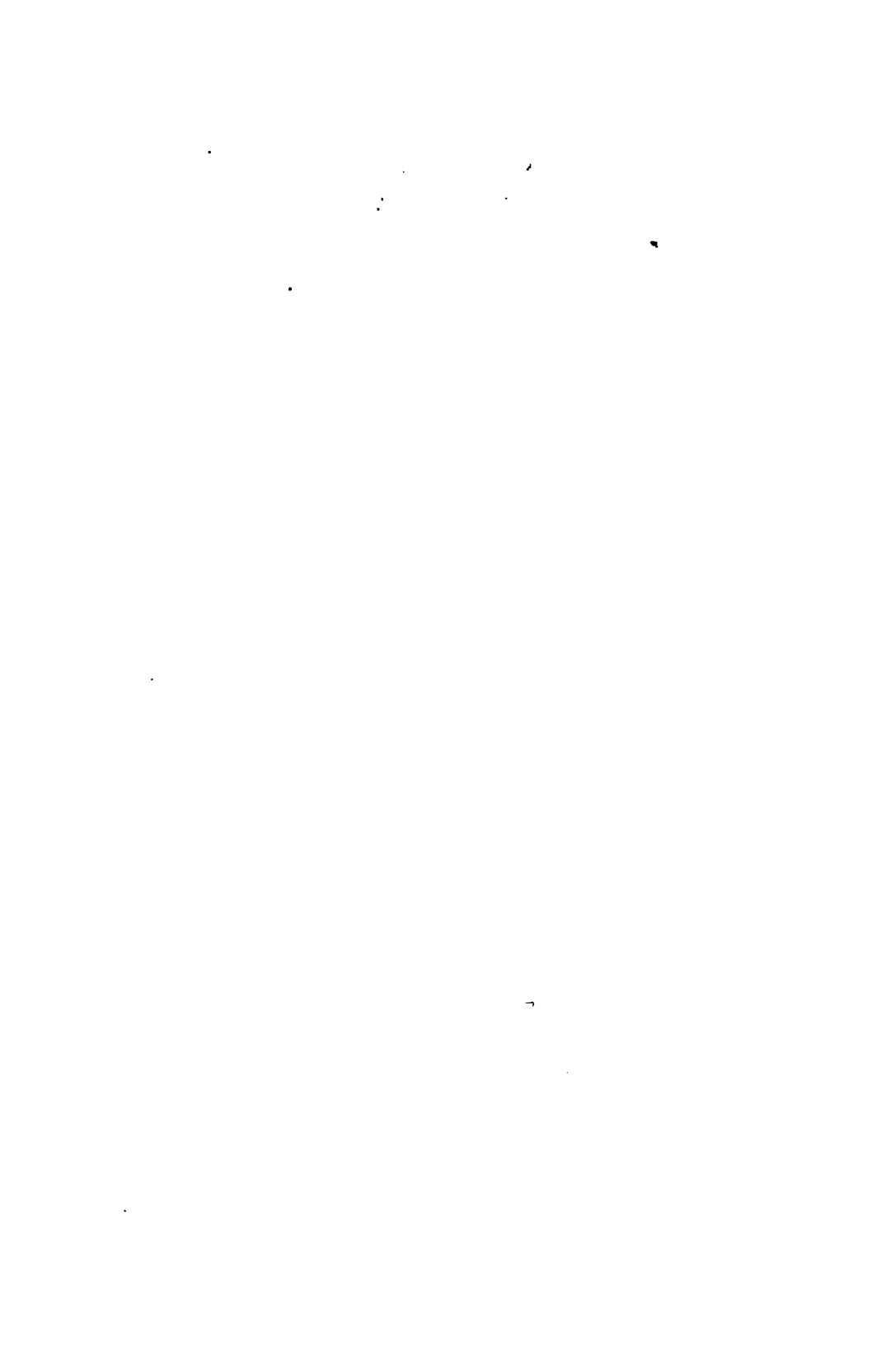
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THE ‘‘TAKA;’’

OR,

A CRUISE IN THE VICEROY
OF EGYPT’S YACHT.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY next morning the tents were struck, and off we started for a watering place, at which we arrived early. Breakfast was soon prepared, and after the Grand Pacha had partaken of that refreshment, he held a levee, for the news of his traversing the Desert of Maazee had spread far and wide. A worthy Emir (*nobleman*) of the name of Othman, who had been visiting the convents, came and paid his respects to the little Prince. He was mounted on a grey mule, covered with a fine leopard’s skin, attended by

several officers and employés of his divan, on horseback. His escort was a company of Bashibazouks, whose band consisted only of a small drum, called a '*table*.' The appearance of the whole group was picturesque in the extreme. Their arms glistened in the sun, the horses shook out their flowing manes as they kept pawing the sand with their hoofs, the bright colours of the officers' uniforms, their wide inexpressibles, their large, handsome cashmere kummerbands, filled with pistols and yataghans, had a most singular and unique effect, and gave the party the look of a wild and savage band of marauders. The Emir, with his surtout buttoned up to the throat, and tarboosh on head, cut but a very insignificant figure beside that bold and formidable-looking escort by which he was attended.

The Prince received the Emir with great courtesy, ordered coffee and pipes to be served, and then dismissed him with *bukhsheesh*, but politely declined to accept the services of his escort which he had offered him.

Scarcely had they departed when a caravan of young persons, slaves I think they must have been, for they were in a state of nature, both male and female, passed within a short distance of the encampment. I could not help lamenting their position, for in all probability they had

been torn away from their homes, and might possibly be condemned to pass a life of degradation and suffering. They looked terribly exhausted, and might perhaps have come from the Soudan or Abyssinia; three and even four were mounted on each camel, and all were complete bags of bones.

Suddenly the caravan halted, and I beheld a girl fall off one of the camels. She had died from over fatigue. A hole was hurriedly dug in the sand into which she was thrown. The slave-dealer had, at least, the humanity to have the body well covered, lest the jackalls and hyenas should rake it up at night, and pick the flesh from the bones. They were all blacks, but with very pretty and interesting countenances. As they passed close to the tent, they stared in amazement at the Prince and myself. All their features were regular, their eyes large, dark, and very expressive, their hair fine and glossy, and their carriage graceful. Not any were older than nine years of age, and although so young, they were on the verge of womanhood.

It had been rather foggy in the early part of the morning; soon the sky gradually assumed its usual clearness and serenity. The sun now burst forth in all its splendour, and, like a volcano, cast a rose-tinted shade on the desert. As

it gradually sank to rest, a deadly stillness reigned; the animals which now and then prowled about the camp, as well as the birds, all seemed to be affected by it, so that I could not help exclaiming to myself, "what would the children and inhabitants of the desert suffer, if the sun were never more to rise and shed its rays upon the earth." When the short twilight began, it became so cold that I was obliged to wrap the Prince up in his *kaftan*, and envelope myself in my thick Maud shawl. Scarcely had we muffled ourselves up, when a mounted troop of women on *fiacres du pays*, carrying large earthen jars filled with water on the neck of each of their donkeys, passed the tent. They were all so closely veiled that I had no opportunity of seeing their features. But, judging by their carriage, I took them to be very young. Although all alone they trotted along most merrily, without the least fear of being insulted. And they were right, for the Arabs are a noble race, and respect our sex. But had they happened to have passed by when the Emir and his Bashi Bazouks were in the encampment, I question whether they would have felt so much at their ease, for the Turkish soldiers are men not to be trusted near women of any class, for even their officers have but *slight* control over them.

During our journey in the desert, I could not help observing that the women appeared to perform all the household drudgery, even to carrying the water, which they fetch from a great distance. Every time we passed near a well or watering place—for there were several in our line of march—we there found flocks of sheep and camels drinking ; the Bedouins generally encamp near them—not too close, however, because they love quietness, and dislike the turmoil, bustle, and hubbub of those watering places. Besides, those Arabs generally desire to keep the knowledge of those favored spots to themselves, hence why they never pitch their tents too near them.

The Bin Bachi, who was my *Guide Book* whenever I required information, told me that “ travellers, when crossing the desert, should never attempt to question the Arabs too plainly upon the subject of where water is to be found ; for rest assured they will either tell them an untruth, or else give them evasive answers.” They regard *water* as their greatest wealth, for the possession of that blessing in the scorching desert renders them unconquerable.

To gain possession of a tribe's watering-place in time of war, is tantamount to holding their enemy entirely at their mercy, as it obliges them to hurry away in quest of another ; hence

the reason why they conceal them so carefully from their enemies, and even cover the approach to them with piles of stones and branches; and it not unfrequently happens that a traveller may be almost dying of thirst when he is actually walking over a well.

Scarcely was that cavalcade of women out of sight, when a small caravan advanced towards our tented palace, and as darkness was fast covering the earth, it was some time before we could distinguish of what kind of people it was composed.

Suddenly we beheld a group of men alight from their camels and donkeys, and run off as fast as they could scamper to the neighbouring limestone rocks. I could not help laughing at their nimbleness of foot; but the Bin Bachi told the Prince, who roared with laughter, that "the sight of our costumes, the whiteness of our complexions, and the appearance of the sentinels on guard at the tent doorway had made them think that we were Turks who had been sent into the desert on a recruiting expedition, and that as they detested embracing a military life, they had fled, preferring to leave everything rather than fall into our hands."

"Come here; I have something to say to you," said the Grand Pacha to the Bin Bachi.

That officer approached his Highness, saluted him, and stood waiting his commands; at the lapse of a few seconds, the Prince exclaimed, "Make haste, no noise, go and bring them hither!"

Mounting his horse, which a soldier always held ready, saddled and bridled, off galloped the Bin Bachi, and by dint of persuasion and *buksheesh*, be it understood, he enlightened the fugitives as to who we really were, and in about half an hour they returned, salaamed the Grand Pacha, who gave them lots of *paras*, mounted their quadrupeds, and were soon out of sight, exclaiming in chorus as they went their way, "May God increase your Highness's prosperity!"

An old shepherd came and brought us a large jar of most delicious milk, which enabled the Prince to have a bowl of rice milk with his supper, of which he was very partial.

We retired early to rest, but I had scarcely fallen asleep when I was awoke by cries similar to those of a child; but as I had heard those cries before, I laid myself down, for well did I know that they proceeded from the jackalls who had most likely discovered the corpse of the poor black girl whom the Jellab had buried in the sand, and were making their meal off it.

The Grand Pacha having overslept himself—for no person was ever allowed to disturb him—we

had the door hangings of the tent drawn aside while partaking of our breakfast. We had scarcely commenced when a *Santor* came and squatted himself down inside the tent, and the Grand Pacha ordered one of the attendants to minister to the holy man's wants by placing several dishes and a large bowl of boiled milk before him, to which that strange being did ample justice. He was attired in a blue baft chemise, and wore a dirty white turban on his head. I looked at him in amazement, and naturally enquired of myself: from whence did he come? Was he travelling with us? But those were questions which I could not solve, for I had not interrogated him myself.

The Santors are the *lettered* people, the priests of the desert, who write the verses of the Kuran, which the Bedouins wear as armulets around their arms and about their neck. The women wear them round their waist. The Santor receives for his services not *paras* (for the Bedouins have not many, and do not part with them so easily), but milk, flour, doura, and other provisions. In short, they live like literary men—by their pen. Those holy men do not possess the brutal fanaticism of the Mogrebin *marabouts*. They are gentle in their manners, steady in their habits, and are much looked up to by the Arabs.

Few if any of them are even rich enough to possess a whole copy of the Kuran, but they manage, by hook or by crook, to obtain a few leaves of one which they keep constantly reading over and over again, as a Roman Catholic priest does his paternoster, and by copying a few verses from them they earn their daily bread. We did not gain much knowledge from him; he spoke but little, salaamed the Prince most respectfully, who not only gave him buksheesh, but had some biscuits, sugar, tobacco, and coffee, packed up in a box for him, for which he expressed unbounded gratitude, and ere he left us, repeated to the Prince the following lines in Arabic:—

“An infidel king—one of the richest on earth—
Yet knew his heart of joy and peace a dearth.
Mahomet approached him once in thoughtful mood,
And said to him, ‘Thine ancestors so good—
Why did they not their treasure with them take,
When forced of life’s bright feast an end to make?
Ah! was it not because no man can bear
In death aught but his naked merits there?’
The king, appalled, sank back upon his couch;
Fierce fears throughout his soul began to crouch,
His wealth, for Allah’s sake, he gave away,
And a Moslem became that very day.”

“Bravo! bravo! bring paras and a pipe,” said the Grand Pacha, and upon his commands being obeyed, he ordered the attendant to give them to the Santor—for he was quite delighted at the story of the Infidel Prince having been converted to

Islamism — who salaamed him thrice, and as he walked away, laden with the good cheer that had been provided for him, he exclaimed—

"My soul is yours. May you increase in prosperity, and live a thousand years."

As soon as the Santor had departed the tents were struck, and on we journeyed for a considerable distance in complete silence.

Soon the Grand Pacha began to complain of thirst. I peeled him several oranges, which he with evident gusto, and that allayed the irritation which the heated air and sand had produced in his throat. I also became similarly affected; in short, the whole of our caravan appeared to suffer in like manner—the Arabs, attendants, and quadrupeds, were all bathed in profuse perspiration, and dying of thirst. In a short time we reached an *oasis*; it was indeed a most welcome spot. There beneath the thick shade of large palms and dense mimosas stood a well, close to which were resting a flock of sheep. Here the Cheikh commanded a halt to be made, of which all our party, from the Prince down to the camel drivers, were exceedingly glad. We alighted, and sitting on our camp stools, amused ourselves by looking at the scene around us.

The camels were taking in their fill of water; their drivers were similarly engaged, for as they had been walking many miles by the side

of their beasts, their lips had become so completely parched that I really thought they never would finish drinking that delicious cool water, of which, however, I partook but sparingly.

Gazelles were roaming about in all directions. The majority of them were so tame that they came and ate crumbs of biscuit out of the Grand Pacha's hand. Unfortunately a stupid soldier let off his musket, when off they started with lightning speed. The shepherds milked their flock, and presented the Prince with plenty of *lubben*, of which he partook in moderation, and ordered the Bin-Bachi to bestow *soortee* upon them, when they salaamed, wished his highness *Kattar Kherah*, and departed.

This short halt appeared to be much enjoyed by the whole of our caravan. As soon as the Bin-Bachi thought that they had rested long enough, he gave orders to the Cheikh to depart, in order that we might reach *Dayr-Mar-Antonios* (the Monastery of St. Anthony), ere the sun sank to rest.

As soon as the convent appeared in sight, our factotum hurried on to prepare the Coptic brethren of good St. Anthony, who are supported by the voluntary contributions of their people in Egypt, for the Prince's reception.

On our arrival a body of venerable looking

monks came out to receive the Grand Pacha, who, together with myself, was ushered into a large apartment which they designated the Strangers' Hall. It was clean, but only furnished with a divan that almost ran along the room, in the centre of which stood a wooden table, as white as the driven snow. The Patriarch, who happened to be there at the time, paid his respects to the Prince, who received him most graciously. He was a noble, venerable-looking, intelligent personage, and appeared to be much beloved and respected by the monks. He told us that St. George; of Cappadocia, is their principal Saint, the patron of the Convent being St. Anthony of the Thebaid, who was the beloved friend and inseparable companion of St. Paul (*Mar Bolos*), a recluse who had founded the other monastery which we purposed visiting.

After partaking of a slight refreshment, among which was a large dish of olives, fresh gathered from the garden, to which the Prince, who was very fond of them, did ample justice, but of which I did not partake, for it is a taste which I have not yet been able to acquire, although such are much used in Egyptian, as well as Italian cookery. The Patriarch conducted us into the well-shaded and admirably-kept garden, abounding with delicious fruit and excellent vegetables.

Quitting that pretty spot he led the way to the rocks above, and pointed out to us the cave in which the good St. Anthony lived many years. Thence we proceeded to inspect the extensive quarries of Oriental alabaster, out of which was taken the stone with which Mahomet Ali constructed his mausoleum and the new mosk in the citadel at Cairo; then we mounted our mules which had been brought round to the garden gate, and forthwith proceeded into the Wadee Arraba, where we examined the ruins of a town, and the gypsum quarry.

On our return we found the Greek Itekim, who had been the Barber's travelling companion, and by his side sat a young Greek girl, named Anna, who had accompanied him to the convent, and whom he purposed taking to Cairo, to place with a Coptic family of his acquaintance.

His Highness ordered the Bin-Bachi to give Anna a purse of *paras*. The girl approached the Prince, knelt at his feet, kissed the skirts of his coat, and with tears in her eyes exclaimed,

"You are very kind. May your Highness live a thousand years."

Taking our leave of the hospitable Patriarch, and leaving a handsome *buksheesh* for the inmates of the convent, we proceeded to visit that of Dayr Bólos (St. Paul), where we were re-

ceived with the same kindness and attention, and shown into the small library, which contained but few books or manuscripts.

After having remained there two days, we retraced our steps across the Desert, in which we encamped at several watering places, as we had previously done. We had scarcely journeyed far through the sandy waste, when we reached a firm spot, the ground about which was cracked in all directions by the excessive heat of the sun. In some places there were very deep holes, in one of which we espied a shepherd squatted down by the side of two fat sheep, and as we had killed a great many of those we had brought with us, the Bin-Bachi began to bargain with him for the purchase of them, which was soon arranged, and two *talaris* (ten francs) were named for each. But when that officer offered the Arab the *talaris*, he refused to accept them, thinking that they were bad. The Prince, remembering that he had often heard the Arab women in the haram say that none but Austrian *talaris*, with the effigy of Maria Theresa, were current in the Desert, called the Bin-Bachi to him, to whom he gave two of that period, whereupon that officer handed them to the shepherd.

Here our tent was pitched, and breakfast

quickly served, after which the Grand Pacha sat himself at the tent-door and gazed at the scene before him. The Desert was covered with a white mist, the fore-runner of a most scorching day. Being fully acclimatised, I rather enjoyed living in the tent ; but when it became too oppressive, I felt a kind of langour come o'er me ; but by dint of a little physical exertion I shook it off, and then bore up as bravely against its enervating influence as any of our cavalcade.

We had not been sitting there long, before one of those '*Sarab*'—mirages so common in the *Bada*—desert, especially when the atmosphere is very hot and the light glaring, loomed forth in the shape of a large tree, whose size and foliage closely resembled a banyan. Wishing to gratify His Highness's curiosity, we had the mules saddled, and enveloping ourselves in white *habaraks*, which were so constructed that they entirely covered our figures, and had two glasses fixed therein, which, coming over our eyes, enabled us to see distinctly, while their folds protected us from the effects of the sun, we sallied forth, not like Doctor Syntax, in search of adventures, but in quest of that beautiful, verdant, shady-looking tree, which formed such a lovely object amidst the sandy waste. Guess our surprise, however, when we approached the object of our

search to find that it was only a very diminutive accacia, whose leafless branches were dried up, just as if they had been withered by the blast of an easterly wind. On one of its branches was perched several *k'ta* (birds of the Desert), who as we approached, uttered their hoarse and plaintive cry.

"Bad, bad!" exclaimed the grand Pacha, pointing to the accacia tree, for His Highness was mournfully vexed at the trick which the *sarab* (mirage) had played us.

Looking through my achromatic glass, I perceived at no great distance a group of magnificent palm trees, and pointed them out to the Prince.

"*Guzél! Guzél!*" (beautiful) he exclaimed, thinking, no doubt, that he would be able to enjoy a feast of fresh dates, of which he was remarkably fond, so we hurried off at full gallop in that direction; but when we reached them great indeed was his disappointment to find that they were neither more nor less than *doum* palms. That kind of palm is totally different in shape to the date palm, whose trunk is bare, but whose apex is crowned with beautiful fan-like wide-spreading branches with clusters of excellent fruit, whereas the *doum* stretches out at right angles from each side of the trunk, and has its apex covered with small leaves, and whose miserable fruit is not eat-

able. There, however, we found a delightful shady halting place, for the branches had interlaced each other, enormous parasites had entwined themselves like the coils of a serpent about them, and fell in garlands on both sides, while young leaves were sprouting forth all up the trunk. There beneath that desert arbour we halted some time. Scarcely had we remained there a quarter of an hour, when a man, as if by magic, appeared in sight, and, advancing towards the Prince, presented him with a very pretty vessel, made out of the trunk of the palm, containing some delicious milk. Suddenly a whole group appeared. These black '*ginnee*' spirits (for they looked like the attendants of a magician), were about five feet high, with regular features, curly hair, well formed limbs, and all in nature's garb. They were unarmed, and wore a benevolent expression of countenance. The milk which they had offered the Prince and myself bespoke their hospitable disposition, so we regarded them in the light of friends. They ranged themselves in the form of a crescent before us; some were standing with their hands crossed and eyes fixed upon the ground, others were squatted upon their heels; they looked intently at us, spoke not a syllable, but made signs to the Bin-Bachi, who was in undress uniform, which indi-

cated that they wished to know who we were? whence we came? and whither we were going? That officer having satisfied their interrogatories, they rose and salaamed the Prince, who graciously acknowledged their salutation, and ordered *buk-sheesh* to be distributed among them, although the Bin-Bachi called them the Sons of Sheitan.

From him we then learned that they were the Adendaos Arabs, whose ancestors originally crossed the Red Sea, and fixed their residence in those deserts which were formerly peopled by the Troylodytes. They have scrupulously retained the religion of their native place, but particularly the *Fhar*, that blood law which appears to be the common right of all the Arabs, and which the Adendaos observed most rigidly.

The Kuran thus commends that barbarous custom "murder is punished by the law of requital," but as a kind of palliative, it adds, "The life of a man can be atoned for by the murderer paying the family an indemnification," and Aboubéker, the chief commentator of the Kuran, fixes that indemnity at "a hundred camels for a free man." But the Adendaos very rarely accept a compromise; nothing but blood will satisfy them.

If a murderer of one of their tribe falls into their hands, they lay him upon the *angareb* [that

piece of desert furniture which serves as a divan by day and a bed by night. It is about eight to ten inches high, composed of a wooden frame supported on four feet, which double up, and is covered with narrow slips of untanned leather, stretched tight, interlaced across each other, like a cane chair, and firmly fixed to the four sides of the frame. It is a most useful piece of furniture, being very cool, as it admits a free current of air, and is admirably adapted for the country. Some, however, are not quite so simple as that which I have just described, for I have seen many beautifully inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl. They put me in mind of the seats which the ancient Romans used when at their meals], and garrot him, while their comrades celebrate his capture by a fantasia. They begin by cutting his throat in such a manner that the blood flows into a vessel which they hold beneath it, just like wine from a barrel that has been tapped, and of which every individual present takes a sip. The victim utters not a cry, and the executioners are so enraged, so intoxicated with that dreadful nectar, of which they spill not a drop, that we may say of them as Dante said of Ugolin—

“La bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto.”

Hospitality is held as sacred among them as

vengeance, and all individuals partake of it, whether they be "Sons of the Faithful," or "Dogs of Christians."

Leaving those Adendaos to enjoy themselves beneath the umbrageous shelter of the *doum* palm grove, we hurried to the tent, which was quickly struck, and off we marched on our return to Benisoef.

On our arrival at the palace, the Governor, Osman Bey, came to receive us, and conducted us into the Selamlick, where, to the inexpressible joy of the Prince, we found his Highness the Viceroy Ismaël Pacha, who had steamed up the Nile in his magnificent yacht.

His Highness begged that his presence might not disarrange any plans that I had formed for the Prince's journey, for he purposed returning to Cairo that evening, as he had to attend to state affairs of importance.

I salaamed thrice, and after H. H. had patted the Grand Pacha on the cheek, he gave him ten purses of Egyptian sovereigns, saying,

"Ibrahim, here is some money."

The Prince salaamed. Hurrying up into the haram, we found their Highnesses the Princesses seated on a divan that ran along the windows facing the garden, while her Highness the Princess Validè of Egypt, the Viceroy's mother, for

that illustrious lady had accompanied, as she often did, the Viceroy in his floating palace, sat upon the one that faced the square fronting the palace, in close conversation with Zeyneb Hanem, who was one of the most enlightened and best educated Albanian woman I had ever met, who had received the greater portion of her instruction from the talented wife of a distinguished missionary, now no more. I salaamed H.H. thrice and stood until the Prince had made his *temena*, when she kissed him, motioned him to be seated on her left hand, for Zeyneb Hanem sat on her right, and then bade me take my place by the side of my pupil.

As soon as she had finished smoking that beautiful gem of a chibouque, with which the hostess had presented her, I handed her a findjan of coffee, for well did I know that her Highness was well pleased when, throwing off my habitual reserve, I took it into my head to do her the honour—for such she considered it—of attending upon her myself, which she regarded in the light of a compliment. As soon as she had taken that refreshment, her highness, who was brought up at the Court of the Sultan Mahomed, inquired of the hostess if she could not amuse us with an account of the Imperial haram in Constantinople, and the doings of the Sultan Abdul-Aziz, during her sojourn at Constantinople?

"Yes, your Highness, most willingly."

"It is almost superfluous for me," said Zeyneb Hanem, "to inform your Highness that Sultan Abdul-Aziz is one of the most generous of princes, and extremely partial to the society of women. Whenever he takes a fancy to an odalisque, he spares no expense to gratify her every wish. But as the Cocóna, who has only lately become domiciled among us women of the Moslemah, cannot possibly have a correct idea of the duties of the Mother of the Haram, who pulls up the *green curtain* of that Elysium of the Deity of Islam, the Imperial Mansion of Bliss, I will, instead of narrating a story, explain to her the position of that important personage in the imperial haram, and the multifarious duties which the Mother of the Haram (*Ingi Hanem*) has to perform. She is an old lady, Georgian by birth. When young she was purchased by Sultan Mahomed's mother as a present for that Padishah, after having been his *ikbal*, she rose to the post of Superintendent of the Oustas, and when the late Mother of the Haram died she was unanimously elected in her place. She has perfect control over all the ikbals, who invariably consult her in everything they do, odalisques, and oustas, and now occupies that important position in the haram of his Majesty Abdul Aziz, whom the Moslems looked up to very much on his accession, because

he was not supposed to possess the same notions of reform as Sultan Mahomed, or Abdul Medjid. While Heir Presumptive he refrained from interfering in public affairs, preferring to lead a life of seclusion in his kiosk, absorbed in reading the Kuran, with the Ulêmas as his companions; in short, so intent was he in the pursuit of religious knowledge that he only devoted a few short hours to walking or aquatic exercise, and when he did so, generally landed on the lovely shores of the Isle of Princes. He never divulged his thoughts or opinions to mortal being. Whenever the Sultan or any illustrious foreigner entered into conversation with him his replies to their questions were courteous, short, and to the purpose; but he never for an instant dissembled the indignation which he felt because his brother and his *infidel* ministers, as he termed them, did not more reverently respect the law of the prophet. Hence the Turks believed that when Abdul Aziz came to the throne that he would be able to preserve Mahometism from being destroyed by the *Yakelb Nusranee*."

"*Bakalem*—We shall see," I exclaimed.

"Her apartments consist of a very handsome reception, as well as bed chamber and spacious wardrobe room, all elegantly furnished *à la Européenne*. She has a staff of oustas, a well appointed carriage, and two eunuchs. During

the Ramadan and at Bairam she goes 'shopping' in the bazaar and sight-seeing. She is a very benevolent old woman, and never allows the coachman to pass a bazaar without pulling up his horses, so that she may perform the duty of almsgiving. Whenever she meets any of the princes', ministers', or grantees' odalisques, they invariably saluted her most respectfully, which she generally returned, and as a mark of particular favour, she not unfrequently honours a few of her favourite or intimate acquaintances by sending them a special greeting by one of her eunuchs. On her devolves the task of informing the odalisque or ikbal, whom the Sultan intends to visit in the evening, of her good fortune, and which intelligence she generally conveys to her in the following manner :—

“ ‘Elmas Hanem’ (as the case may be), ‘his Imperial Majesty was talking to me this morning about you. He fears that you have quite forgotten him, and that you have no particular wish that he should come and see you, and yet he assured me that he has been thinking of you for many a long day, and if you have no objection, he will do himself the pleasure of passing this evening with you.’

“That is the manner in which she tells the favourite of the evening that her lord and master

will honour her with a *tête-à-tête*. Then the *belle* employs her time in arranging her toilette and adorning herself in her choicest robe and most costly jewels. It not unfrequently happens that the one selected is far from being so complaisant, for, perhaps being piqued because the Sultan had made one of her companions a very costly present, she sulks, feigns indisposition, and makes up her mind to retire to rest. Then it requires no little tact on the part of Ingi Hanem to induce the chosen *ikbal* to put on a smile, and endeavour, by consummate address, to induce the Sultan to bestow upon her whatever bauble she covets. If, however, all her coaxing fails, then Ingi Hanem is obliged to demand an audience of the Sultan and plead illness as the excuse for the odalisque's obstinacy. If, however, his Majesty appears to be vexed, then she hints that a certain jewel—for well does she know the cause of the odalisque's caprice—might perhaps dispel the gloom that clouds her beauteous brow.

“After that she returns to the haram and intimates to the *ikbal* that, after a great deal of *finesse*, she has succeeded in obtaining from the Sultan the promise of the coveted bauble.

Then the *ikbal*'s countenance becomes radiant with delight, and going to her cash box, she bestows a purse of sovereigns or Napoleons on the

Mother of the Haram, as buksheesh for her kind offices. That is one of the thousand and one duties she has to perform. But her task becomes both irksome and harassing in the extreme with the oustas, for they are subdivided into different classes, all of whom are under the superintendence of a mistress. Some wash and get up the linen of the odalisques, others form the band of haram musicians, many the dancers, not a few the singers, while others perform the functions of Massaldjhees—all of whom have their separate hall, in which their réunions take place by day, and they partake of their meals; but at night that apartment is transformed into an immense dormitory, for mattresses and pillows are laid upon the carpeted floor, a large mosquito curtain rigged, huge silver lanterns, with wax candles, placed in the centre as night lights, and there they sleep, smoke, chat, and walk about all the livelong night, for they do not all retire at the same hour, neither do they rise at any given time. Some take a nap for a few hours, rise and smoke, others get up a chat and sing, in short the dormitories of the Odalisques, Ikbals, Oustas and Ladies of the Haram become perfect thoroughfares, and having doors opposite to each other that lead into the corridors, persons are continually passing and

re-passing; consequently the stillness of night is unknown to the inmates of an imperial haram."

"It is exactly so," I exclaimed, interrupting Zeyneb Hanem, "in the viceroyal haram at Ghezire."

"The oustas," continued Zeyneb Hanem, "who perform the household work, occupy what the Frenks call 'the servants' hall,' which, like the cobbler's stall, serves them for

'Hall, *majlis*, dining-room, dormitory, and all.'

The Odalisques, Ikbals, and Ladies of the Haram have also their numerous slaves, and carriages, some drawn by horses, others by mules, with their attendant saïs, and eunuchs.

"All of these are in a measure under the control and surveillance of the Mother of the Haram, from whom the saïs and eunuchs, through the medium of the grand eunuch, receive their orders. Besides, Ingi Hanem is not only the *Ebé* (midwife), but also the *Hekim* (doctor); for she attends the sick, and prepares the necessary prescriptions."

"But not according to the manner in which nurses attend to their patients in European countries," I observed in my own person, "because I have seen the oustas, when they have been ill, hurry away from their companions crouch themselves up in the darkest corner of a room, and

there remain until nature performed the office of physician, or the angels of death, Monkir and Néker, summoned the poor neglected creature to answer their interrogatories as regards the manner in which she had passed her life. *Amin! Amin!* I have been an eye-witness of many such sights, and never failed to exert the uttermost of my poor skill in medical knowledge to administer such remedies as I knew would ease their head aches, calm their throbbing temples, and stop the ravages of many a disease from which I found they were suffering, and for which attention I have always found them truly grateful."

"Well," continued Zeyneb Hanem, "Ingi Hanem might be looked upon as the *comptroller* of the haram, for she had to inspect the whole suite of apartments—the reception rooms of which are richly furnished in a mixed European and Oriental style, those of the odalisques and oustas contain but divans and mattresses placed upon a kind of dais or raised step, for none of the odalisques are ever allowed, except as a mark of special favor, to double themselves up on divans; such an honor is only reserved for the sultanas, princesses, and ikbals of the time being—to see that they are kept scrupulously clean by being swept, washed, and dusted, for the carpets and mats are taken up and beaten, and the marble

floors deluged with water daily, hence the reason why bath-clogs are worn early in the morning by the princesses and odalisques."

"Yes," I added, "similar to what I have seen French ladies of rank use when walking about their domains in the north of France where the paths and roads are very muddy."

"Such a multiplicity of duties requires great energy and activity. Besides she visits the bazaars and markets, where she makes numerous purchases for the sultanas, odalisques, and oustas—but let it be distinctly understood she is not the Purveyor of the haram, for that duty devolves upon the Kislär Agassi, who makes a pretty market penny out of that Commissary Generalship—in many instances, however, she acts as their banker, which enables her to have large sums of paras at her command."

"How she employs that money I cannot enlighten you," I added, interrupting Zeyneb Hanem, "because nearly all the inmates of the haram at Ghezire hoarded their paras in cash-boxes, only a few ever trusted their pinchings and savings in the hands of the mother of that vicereyal haram, why or wherefore I know not; but one thing I can tell, and that is that our Kislär Agassi knew how to turn his paras to good account, and to make all money that fell into his hands yield

a proper return, for he placed his hard cash in the coffers of bankers, who gave him no less than three per cent. per month interest for its use. All I hope is that the time may never come when they may serve him the same trick as many a Parsee merchant in Bombay has been known to do Europeans, who, lured like anglers do gudgeon by the glittering bait, not of a fly, but by a similar per centage, having lent them all their hard earnings, perhaps no less than ten to twenty thousand pounds, on which for years they had received their 36 per cent. in quarterly payments, found to their cost when the time came for them to leave the government employ and retire on a small pension, and they wished to carry their superfluous wealth with them to England, upon giving notice that they purposed withdrawing it, that the Parsee was in embarrassed circumstances, and that he would be obliged to pass through the insolvent court, *Inshallah!* *Inshallah!*

"It was a sad blow to them, and many an European before now has experienced a similar loss in placing his paras in Egyptian companies, which have collapsed like *la Société Agricole et Industrielle de l'Egypte* lately did. The Alexandrian merchants are quite as speculative as the 'Dickey Sams,' or 'Uncle Jonathans,' and when they

fail, they do so to some tune, I can tell you. They count not their deficits by paltry thousands—hundreds of thousands, nay, millions are more often the sum total of their debts, and their assets—why, not exactly *nil*. They figure for a good round sum in their balance sheets. But the dividend their estates realise—that's the point; and often thereby hangs a tale—a singular one, no doubt, if it were well worked up into a pamphlet. Egypt is a wonderful country, and the antecedents of its supposed European millionaires would, if published, produce many a three-volume and highly interesting sensational romance, especially if Charles Dickens, Lever, Trollope, Kingsley, Whyte Melville, and Sala had the materials to work upon.

“*Machallah! Machallah!* Madame,” exclaimed the Princess Valide, the widow of the gallant Conqueror of Syria, the money getting *discount* broke of the Orient, the illustrious Ibrahim Pacha, whose confidant she had been in many a delicate affair, and who so well understands the value of money, immensely rich as she is, that—

“If the sun on her *soofra* cloth instead of dry bread lay,
In all the world none would behold again the light of day.”

For she is *parsimonious* to a fault. She keeps no viceregal state; her haram is the plainest and most meagrely furnished I ever beheld either in

Egypt or Turkey. Well may it be said of Her Highness—

"That of her superfluous wealth she throws not a single para away;
But for her idol, the Grand Pacha, she hoards it up day by day."

"But I have not yet finished catalogueing the onerous duties of the Mother of the Imperial Haram," continued our hostess. "She has of late years taken upon herself the office of Stage Manager of his sublime Majesty's opera house, a new innovation which entails a vast expenditure of paras, and contributes to make 'the Light of the World,' as I have heard his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt say, *poor* indeed. To show you that your illustrious sire has spoken what is *guêrêêk* (true), I will just give you an account of the late Sultan Abdul Medjid's monthly expenditure in 1856, and which Abdul Aziz has *not* much curtailed, as his poverty proves :—

	PURSES.
The DJEB-HARDJILUK (civil list) of the Sultan	... 50,000
Irâd (Revenues of the Crown)	... 40,000
Kitchen expenditure	... 6,000
The royal stables	... 20,000
Allowance to the Princess Adélee (the Sultan's sister and wife of Méhémed Ali Pacha)	... 1,500
Ditto to Méhémed Ali Pacha, who also receives as Minister of Marine 250 purses per month	... 500
Ditto to the four married sisters of the Sultan	... 12,000
Ditto to their husbands	... 2,500
The other four members of the Council receive 80 purses each per month.	
Ditto to Assif-Effendi, the Sultan's brother	... 2,500
Ditto to the eight sons of the Sultan, from three to seven years old	... 2,400

Ditto to 36 women of the Sultan (80 purses each) ...	2,880
Ditto to the six Nikiahlà (legitimate women), 12 Guédjer left handed ditto), 18 Zimbate (Ikbals) ...	1,786
Ditto to the Hasch-haznadar (Grand Treasurer and 12 under Treasurers) ...	1,000
Their private buksheepsh ...	583
Ditto the 1,780 slaves who attend on the Sultan ...	4,898
Ditto for private buksheesh ...	4,000
Ditto to the Master of the Ceremonies, Pages, &c. ...	3,500
Ditto to the 2,000 doorkeepers, body guard, valets, and attendants ...	3,500
Ditto Nefti-Pacha and his 12 musicians ...	4,000
Ditto the Grand Eunuch ...	1,800
Ditto for his horses ...	80
Ditto the Eunuchs of the haram ...	1,400
Ditto for their horses ...	810
Ditto Wood Cutters, who are rationed ...	400
Ditto Caidjis (boatmen) ...	1,800
Ditto the Hereditary Prince ...	7,200
Ditto Mourad Effendi, the Sultan's eldest son ...	5,000
Ditto the two daughters of the Sultan and his niece (the daughter of Mèhémed-Ali) ...	2,800
Pensions to the old <i>employés</i> of the haram ...	2,880
Ditto to the odalisques who marry from the haram ...	28,000
Purses ...	212,467

And as 500 piastres make a purse, and 6 piastres a franc, the sum total is *Fros.* 17,705,583, nearly £700,834 per month.

“That is *without* reckoning the following sun-dry disbursements:—

For the purchase of new slaves
Bills of the ikbals with the Christian shopkeepers
Doctors, chemists, &c.
Repairs of the palaces and new furniture
Cost of keeping up the theatre and foreign artistes
Ditto the gardens
Repairing of calks, &c.
Purchase of horses and new carriages

"The Budget in that same year (1856), was as follows :—

RECEIPTS.	
Foncier Tax	... 46,000,000
Indirect Taxes	... 34,000,000
Custom Duties	... 19,800,000
Dimes	... 50,700,000
Kharadj	... 9,300,000
Tribute from Egypt	... 6,900,000
„ Wallachia	... 470,000
„ Servia	.. 460,000
„ Moldavia	... 230,000
Frcs.	167,860,000

EXPENDITURE.	
Vacaiifs and Rentes	... 13,500,000
Sultan's Civil List	... 17,250,000
Sultana's ditto	... 1,932,000
Army	... 69,500,000
Navy	... 8,700,000
Government Officials	... 54,870,000
Foreign Embassies	... 2,310,000
Public Works	... 2,400,000
Frcs.	170,462,000

Which shows an excess of expenditure amounting to frcs. 2,602,000 per month, or frcs. 31,224,000, per annum (1,248,860).

"*Amin! Amin!* Well might the Kiedover of Egypt, who was in 1864 the Cressus of the Orient, call his Suzerain 'a *poor man*,' and yet only a few years have elapsed, and we find by some most

extraordinary turn of fortune's wheel, that the Viceroy of Egypt's enormous wealth is now purely a myth. Perhaps the hand that pulls the string of the Egyptian Karaghuez can solve that enigma?

"I must tell you that in imitation of the Emperor of the Franzees (French) pretty opera house at Versailles, Abdul Aziz has erected a very elegant theatre in the palace, decorated in the first style of theatrical art. The old-fashioned Karaghuez, with his inimitable *Marriage Scene à La Turque*, which gives such offence to European delicacy, has been banished from the haram and given place to European operas, ballets, comedies, burlesques, farces, &c., which have been translated into Turkish; but no tragedies, for as the harams are the scenes of too many real ones, such precludes the necessity of fictitious ones being represented on its boards. There the eyes of the Deity of Islam are not profaned with the sight of men conversing with women, the Moslem's abomination, for the oustas are trained up to perform the parts of dancers, musicians, comedians, singers, scene shifters—in a word, they are what you Franks call the *dramatis personæ*. Well, her duty as Stage Manager is no light task, for she has to select the youngest, prettiest, and most talented oustas for those avocations, who are daily taught their parts and trained up

in all the clap-trap of stage trickery, by professional females, both French and Italian. *Ajaib! Ajaib! W'Allah*—those cunning, crafty oustas, knew tricks enough before, I ween."

"Heaven save the mark!" I exclaimed. "That is indeed an innovation, and yet I would venture, poor as I am, to give buksheesh of a few purses of paras to any of those European artistes who could excel our negresses in the haram at Ghezire in their representation of the negro melodies as sung by them to their own accompaniments and dances. No Jim Crow of transatlantic celebrity could possibly vie with them. But to finish with this long and, I fear, tedious detail," said the hostess. "I ngi Hanem has to display her qualities as a tactician to select the candidates for terpsichorean, vocal, and acting competitive examinations; but the most difficult task of all is to choose those who had to masquerade in male attire."

"How your Highness," continued Zeyneb Hanem, addressing herself to the Princess Validè of Egypt, "managed to train up your guard of one-and-twenty oustas to assume boy's attire so admirably, and to select them all of the same height, I know not; but I suppose a female professor of calisthenics attended at your haram in the Citadel at Cairo, until they were perfected in their exercises."

"*Taib*," replied her Highness.

"*Allah Kerim*," added the Hostess, "Ingi Hanem was not called upon to have the costumes made up by the ousta sempstresses, that would have been a task indeed—one which, with all her *savoir faire*—for believe me, 'mothers in the haram' possess a vast amount of worldly knowledge, but how they attain it is a mystery—she could not have accomplished."

"But, as you would perhaps like to know something of the *savoir faire* of the Osmanlis, *le voilà*, as the Franzówee says—if any of the populace require a doctor, they are to be found at every corner of the streets. The first Ulema who passes, nay the first Dervish, always carries in his pocket a sovereign remedy for all diseases. They are sure to have their antidotes, like the Ingleez Professor Holloway and his Pills. That learned individual reads a few sentences in Arabic, like a Parsee Priest does the *Zend-Avesta*, of which he knows neither the sense nor meaning. Then he traces a few hieroglyphics on a scrap of paper, of the interpretation of which he is ignorant, gives it to the patient, who converts the scrap into an amulet and suspends it round his neck, thinking that as he has parted with his paras to the Hekim the disease must be cured. Does he want a chemist? There are several in every street who sell Asiatic and African drugs,

opium, arsenic, strychnine, morphine, and a thousand and one other narcotics, as freely as sugar, tea, coffee, and chocolate, are vended among the *firings* (Europeans). The druggists never ask any questions. It does not concern them for what purpose the purchaser may require their notions. And if a Moslem buys a tooth-brush instead of a tooth stick, he declares they are not made of hog's bristles. *Malesh!* It is only a white lie. They simply enquire, 'How much do you want?' and whether the quantity is large or small they weigh and deliver it without a scruple. If, however, you ask a Turkish druggist for a grain of opium or a dram of arsenic, he makes a sign that he has none; but if he should happen to be loquacious, which is not often, he replies, "*Eutéhé back*" (try elsewhere). But if you want a hundred grains of opium, he weighs them, and makes you a trifling abatement off the price he asks. The *Madjoundjus* (pastile sellers) *dokans* (shops) are the places to obtain the most deadly poisons, and they have always sovereign remedies at hand for coughs, nervous affections, neuralgia, scorbutic diseases, dysentery, dropsy, epilepsy, in short, for every complaint that defies the skill of medical practitioners. There is no lack of cantharides; they are sold as *conderette-mad-jounou* (tonic pastilles), for

hundreds of grey bearded old Turks and gay Osmanlis buy them as Arab boys do their greasy pancakes swimming in honey. Well do the *Sudanas*, *Ebés*, and *Anas* (nurses, midwives, and mothers) know how to administer *thériaca* (composed of opium), to put those children to sleep who trouble their parents' rest and prevent the Ana from carrying on her intrigues while the Baba is absent.

“ If an Effendi wants to consult a doctor of laws, theology, or learning, he has only to walk into the public squares, and there he will find them. Every Uléma will explain to him the law, and give him sound advice for the trifling fee of a few piastres (about twopence-halfpenny). There he will find a dervish preaching in the open air to a crowd, and singing in Arabic the wonders of the Prophet's paradise; in short, every Moslem who can scribble an *ardjohal* (petition), sets himself up for a *savan*, and if the Pacha, Bey, or Effendi to whom it is addressed cannot read it, then that is a sure sign that he is no Uléma. If he wishes to consult a diplomatist? oh! then he will be sure to find them among those who rejoice in the patronymic of Ali, Auli, Hoschref, Riza, Reschid, or Fuad, for most of them have figured in the annals of modern Turkish History. Having been behind the scenes in the Sultan's

palace, I know their tricks and manners. But to continue my observations as to Ingi Hanem's duties. *Yok, yok!* Their dresses, as well as all the scenery, is supplied direct from Paris. But keeping order during the rehearsals sadly taxes her equanimity of temper. Just imagine what a Babel of tongues is let loose whenever anything excites their surprise, their contempt, their admiration, or even their hilarity. I remember hearing you, Cocôna, complain bitterly—

"What a rumpus and a riot"

the hundred and one oustas in the Viceroyal harems at Ghezire and Ras-el-Teen made with their tongues when they gave vent to their conversational powers in their several vernaculars; and yet that hubbub was but like a penny trumpet to a military band with all its wind instruments, especially when playing the Sultan's March, to the tongues of The Padishah's eighteen hundred oustas.

"By the beard of the Prophet, they make a '*tapage*,' as the Franzowee say. Then her ears are absolutely stunned with the tuning of the ousta's military band—which constitutes the orchestra—who wear a very unique uniform, not unlike that of Turkish soldiers, only most elaborately covered with gold embroidery; but you would be astonished to hear how admirably they

play the overtures to 'Der Frieschutz,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'La Gazza Ladra,' 'La Traviata.' That band is relieved by the court band of the seraglio, which comprises some excellent performers on the piano, harp, and violin, who generally perform pieces selected by the Sultan—who has an excellent ear for European music—of an evening in the haram, and in that beautiful saloon where the 'Light of the World' holds his levees on The Turkish New Year's Day, and at the Bairam, where, seated on his splendid throne, the Sultana for the year, with her ivory mace bearer, and the whole of the odalisques and oustas, numbering upwards of five hundred, defile before their lord and master, as knights of old did, in the olden days, before their Zuzerain, kiss the ends of that superb scarf which the Sultan wears on that occasion. In days of yore the inmates of the haram kissed his feet, as the Roman Catholics do the toe of their *Papa* (Pope).

"It is indeed a splendid sight, for all are magnificently attired in superb robes, and adorned with priceless jewels. The audience is composed of his Majesty, the Sultan, the Validé Sultana, the Sultana for the time being, the married Sultanas, the lady members of the Sultan's family, the wives of the grandees who may have been invited to witness the fantasia *à la Européenne*.

When I had the honour to be present, Moliere's comedy of '*La Tartuffe*,' and the English farce of '*Used Up*,' were most admirably performed. You must not, Cocôna, run away with the idea that the five hundred odalisques in the imperial haram live together; for, like those in the vice-royal 'mansions of bliss,' they have their separate rooms. The six Nikiahlu and the four Zimbates have each a reception, bed, wardrobe room; slaves, carriages, coachmen, sais, and eunuchs, and none of the other odalisques enter their apartments, except by special invitation, which is not unfrequently sent them; all live upon visiting, if not friendly terms; nevertheless the strictest etiquette is observed among them.

"Pray do not imagine that the ladies in the Sultan's or Grandee's harams are treated like poor slaves, and kept there to pine away and languish for the pure air of heaven. If so, I will deceive you. Such is far from being the case; and to be frank, they enjoy much more liberty than us poor Egyptian Hanems do. There they amuse themselves indoors with smoking, drinking coffee, telling stories, embroidering, playing the piano, singing, eating native sweetmeats, fruit, bon-bons, and arranging fantasias. When out door exercise is taken they are driven to the *charshees* (bazaars), where the coachman stops at any of

the *dokans* they select, and there they amuse themselves by making the shopkeepers exhibit the newest importations from London, Paris, Genoa, India, &c., and while affecting to examine their quality and consider their value, they enter into conversation with them, asking a 'Thousand and One' childish questions, and perhaps, after all that '*badinage*,' they purchase not a single article, but order the *sais* to bid the *arabajhe* to drive, not '*h me*,' as I have heard you say the ladies of *haut ton* in Europe tell their footmen, but to the haram of one of the Sultan's sisters or nieces. There they make what you Inglez term '*a morning call*,' sip their *cahveh*, smoke their cigarettes, eat a few *bon-bons*, native sweetmeats, or confectionery, and then hie away as fast as the coachman can drive, to that fashionable rendezvous of the 'daughters of the Prophet'—the Valley of Sweet Waters, where a beautiful river, whose waters are as delicious as those of the Nile, flows into the harbour—hence the name of the locality. There the *arabajhes*, gaily attired in their snow white, voluminous turbans, tasselled and embroidered jackets, which are left open to display the costly shawls that bind their waist; with black, bushy beard, thick moustachios, and legs encased in elaborately-wrought Albanian leggings, and yellow slippers, draw up their *arabas* beneath some

stately elm, and after having waited until the eunuchs have handed out their mistresses, squat themselves down and smoke their chibouques, while the odalisques walk—

"Excuse me," I observed, interrupting the hostess, "but as us Ingleez would call it waddle."

"Yes," replied the hostess—"towards some sheltered spot, where the comfortable cushions of the arabas are laid down for their use.

"There, leaning against a tree, they draw aside their thin gauze veils, and allow the gentle zephyr to play upon their beautiful faces and snowy white throats, the eunuchs keeping guard at a respectful distance, while some of them hasten to the nearest cahvene and bring findjans of coffee, glass cups of delicious violet, rose, or some other sherbet, lumps of ice cream and rahatalorum. An immense masked female population daily congregates in that locality. There may be seen Armenians, attired in Turkish costume, minus the yellow boots, coquetting through the medium of some old Hanem, with a wealthy Bey, rich Pacha, or Government Effendi, who remain at a distance, leaning immovably against the fountain, lost, as it were, in deep abstraction; Turkish women, attended only by their children; but if—which does sometimes occur—a Moslem, or infidel, happens to come upon them unawares, when they

have thrown back their yach-maks, which they do when alone, they hasten to conceal their faces with anything that may be at hand—some with the large sleeves of their cloaks, others throw over their heads the first piece of stuff that is at hand; their handkerchief, for instance; and not a few lift up the skirts of their dresses and throw them over their heads. And that they do with great coquetry, to the infinite discomfiture of the men who may have approached towards them. But if the eunuchs happen to catch sight of the intruders, then warned by the cry, ‘*Ah! a man is coming!*’ they hastily draw their yach-maks over their faces, in order to avoid any infringement of the Moslem law, for hath not the Prophet said—‘*The curse of God is on the seer and the seen;*’ but the lower orders very often disregard that anathema.”

“*Taib,*” I observed in my own person, “that custom did at first appear most singular to me, as I thought it arose from their desire not to display the *blue* sectarian mark that disfigures the lower part of their face, like the *white* spot on the Brahmin’s forehead.”

“*Yok—No,*” continued the kind hostess, “it is to keep the Moslem law. Nevertheless, they are not so particular in concealing their beauty of figure, which, by-the-by, consists in their obesity,

or their enormous understandings, little thinking that any display of their feet and ankles is considered by the Frenks as indelicate—the former are generally small, but the latter thick and clumsy. When squatted on their cushion, or reclining on their divans, they hesitate not to display their naked legs and feet, encased in bright *papooshes* (slippers), which give them the appearance of Egyptian statues. The *Burundjuk* (made of silk gauze), which is transparent, covers their bust, descends to the waist, heightens the charm of their form, and attracts the attention of the beholder; the large, ample robe which they wear with the open sleeves shows the beauty of their arms, and the flesh-coloured chemisettes which cover their chests are much too voluptuously looking, I remarked."

"Well," continued Zeyneb Hanem, "at other times they repair to the Hyder Pacha, the place of Sultan Bajazet, or to the Cities of the Dead, at Pera, or Scutari; there they pass whole days. On other occasions they repair to the baths, where they hear the news of the nation, visit the harems of their friends and acquaintances, chat beneath the porticoes of the mosques, lounge in the shops of the Bezestín, and sail in caíks, or sometimes, for a change, in the steamers, where they are separated, and locked up from, the males; but

invariably attended by eunuchs, negresses, or some old Hanem, always a sufficient protection to insure them respect, nay, even a child led by the hand is sufficient *satir*—protector. Thus, Cocôna, you see the Turkish women go out freely, although, as I once heard you observe, the excessive liberty of action which they enjoy is only apparent—nevertheless, they are not kept imprisoned like the Egyptian women!” exclaimed the Princess Valide of Egypt.”

“*La!* your Highness, that is true.”

“Besides,” added Her Highness, “at the Baïram they masquerade at pleasure, then they go to *Kadi-Kewi* (Village of Judges), on the Asiatic side, opposite the old seraglio, some in elegant caïks, others on board the steamers, the quarter-deck of which becomes a ‘Haram on the Bosphorus,’ since it is alone reserved for the Turkish, Greek and Armenian women, when unattended. There they enjoy the fun of beholding ‘Life on the Bosphorus.’ The lower fore deck is covered with low stools, occupied by a motley group of citizens of the world—Turks, Armenians, Europeans, Yahoodis, Indians, etc., all huddled together. *Yahous* (Boys) are hurrying to and fro carrying glasses of iced water, sherbet, and wine; lighted chibouques, cigars, cigarettes, and narghilés, findjans of coffee, sweet-

meats, pastry, bon-bons, and confectionery, while many a Pacha and rich Bey is partaking of his favourite *Baklava* or *Pastaka*. Many and many a time have I sat in my caik and gazed upon those steamers as they passed me by."

"Bravo ! By my soul it is a fact," exclaimed the Grand Pacha, "Kahnoum Hanem has become a Massaldjhee."

The Princess Validè patted the little prince on the cheek, and smiled.

"Taib !" continued Zeyneb Hanem, "since Her Highness has kindly reminded me of that aquatic excursion of the Odalisques, I will endeavour to depicture the doings of those pleasure seekers and their companions on their arrival at Kadi-Keui.

"Well, as I have previously mentioned the inmates of the haram, of course I exclude the *oustas* (the slaves), when they take it into their heads to go abroad, order their carriages and eunuchs ; but I am constrained to observe that they are too often obliged to coax the eunuchs as Ingi Hanem has to do the odalisques, for sometimes they turn rusty and wishing to touch a few more paras than they have been lately receiving they place all kinds of obstacles in the way of their mistresses' desires—at one time the horses are ill, at another the *sais* are absent, and not unfrequently the carriages, or arabas want

repairing, and then if the odalisques exclaim in chorus 'no! no! nonsense,' and determine to walk it, they are met with 'the grand eunuch will not allow it.' That is what you people of the Books call '*a settler*.' Then a cabinet council is held, and that sovereign of Oriental princes, *Buksheesh*, drops into the eunuch's hands a few Napoleons. The Abyssinian having gained his cause and pocketed the paras, salaams, 'bring the carriage' is his cry, and off start the ladies without saying a syllable to anyone, to roam about at pleasure and return when they like. On the occasion in question they went to Kadi-Keni, exactly as Her Highness has so kindly informed us, people go there—in the steamer. Well, as they crossed—for they related this excursion to me—they had several Turkish women of the middle class of society, on board, attired in light transparent *ferédgés*, their faces were closely veiled, but they displayed to view their alabaster stout looking limbs between their small silk pantalettes and morocco boots. One nursed a child, and although her throat and bosom were entirely exposed, nevertheless, she infringed not the Prophet's ordinance, for her face was covered. Close by them sat a group of Greek women; their hair was prettily arranged, parted in wavy bands, flow-

ing over their temples, the bands being encircled by a large braid of false hair, formed a diadem like as is sculptured on antique statues, of which I have seen many pictures in the houses of my Coptic acquaintances at Cairo. All the passengers were smoking. When they ran alongside the '*scale*,' a flotilla of caïks glided out of their way. On landing, a most motley group presented themselves; there Armenians, Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, Europeans, and Indians, were squatted down and seated outside the line of kahvenes which bordered the landing place. The eunuchs had to clear their way amidst the bustling throng. Some Arabs, who had drawn up their arabas at the cafés, stopped their way, so that they were obliged to wait awhile, and not being able to make a path for the ladies to pass, the eunuchs called the coachman, and the odalisques were conducted into their arabas, which were very pretty ones of brown and gold, with rose tinted draperies, gaudily painted roofs, and richly gilded pillars. Ensconced therein on comfortable cushions the ladies watched the out-door life of that busy throng—Greeks and individuals of other nationalities were quaffing glasses of raki and water, Moslems were sipping findjans of coffee, Osmanlis, Russians, Greeks, Frenchmen, and Germans were puffing blue spiral vapours of smoke, while the word, 'fire' resounded in polyglot

cries. As soon as the crowd had moved on, the arabajhe drove slowly along the picturesque thoroughfare, which is lined with gaudily painted houses ornamented with projecting balconies and overhanging roofs, at the entrance steps to which were grouped a host of women; then a cavalcade of Turkish grandees on richly caparisoned horses passed by; Greek *papas*, stroking their snow white beards and attired in violet canonicals, walked majestically along. Leaving the Mosk of Kadi-Keni, the araba passed numerous large gardens, in the centre of which stood many pretty looking villas, the residences of the wealthy Armenian merchants of the bazaars, and thence on to Broda Bournou, where they stopped to witness a performance of a company of Armenian and Turkish buffoons, held in an arena of hard ground sheltered by beautiful trees, and covered with Smyrna carpets; the audience sat Moslem fashion and the Moslemah and other women were squatted down in an open shed-like place. Being an improved representation of Karagheuz, it was quite a treat to the odalisques of the imperial haram, for there they doubled themselves up at their ease, free from all etiquette, which to them was a great relief, as it left them at liberty to chat and mimic as they pleased."

"Most assuredly," I remarked, interrupting the kind hostess, "for the strict and rigid domestic precedence and etiquette which exists in the Vice-royal Harams in Egypt, and which is also the case in Turkey, although it certainly prevents any disrespectful familiarity, nevertheless it is exceedingly irksome, for not only have I individually found such to be the case, but I have observed that it has the same effect upon all the inmates of the haram. Their Highnesses the Princesses of Egypt are each inferior to Her Highness the Princess Validè, your illustrious guest, the Vice-roy's reverence and respect for whom almost amounts to adoration. That I regard as one of the most beautiful features in the character, not only of that august Prince but of all Turks, for such sentiment is universal among the Moslems. If that Prince's wives ever attempt to advise or reprimand him, he turns a deaf ear to their words—they are nothing—but not so with Her Highness, his beloved mother, she is his oracle; he consults and confides in her, listens to her counsels with respect and deference, and will honour her to her latest hour, and not only deplore her loss, should she depart to *Corkham* before him, but will weep with bitter anguish when the angels of death shall summon her to appear before them. His Highness thinks, as all good 'Sons of the

Faithful' do, that 'If his wives die he can replace them; if his children perish, others may be born to him; but no one can restore to him the fond and affectionate *Nina*' (mother) 'who has passed away, and who is seen no more.' Such noble traits, such exquisite development of his affectionate nature, such social attributes of an enlightened mind, show that he is not a *semi-barbarian*, as too many Europeans are apt to regard him, but that he is as highly gifted, Mussulman though he be, as any of the most polished and refined of European Christians. Her Highness takes the upper seat on the divan, and regulates all the internal economy of her own haram without the interference of any one. She is perfect mistress of those hundred odalisques who are fed from her table, for she occupies the haram in the citadel. In the Viceroyal Haram, the *first* wife, the Lady Paramount, takes the seat of honour on the divan, regulates the internal economy of the household and odalisques' apartments, and although some of the other Princesses might at times possibly be greatly preferred by the Viceroy, nevertheless, they are bound to obey her behests, and to treat her with the respect due to her rank as their superior. In the Reception Hall of the haram, when she is desired by that Prince to be seated, without whose gracious per-

mission she always continues to stand before him, she places herself on the same divan, but on its extreme edge, and at a considerable distance from him; while the other wives are only permitted to double themselves up on an opposite one; while the other ladies of the haram squat themselves on cushions spread upon the carpet, and are thus made to look up to their lord and master. The Grand Pacha always stands in his Highness's presence; as to myself his Highness invariably motioned me to *otour* (be seated). Their Highnesses insisted on the odalisques observing the same ceremonious etiquette. In the morning, as soon as they make their appearance in the reception room, all hastened to kiss the hem of their mistress's garment, remain standing, and when desired to *otour*, do so on the cushions laid upon the floor, but *never* on the divans. Sometimes the odalisques, when in my own room, have doubled themselves up on the Grand Pacha's divan when playing with him at tric-trac or dominoes; occasionally

"A game of chess is all they see,
And the Prince the player, pieces we.
White, black, queen, pawn—'tis all the same,—
For on both sides the Pacha plays the game;
Moved to and fro, the Princesses enter at the door,
Then all arise, and quick as lightning, fall upon the floor."

"On that occasion," continued Zeyneb Hanem,

"the arabajhe" had orders to drive on to Mottât Bougourlou, where the odalisques alighted, had their luxurious cushions laid beneath the umbrageous trees, fixed their dreamy gaze upon the other haram groups that were dotted about — for that sweet spot is a favourite rendezvous of all Turkish women — watched the numerous children who were playing about, held a *conversazione* among themselves, sipped coffee, drank sherbet, ate sweetmeats, smoked their chibouques, looked dreamily at the spiral clouds of smoke that escaped from their beautiful lips, while they listened to the noisy strains of many an itinerant musician. Many and many an hour do they while away in perfect immobility, watching *tatikas* proceed along that narrow path which skirts the very edge of the sea, whose waters not unfrequently wash the wheels with its spray, to Hyder Pasha; sometimes a line of caravans of Hadjis, bound to Mekkeh, pass before them, wending their way across that immense grove of the '*City of the Silent*,' behind Scutari. Soon the scene becomes more animated, and hundreds of various carriages pass close to them. Sometimes it is a brougham, then a phaeton, but more frequently elegant *arabas*, drawn by oxen, whose occupants are '*ladies of the haram*,' seated face to face, doubled up on their *segadehs* or

cushions, richly attired, thinly veiled, with their heads ornamented with sprays of costly diamonds, butterflies, moss roses, jessamine, henna blossom, all most beautifully formed of precious stones. Then follow Pachas, Beys, Bankers, Government employés, Ministers, and rich Armenians, together with a sprinkling of European "Special Princes," merchants and bankers—all picking their way along that ploughed, rutty, rocky, and most execrable road, lined with houses which so project over the highway that one would think that they must inevitably fall and crush the throng of horsemen, pedestrians, and carriage occupants, as they climb up the abrupt, steep winding, zig-zag, ascents of Mount Bougourlou in haste to inhale, as it were, the invigorating breeze that plays about the plateau (the half-way resting place), and the terraces, as the level spots are called, which are generally thronged with a most picturesque, and as the Franzowee say, *bizarre* groups of Turkish and Armenian women.

"Then, when all that interesting medley of forms divine has passed away, off drives the *arabajhe*, with the eunuchs as *avant* couriers, to the summit of that mountain. There, 'clothed in invisibility,' the odalisques watch with eager gaze 'Out-door life' on Mount Bougourlou, which presents a most varied, interesting,

and animated scene. Itinerant *camadjis* (coffee-makers), with their portable stoves, are plying a most lucrative trade; findjans of cahveh are being carried about in all directions by their *yahous*, who return with empty trays, but pockets filled with *paras*, sherbet, and *Crinero* (iced water); vendors are clicking their glasses, and doing as good a trade as the Geneose water vendors in the month of June and July, but with less fatigue—for while the latter are toiling up the steep ascents of that hilly city (for Moslemah woman though I be, I have lived in beautiful Italy), bathed in profuse perspiration, and hooping out *al fresco* until they become as hoarse as ravens, the Moslem vendors of all kinds of refreshing beverages coolly waddle about at a snail's pace, clicking their glasses and sparing their lungs. Then the itinerant pastry cooks sell many a *bake*, and have to open their portable ovens for a fresh stock. Women are doubled up in all directions—some attired in pink, pale blue, bright crimson, French white, silver grey, lilac, pale green, and violet robes, enjoying the gay scene around them of this Turkish Haram pic-nic beneath the grateful shade of huge sycamores and wide spreading palm trees; fruit vendors are selling their oranges, pomegranates, figs, strawberries, dates, grapes, etc., to a legion of

children and their nurses. At a short distance from the '*Daughters of the Prophet*' were grouped some charming Erooam girls, with their beautiful diadems of braided hair, looking on at the pirouetting of some of their companions who thus amuse themselves, while itinerant Greek musicians are playing lively dance music. There many sedate, solemn looking Osmanlis are enjoying their *kef*, doubled up on their carpets, and while wrapt, as it would appear to the spectators, in a kind of dreamy forgetfulness, they, no doubt, if their thoughts could but be analysed, are turning over in their minds the absurdity, to them, of women undergoing such violent exertion for the sake of sheer amusement, and looking with the most sovereign contempt imaginable upon their movements, which appear to them the very acme of indelicacy. A little beyond them stood a *cahvené*, before which a beautiful young gipsy girl was dancing a kind of catchucha; she struck not her hands against a drum or tamborine, but her naked feet, against her thighs, and inexpressibles; her dazzling dark eyes played off their artillery upon the Moslems, who seemed quite delighted with her pirouetting and the curious *poses plastiques* she assumed, no doubt thinking that they were already transported into Mahomet's Paradise. The expression of

their features would have formed admirable subjects for the pencil of—”

“Habet Browne, Craickshank, or any of our best caricaturists,” I added, for I perceived that Zeyneb Hanem was at a loss for a comparison.

“*Faib*, Madame,” added that entertaining lady, “that dancer performed her part with wonderful grace and agility; and such energy and animation did she display in her pantomimic action that she actually appeared to feel what she so well enacted. Sometimes she personated a poor prisoner imploring pity, and then the timid coquetry that she displayed was true to life; on another occasion she played the part of an arrogant and haughty beauty, who not only threatened to punish her slaves for having disobeyed her orders, but became a perfect shrew, and rated her master, whom she pretended was a fat old *roué* of a Turk in most unmeasured terms; then she enacted the weak-minded, superstitious, bigotted Moslemah woman, who was ever running after Magnoûns, Saints of Cheikhs, and who at times appeared almost demented, for she ran away with the idea that her room was haunted by a spirit; then she sought protection in the arms of the first individual who attempted to arrest her mad course as she darted off at a tangent towards the crowd.

"All at once a young Turk exclaimed, 'Take compassion! Zohra.'

"The gipsy girl glanced at him, smiled, and rushed towards him. The Moslem, to the horror, disgust, and surprise of an old grey-bearded Egyptian, actually imprinted a token of affection upon her beautiful cheeks."

"And yet I am told, Zeyneb Hanem," I interposed, "that the Turks who visit the two largest metropolis of the world are generally very bashful and reserved in their demeanour."

"*Taib!* Madame; but when in the Orient, they act on the impulse of the moment, and set at naught what you Franks terms, *les convenances de société*—bravo. Close at hand were a band of *Zingari*—gipsies, playing upon the violin, and chanting ballads in their own vernacular, a strange kind of tongue; they are a most singular race of people, with dark brown complexions, long black hair, wild in their manners, barbarian in their movements, and clothed like tatterdemalions in ragged picturesque garments. Just beyond them was a woman and a boy about fifteen years of age performing, which they did twice daily, tight rope dances to the dense crowd there assembled.

"The rope was about eighteen feet from the ground, and the horizontal part of it very short—say twelve feet. The *Zingari*, who was heavily-

clad, in old, ragged, but gaudy finery, and unveiled, like all the Ghugars of El Musr, performed first; but merely walked slowly and timidly along it, supporting herself by the balancing pole, and resting one end of it upon the ground. Then the boy ascended immediately afterwards, but performed no extraordinary feat. The odalisques, after having thrown them *paras*, set out on their return. Then they had fine fun, for the descent of that rough, ruinous precipice of a road had not only to be performed very cautiously by the araba, but while the arabajhe held the reins tightly, the sais had to hold the horses' heads, who ever and anon knocked their lanky shins against the huge stones that lay scattered about in all directions. The front of the araba was continually thumping against their cruppers. Then the odalisques were jolted about most unmercifully, some thrown into the laps of their *vis-à-vis*, and hated rivals were thus made involuntarily to embrace each other. Those which were drawn by oxen were shaken about like rats in an itinerant rat-catcher's trap, as it swings to and fro in his peregrinations. The gay mounted Osmanlis cantered their sure-footed Kurshstan barbs down that ruined staircase of a road as nimbly as a troop of Spanish muleteers. In short, the inequalities of the road made it not only a

most picturesque, but also a most ludicrous, pell-mell panorama.

"At other times they made excursions to that miniature archipelago, the Princes' Islands, where they feasted their eyes, not only on the transparent curtain of Karagheuz, but its tom-foolery. The *café* thronged with most motley groups of Armenians, Turkish, Russian habitués, and legion of bathers enjoying, not the luxury of the hamman *à la Turque*, but *au naturel*, in the azure-looking sea, while the whims, fancies, and vagaries of the Oriental donkeys, who disregarded alike the threats and entreaties of their riders, added no little to their amusement.

"Surely now that I have enlightened you, Cocóna, as to the manner in which Turkish women while away their time, you must admit that they enjoy unlimited freedom of action, and are not the poor, caged-up mortals many of your clever 'people of the books' have so loved to describe them."

"Thank you, Zeyneb Hanem," I replied, "you have taken a great deal of trouble to amuse us. Nevertheless, I cannot endorse your opinion, and Allah be praised! that I was neither born in Turkey nor in Egypt.

"Madame!" exclaimed the Grand Pacha, laughing; "but tell me, did not a Mufti once say

to you on board the frigate, 'Come nearer to me, I have something to say to you.' "

"Yes, your Highness, and when I drew near, he exclaimed,

" 'Come, become a woman of the Moslemah ; it is a pity that a Hanem whose name figures in the Prophet's sacred book—blessed be his name—should be doomed to perdition.'

" 'Well, what must I do ?' I inquired.

" 'Listen to me. You have only to repeat the *Shahade* (the Mussulman's belief), &c., in exchange for which Allah will bestow upon you ineffable happiness.'

" 'No, no, most grave and learned Mufti, surely you must think that I am quite a novice in the tricks and manners of Moslems.'

"Then the Mufti muttered between his teeth,

" 'What droll people the Frenks are !'

"Then he thundered forth these maledictions, such as,

" 'Cursed pigs ! May Allah exterminate them.'

" 'May Allah scald their race with boiling water.'

" 'May Allah put out their eyes !'

" 'May they be destroyed this very day.' "

Ending this anathemas with a disgusting and absolutely untranslatable phrase ; for, although

"Le Turc peut dans les mots braver l'honnêteté
Mais le lecteur Anglais veut être respecté!"

The Prince laughed heartily at my account of the colloquy that had taken place between that venerable Mufti and myself.

Scarcely had I finished, when the Validè Princess of Egypt's grand eunuch entered the room, and warned her Highness that it was time to take leave, as the Viceroy was waiting to embark on board his yacht, for he was going, as he did last year (1868), to make a tour of the provinces. After presenting Zeyneb Hanem with a bijou of a gold watch, set in brilliants, for that Princess is particularly fond of presenting watches to those whom she wishes to honour, as a souvenir of her munificence, the Viceroy's mother took her departure.

Half-an-hour afterwards we embarked on board the "Taka," which, steamed up the Nile, passed the Island on which stands the small village of Dayr Byád, with a convent, and on the southern extremity of which loomed forth the Mounds of Tel é Nassára and Tel-e-Teen, then we came in sight of Isment-el-Bahr, which leads to Anasieh (Om-el-Keemán), or the city of Hercules, where the Egyptians in days of yore worshipped the Iohnumon, that formidable assailant of the crocodile; then we came in sight of Tanseh, and Braugeh, soon after which Bibbeh with the Convent of El Bibbawée loomed forth. That holy place is inhabited by Coptic Monks, but owing to

the Moslems believing that one of their saintly Sheikhs once dwelt therein, they frequently visit it, say *Fat'has* and bestow *paras* to keep lights burning before the *picture* of St. George. *Ajaib! Ajaib!* and yet not quite so as the fact that two old Moslems guard the keys of the sepulchre at Jerusalem. Who will say after that, that a day may never come when the common motto of both Christians and Mahomedans shall be "*Charité fraternelle, égalité libre!*" Opposite stands Shekh Aboo Noor, then we espied the large Mounds of Sits, Miniet é Geer, and Feshn; passed an Island beyond the ruined brick walls and houses of El Háybee (Medeenet-é-Gahil), and a lofty structure standing on the summit of a rock. Close to the river's edge stand the blocks and ruins of a stone quarry, and on reaching *Melateeh* we sighted several mounds, while close to the hill rises the lofty mountain of Gebel Shekh Embáarak, in the south west corner of which loom forth the ruins of an old town. Then the country assumed the appearance of a low hilly range to Gebel-é-Tayr. As soon as we had passed El Meragha (Meg-hágha), we came to the rock Hagar é Salám (*Stone of Welfare*) in the stream, but not far from the eastern bank of the river, and when we reached Sharóna we beheld several large mounds, and the mountains receded in an easterly direc-

tion. The scenery ever since we quitted Beni-soëf had become so interesting that the Grand Pacha felt highly gratified with his trip.

As I had expressed a desire to make an excursion to Béhnesa, the little Prince ordered the Captain to anchor off Abou Girgeh. Proceeding rapidly towards our place of disembarkment we obtained glimpses of the mounds of several old towns at Aba, about three miles from the river's edge, the *Kom Ahmar* (Red Mound) loomed forth, and looking through my glass to the east I espied the ruins of a village and mummy pits, which the captain told us were those of *Kelbs* (Dogs), which were in a good state of preservation. I could not help remarking to the Grand Pacha that I was sadly afraid that the Moslems treated the *Keupék* better than they did the *Guivour* (Christian). Since they hesitate not to kill Christians, but protect dogs because they believe those faithful animals to possess—what they think a woman does not—a *soul*. True it is that they never make that quadruped a domesticated animal like they do the cat, but they certainly must think that all *Kelbs* belong to the Islamite. The Turkish and Egyptian dogs appear to have no individual owners; and yet all good Mussulmans feed, nourish, and bestow alms (in the shape of food)

upon them. I know that during the Crimean War the French Police killed thousands of them at Perá and Galata; the Osmanli being powerless to protect them, contented themselves with fulminating these anathemas against their destroyers—may the birds of the air soil their beards, may their wives be childless, may the plague dwell in their houses (with another expression untranslatable to ears polite), executioners, may Allah rid us of them, may Sheitan take them—were the salutations that met their ears at every step, but the French Police heeded them not, and continued their wholesale slaughter of those four-footed scavengers. But if a Christian was to attempt to kill or beat one of them he would soon be hunted down by the Cavasses, and at the cry of *Djihad*, a whole mob of Mussulmen would rush upon him like a pack of ravenous wolves.

“Yes, that is true, Madame,” exclaimed the Prince.

Soon after, the “Taka” reached the ‘scale’ leading to the large town of Aboo-Girgeh, off which she anchored.

On landing, the Prince was met by the Cheikh-el-Beled, a worthy man, who from the prosperous appearance of the population, who were Fellahs, must have governed them both wisely and justly. He offered His Highness the

hospitality of his selamlick, but as we were anxious to visit Béhnesa, the Prince merely partook of a findjan of coffee and mounted the handsome mule that had been placed at his disposal. We proceeded through the town, which lies in a fertile plain about two to three miles from the landing place, and after a sharp ride of nearly three hours, through cotton plantations and grain fields, the edges of which were lined with thick bushes that protected them from being inundated, as it were, with sand, while towering behind loomed forth the Libyan Range, and beyond a dreary sandy desert, we passed several mounds surrounded by *débris* of bricks, pieces of pottery, fragments of granite columns, cornices, mouldings, and large slabs which evidently appear to have been used as altars; on the south side, close to which are the tombs of several shekhs, but that of Shekh é Tak-róorg has obtained a marvellous celebrity among the Arabs, who most resolutely affirm that

"Once a year, a form does there appear. The Shekh it is with
 dusky hair;
 The Shekh é Tak-róory, who gazes round with vacant stare!"

Scarcely had we reached the titular saint's last resting place than the governor, the wealthy Achmed Pacha, attired in the close-buttoned frock coat of the Nizam uniform and loose white trousers,

with fez on head, the *beau idéal* of a noble looking Egyptian, with fine face, but rather hard in outline, terminated by a snow white beard, accompanied by a retinue of horsemen, came to escort the Grand Pacha to the palace.

It was a large, handsome, modernized building, for in the time of the Memlook Beys it was a place of great importance, ranked as one of the principal provincial towns, and had a numerous garrison. In that structure levées, reviews (for the inspection of troops often takes place in the large halls of the palaces, for I have seen numerous regiments of the Egyptian army defile before His Highness, the present Viceroy, in the palace at Boulac), and fantasias were held; and it is not half a century ago since a Turkish garrison occupied its spacious barracks.

On entering the palace yard the fine band of the regiment of Egyptian Infantry, stationed there struck up the Sultan's March, the troops saluted the Prince, and the officers escorted him into the noble hall, where a kind of dais, covered with crimson cloth, had been raised, on which stood a luxuriant, rich, green velvet divan. Advancing towards it His Highness took the seat of honor, and motioned to the governor to *otour* on his right hand, while I sat beside him on the left.

Then he held a *levée*. The officers approached, made their salute and retired; next came the numerous government employés, who kissed the skirt of his uniform, made their *temenas*, and retired.

"*Chibouque cahveh getir*," exclaimed the Pacha, and forthwith a number of slaves served us with that refreshment, while others handed round glasses of sweetmeats, trays of cakes and confectionery.

His Highness partook of the latter, but declined the beautiful bejewelled chibouque presented to him, for, as I have previously observed, the Prince had not yet begun to "puff spiral clouds of perfumed smoke." Cigarettes were offered me, and out of compliment to the Pacha, whose wife, Gulsima Hanem, I had previously had the pleasure of seeing at Ghezire, I blew a cloud, at which the Grand Pacha was so delighted that he could not help exclaiming—

"Bravo! bravo! Madame, I wish you joy."

After having remained there about two hours, the Pacha conducted us into a very spacious apartment, which had evidently been the *salle à manger* of the Memlook Beys and Turkish governors.

The ceiling was painted grey, and relieved by stripes of blue. The floor was covered with

coarse matting, over which were laid several large fine mats. The divan was covered with crimson silk; to the extremity of which the Pacha conducted the Prince, who ensconced himself in the corner. Soon afterwards the slaves placed before the divan a large tray, or dish, of brass, highly polished and shining like a golden shield, upon which they arranged the first course of the dinner, which was served on porcelain dishes. His Excellency, knowing that the Prince and myself always ate *à la Européenne*, had taken the precaution to have knives, silver forks, and spoons, of which he always kept a small service, because His Highness, Ismael Pacha, often did him the distinguished honor to become his guest when on his way to visit his extensive sugar plantations at Minieh.

Gastronomy is no science with the Oriental; the Turks and Egyptians "live not to eat, but eat to live." Digestion is evidently assisted by their cooks; the style of their culinary art would appear barbarous to a Gunter, and yet their dishes are not devoid of skill in preparation. Those placed before us on the present occasion were very numerous, and consisted of *kebabs*—pieces of grilled mutton—dismembered poultry, fowls, ducks, and pigeons, fish fried in oil, cucumbers and onions (in a crude state and in

various devices), balls of rice wrapped in vine leaves, pancakes fried in oil and saturated in honey, a whole turkey roasted, but without stuffing or gravy, a leg of mutton stuffed with raisins, mint, aromatic herbs, and a sprinkling of rose water, sour cream, a huge dish of *pilau*, the national 'kalk'—plum-pudding—of the Moslems. Various kinds of greasy pastry. The beverages were water, orange, rose, and violet sherbets, and syrup of cherries.

The Pacha and the officers of the regiment, for they had been invited to dinner by the Grand Pacha, ate *à la Turque*—all used exquisitely carved ivory handled spoons, which they placed into the dish of fish, embedded in rice, like the Indian cooks serve up their curried prawns, but each was always particularly careful to confine his depredations to one spot. The meat and poultry they ate with those knives and forks which were known to the Father of us all. Each individual fished up, broke away, or tore asunder the delicate morsel that took his fancy; and the Pacha, thinking to pay His Highness great courtesy, now and then handed him, with his fingers, a tit-bit, such as a wing, leg, or rich morsel of meat. The whole of the thirty courses of fish, flesh, fowl, crude and cooked vegetables, as well as pastry, creams, sour milk, custards, all most plentifully

seasoned with salt, succeeded each other, not only most rapidly—for the Turks seldom occupy more than twenty minutes at either breakfast or dinner—but in a most heterogeneous way; but what amused me most was the rapid manner in which the pyramid of *pillau* (pillauf) was levelled to its base. The appearance of those viands when first placed upon the brazen shield was extremely pretty.

When the tray was cleared away, the sight of which, after every one's fingers had been dipped into the porcelain plates, was disgusting in the extreme to the eyes of a European, water was brought, when all performed their ablutions and wiped their mouths and fingers on embroidered muslin napkins trimmed with gold fringe. Then *cahveh* was served; and gems of *chibouques* presented by the *chiboukdji* to each guest. They had beautiful pale lemon-coloured amber mouth-pieces, stems of satin-looking cherry-wood, and the bowls being filled with *yenidje* (the finest Turkish tobacco), were placed upon a small tray, laid on the floor, to preserve the matting from being burnt by the sparks or ashes which might fall from the lighted bowls. A bundle of cigarettes was handed to me, and which mark of attention I returned by puffing a few clouds, which highly amused the prince, whom I had often seen

blow soap bubbles in the air, to which he compared my attempt to send forth globular clouds of smoke. Then followed a Quakers' meeting, for not a syllable was exchanged, while the worthy host and his party were enjoying the sybaritisim of smoking.

Soon the attendants entered and removed the pipes. The governor and the officers retired into an adjoining room to perform their devotions; the little prince knelt on the soft cushion that had been placed on the Turkish rug at the side of the divan nearest to his seat, and repeated his *namaz*.

The officers returned in a few minutes, after having performed their *namaz* and *souddoud*, as became true "Sons of the Faithful," saluted the prince, and withdrew. Presently Ahmed Pacha entered, and conducted us across a large hall, paved with stone, thence we ascended a flight of marble steps, passed along a long corridor and entered the haram. The room into which we were ushered was of large dimensions, and had been used by the Hanems of the Memlook Beys as their *majlis*. It was surrounded on three sides by a divan, covered with gaudy-patterned chintz, and furnished with cushions of rich crimson velvet. The floor was covered with a thick Smyrna carpet, the ceiling

was painted grey, striped with blue, the door and window hangings were of rose pink silk, here and there stood a console table, with a French time-piece marking Turkish time, and on each side a beautiful Sevres water cup and cover standing in an elegant saucer of the same material, by the side of which stood vases of lovely exotics, among which were henna blossoms, roses, jessamine, myrtle, and sweet basil.

Gulsimé Hanem, attended by her Ladies of the Haram, and odalisques, were awaiting our arrival. She rose, received the prince with due etiquette, and motioned me to *otour* by her side. Having made her acquaintance on a former occasion, I felt myself thoroughly at home.

I know that Europeans are accustomed to call Orientals *semi-barbarians*, nay, I have heard distinguished individuals in El Muse designate them as *barbarians*, but, from the reception which I have experienced both in selamlicks and harems, I must say that I endorse the aphorism that "extreme politeness comes next to extreme simplicity of manners," for there, whether in Viceroyal, Princely, Pachalic, or Beylic réunions, I invariably met with the most courteous and cordial reception.

That European constitutions must suffer most seriously from being obliged to live on Turkish

diet, every medical man will admit—I allude more particularly to those who are obliged to reside in Osmanli families, because they lack that change of regimen to which they have been accustomed in their own country, where they eat beef, veal, mutton, and pork, drink ale, porter, wine and spirits; whereas, in a Turkish family, their principal food is mutton, served up in a "Thousand and One" different fashions, but always, with the exception of the *kebabs*, cooked with spices, sweets, and salt, and tinctured with all kinds of aromatic essences and syrups; and their beverage, water and sherbets. Nevertheless, any privation casual European visitors may suffer, beyond those consequent on the habits, manners and customs of the Orient must be gratuitous, as the Turkish and Egyptian women leave them perfectly free to ask for all that they may require. If, through a desire not to be troublesome or exigent, Europeans adopt a contrary mode of action, the Orientals become quite offended as soon as they know such to be the case, and most sincerely regret that any Frenks should be inconvenienced during their residence among them.

Gulsiné Hanem was well advanced in years—a fine specimen of former beauty, with an exquisite Circassian profile, with its outline so admir-

ably preserved, that even Canova would have felt the greatest pleasure in gazing upon her. Her hair was of a bright chestnut colour, without a tint of grey, which gave to her features a most exquisite softness of expression. Well did I know that the marvels of Turkish cosmetics had been brought into requisition, and I had previously remarked to myself, as I visited the other harems, that, whatever may be the age of a Turkish or Egyptian odalisque or Buiük Hanem, she is rarely ever disfigured by grey hair, but on the contrary, the tresses that adorn her head, whether natural or false, are as bright in colour, and as smooth and glossy as those of the youngest girl in her harem.

She occupied the upper end of the divan. When we entered, she was passing the beads of her rosary through her small but chubby fingers, for she was somewhat of a bigot, having been brought up at Constantinople, and which is as necessary an appendage for all Turkish women, as their chibouque or cigarette.

That tusbee was widely different from those mother-o'-pearl ones which the Hadjis purchase at Medinah, and somewhat resembled the European rosary, except that, instead of being terminated by a crucifix and knot of relics, small fine pearl beads only were strung upon the silken

cord, divided at intervals by large ones, and secured at the junctions by a huge, carved golden one, which in form more closely resembled an olive than anything else. They were all about the size of a pea, and beautifully matched, the divisions were marked by cut emeralds, and the whole string secured by a most elegant pear-shaped jewel of the same description. It was composed of ninety-nine beads, independent of the large one which connected the ends of the cord. I had seen their Highnesses use them, so well did I know that while toying with each of them an attribute of Allah is recited, as I had often heard my own princess, the mother of the Grand Pacha, when performing her devotions, recite thus: "Great, Glorious, Excellent, Omnipotent," &c., as she touched the olive-shaped emerald, the word "Allah" was pronounced, and that ended the ejaculatory *namaz*.

I was surprised at beholding a short, mean-looking female, about fifty years of age, whom any Arab would have addressed thus: "O, daughter of fifty sires, and only fit to carry wood to market," doubled up at the angle of the divan. but whom I afterwards learned was Ahmed Pacha's second wife, for having only seen Gulsiné Hanem at Ghezire, I did not know that the governor luxuriated in a plurality of wives,

Now that I had been let into the secret, I paid marked attention to the shades of etiquette, and gradations of ceremony, being anxious to learn whether those observed in the Pachalic families were similar to those in the princely ones. Her features were coarse; but the expression of her countenance cunning and keen. Beside her sat another hanem, a most attractive woman, tall and graceful in figure, with delicate features, fine full eyes, with an amiable expression of countenance. She was nursing a little boy, about three years old. They all rose as the Pacha introduced his Highness, whom he placed on the seat of honour, and when the prince pronounced the word "*otour*," the governor took his seat, and the wives followed suit. Coffee, chibouques, and cigarettes were served. I was particularly struck with the graceful manner in which those three ladies smoked their chibouques. I had seen his Highness the Viceroy smoke his, and I am constrained to admit that these hanems smoked theirs with as much grace and gusto as Ismael Pacha. In short there was something peculiarly coquetish about the manner in which they played or manœuvred with them. They put me in mind of the Spanish ladies with their fans on the Prado at Madrid. Their attitudes would have made charming *poses plastiques*, as

they sat, slowly and gradually drawing respirations, and moving their fingers about those beautiful, rich, bejewelled-encrusted tubes.

I have often tried to imitate their clasping and unclasping of the digits about the tube of the chibouque; but, although I had learned the "Language of Flowers," and knew the "Language of the Fan," I must acknowledge that I never could attain to the art of coquetting with a chibouque, nor master the "Language of the Pipe," for it has a vocabulary, and a most *expressive* one too.

We were all up and stirring early the next morning, and after having partaken of a findjan of coffee and a few biscuits, we rode back to *Abou-Girgeh*, accompanied by Ahmed Pacha, to whom the Prince presented his gold watch, encircled with diamonds, and ten purses of sovereigns, as a *souvenir* of his visit to Béhnesa.

On reaching the "Taka," the steam was soon got up, and gliding gently up the Nile we passed El Kays (Kais), supposed to be the ancient Cynopolis (City of the Dogs), then steering to the opposite bank, the steamer anchored. There we landed at Shekh Fodl, as the Grand Pacha was anxious to inspect the remains of two small temples, the stones of which had been removed in Said Pacha's time, to construct the

sugar manufactory at Minieh. There we saw part of a limestone shrine and a block, supposed to be a relic of the time of one of the Cæsars; then mounting two *fiacres du pays*, we hurried on, escorted by Mustapha the Bin Bachi—passed through a large open, rocky space, dotted about with several oblong coffins cut in the surface, which must evidently have been levelled expressly for that purpose—to some low hills, distant about three miles to the Tombs, the most curious of which was that of El Keenéeseh (the Church), which has no less than eight pillars; but what pleased the Prince the most were the mummy caves—merely small holes excavated in the rocks—and the repositories of the “Kelb mummies” of various sizes, from which I infer that there existed different canine breeds in Ancient Egypt.

On reaching the larger tombs, the Prince descended into Beer Mareeá (Bir Sitti Mariani or Mary's Well), by eight dilapidated steps, the Bin Bachi carrying a paper lantern in his hand. On entering that chamber, we found each of the four recesses, on both sides, filled with coffins, excavated in the rock like those we had passed on the plain.

On emerging from it, we galloped off to the

hills, and soon reached Shekh Hassan, where we stopped to take a peep at the extensive limestone quarries, about the entrance of which lie scattered the *débris* of crude bricks and pieces of pottery. In a niche on the rock is a Christian inscription, but which I was unable to decipher, much to the annoyance of the Prince, who was anxious to know what it was about.

Then we made a circuit to Nezlet é Shekh Hassan, behind which stands an isolated rock; while to the south we observed masses of rock, dotted about in various directions; some smaller quarries, and a few insignificant tombs.

Continuing our route in the same direction for about three miles, we came upon the ruins of a village, and proceeding across the plain we reached the mouth of the Wadee é Serareëh, and passed its crude brick fort and another village. There we stopped to look at the picturesque appearance of the Nile which bends to the west; two islands loom forth opposite Golósaneh, and as the Nile was very low, we beheld two rows of stone about 18 to 22 feet long, which had the appearance of having been the remains of an old wall.

Proceeding past the village of E'Serareëh, we came upon the ruins of two villages. Beyond,

the hills receded in a south-eastern direction, and when we arrived at the mouth of the Waddee é Dayr, we turned towards the north-west, where we came upon a small painted grotto, which had evidently been used as a rock temple. One solitary column was still standing. There were formerly two grottoes; the Turks destroyed one entirely, and deprived the other of its portico. The natives called it Babàyn.

Just beyond the corner of that grotto is a sculpture of a king; Wilkinson describes it as that of Remeses III. (1219 B.C.) On it is the representation of the crocodile-headed god (Savak and Athor), and at the side are two large oval figures.

Passing the low rocks in the same direction, we came upon a tomb, which we entered, and found it to contain several chambers, but nothing else; neither sculptures nor inscriptions were discernible.

Advancing to the very extremity of the hills in a southern direction, we passed the ruins of a town, a few tombs, and some rocky quarries.

Then turning to the east, we reached a ruined brick wall, which proceeds along the low ridge of Gebel é Tayr (Bird's Mountain).

"Thereby hangs a tale; do you know it, Madame?" said the Grand Pacha.

"*Taib* ! I can relate it;" and so I did in the following manner :—

THE BIRD'S MOUNTAIN.

"The Arabs having often seen several coveys of birds wing their flight to this mountain, set a watch upon them to learn the purpose for which they annually flocked together at this sequestered spot. For days and days they beheld birds of several species arrive, carrying pieces of mortar, grass, etc., in their beaks. At the lapse of a week they all departed, leaving about half-a-dozen behind as sentinels. Climbing up to a spot that commanded a view of that ornithological colony, they beheld a legion of nests most systematically arranged in the form of a crescent.

"Still keeping watch, the Arabs saw the wanderers return to their colony, where they remained a considerable period, at the end of which all, with the exception of the sentinels, who had been relieved by others of a different specie, winged their flight to other climes, for the intense heat of summer had set in. Driving the winged guards away, they examined the colony and found the nests all tenanted with unfledged occupants which the covies had left to be fed and protected by the sentinels until they returned from their foreign excursions ; being, as all Arabs are, most kindly

disposed towards the feathery tribe, they left them, and hence the reason why they designated that hill *Gebel é Tayr*."

"Thank you," replied the Prince.

Proceeding up to the summit of the hill we reached the Convent of Sitteh-Sittina, or Mariam-el-Adra (our Lady Mary the Virgin), which is also called *Dayr-el-Adra* or *Dayr-el-Bukkar* (Convent of the Pulley). There the Coptic Monks received us most hospitably, and we partook of some refreshment, for which the Prince handed them several Napoleons as *buksheesh*.

Passing into the small town, we visited the grottoes, as also that formidable wall or dyke called *Gisr-el-Ayoos*, erected to prevent the Arabs from entering the Valley of the Nile in numbers, in case of lawless excursions.

We had found the ascent rather difficult, but when we descended it required considerable tact to prevent our mules from stumbling, as they most dexterously picked their way down those lofty and precipitous cliffs. On arriving at the river's edge, the Prince laughed heartily at beholding several of those monks (who by the by are the most arrant beggars I think I have ever met with in Egypt, not even excepting the Arabs who keep guard at the Pyramids), mounted on inflated skins, which had

the appearance of porpoises, besieging a dahabeëh in which several Frenks were making a tour up the Nile, each of whom was hooping and shouting forth with stentorian lungs—" *Ana Christian, ya, O Haragee*. The Frenks threw them lots of *paras* but as they did not think that they had given them enough of their *loaves and fishes*, they continued pestering and annoying them until a number of Arab boatmen, belonging to the dahabeëh, pelted them away with egg shells and other missiles. Here we obtained a fine view of the town of Samalood, with many a tall mound around it, and its most exquisite lofty minaret, a perfect gem of native architecture. Then as soon as our mules were baited, we proceeded on to *Téhneh* (Mehneh), which from the extensive mounds that lie scattered about it must have been in ancient times a most important place. Here we were joined by an old Cheikh-el-Beled, who most kindly acted as the Prince's guide, and took us about the place to see the curiosities. First and foremost he led us to a rough grotto in the lower part of the rock, where we saw a Greek inscription having the word *Acóris* in the third line. Below that inscription on one side stands the figure of a goddess, and on the other that of a god. Proceeding up the steps cut in the rock we entered another

grotto. Thence we passed along the cliffs until we came to Remeses III.'s tablet, and then on to the large oval. On our return we passed along the south side of the isolated rock on which stand two figures in alto relievo, each holding a horse, and having between them the small figure of a god. The base was dotted about with tombs, on many of which I observed Greek inscriptions, and at the entrance of one a Roman figure before an altar, holding a bunch of twigs in one hand and an incense chalice in the other. The old Cheikh made the Arab, who was squatted at the folding doors, withdraw the bolt. Here we dismounted and rested some time; on entering it we perceived three figures, one he told us represented the god Oceanus (the Nile), holding offerings in one hand and leading a bull for sacrifice with the other. The Grand Pacha was highly amused at the curious manner in which the bull was sculptured.

"What a *Bourá*," exclaimed the Prince, "he is very unlike any of that beautiful drove which we saw, Madame, one day, in the vicinity of Bebek."

The Cheik's attendants brought us a cold collation, of which we partook.

While the Greek attendant and Mourad Bey were discussing several knotty points, the latter

helped himself most abundantly to the good cheer that had been set before him. The Greek was likewise occupied, nevertheless he stopped not to answer the Bey, who thinking that the glass (which had been placed by his side full of water) did not require to be replenished with Adam's ale, took hold of my bottle of Lafitte, and filling a bumper, drank it off to the infinite amusement of the Prince, who glanced at me most significantly, while at the same time His Highness could scarcely refrain from laughing in the Moslem's beard.

"Come, no more grumbling," said the Greek to his friend, warmed no doubt by the generous grape which he had quaffed, "I begin to think that there must be a race of beings among whom matter absorbs the mind, and instinct assumes the place of reason. Nature has made you Moslems inferior to us, and therefore all Frenks would lower themselves in the eyes of the world if they did not lord it over you. Does such a race exist which can be compared to a herd of cattle? Certainly not. Ask a father who are his children, he will answer: all the world; ask a child who is its father, it will naturally turn towards its mother, and every mother will tell you that the child belongs to her husband. The children in the harems do not know

each other as brothers, and think it no harm to become the husbands of their sisters."

"But, learned Greek," exclaimed the Bey, "the Kuran does not forbid brothers marrying their sisters."

"I thank you for that remark," replied the Greek, "but you Osmanlis are permitted to be divorced, and besides, the master is at liberty to sell those inmates of his haram with whose services he can dispense; but the purchasers have not to pay a dearer price for any *ousta* who may be *enceinte* at the time. Do you forget what you have so often seen in the private slave markets at Constantinople? How could it be possible for any brother to recognise his sister among such a host of human beings as are therein exposed for sale? In short, incest is as frequent in Egypt as it is in Turkey. An *ousta*, when *enceinte*, is sold like any other slave, and it not unfrequently happens, that previously to quitting her *first* master's house she leaves two or three children behind her, and soon after she has remained a short time in that of her second master she becomes a mother. How can you be sure that the *last* child will not become, sooner or later, the husband or wife, as the case may be, of one of her brothers or sisters, both born of the same mother? I am not speaking of half-brothers and half-

sisters, because we know that they can marry each other if they like, and that is of common occurrence. A Turk may, and does, if he thinks proper, marry three sisters one after the other, all being the daughters of the same father, provided they be not the daughters of the *same* mother.

"What wonder is there, then, that brothers have been known to destroy each other, that sisters poison each other, that mothers glory in being guilty of abortion, that fathers have their offspring strangled, poisoned, and not unfrequently oblige their wives, if they have many daughters, to commit infanticide? Nevertheless, horrible as such crimes are, it is the truth, and nothing but the truth, that they are almost of daily occurrence in the harems, and it is utterly impossible to believe that a man who can marry his sister, and not unfrequently her daughter, or her mother, can possess any paternal feelings, neither can he have any right conception of paternal or filial affection.

"The sons imitate their fathers' example; the daughters follow in the footsteps of their mothers, and glory in imitating the example of H.H. Nuzleh Hanem.

"The father is sovereign lord of the '*odalick*,' for all the inmates of the haram tremble at the sound of his voice. The Hanem, the unfortunate

Nina (mother), is not only the slave of her husband, but also that of her ikbals, for although they are constrained to show her outward marks of respect, nevertheless she dare not attempt to exercise any stern authority over them—she is the slave of the eunuchs who attend upon her, watch her every action, and thwart the exercise of her free will at every step, as if they wished to make her sensible of their power to check-mate her at pleasure, and which all of them would do much oftener than they do were it not that she has the tact to propitiate them with *bukhsheesh* in order to prevent them from lowering her in the estimation of her own oustas (her *personal* property, over whose actions *Allah Kerim*, her husband, is powerless alike for good or for evil), and attendants who guard her much more rigorously than she likes; besides, she is the most humble and obedient of slaves to her *own* son, who treats her with the greatest ‘hauteur,’ and calls her, not by the endearing name of mother, but as the Arabs say—*ya haggeh!* (woman).

“That is my picture, after many years’ personal experience, of the relative position of the members of a Turkish or Egyptian family towards each other,” said the Greek attendant.

“By the prophet’s beard!” exclaimed Mourad

Bey; "but each country has its manners and customs, and we Moslems follow the law of the Prophet, blessed be his name, as you *Harvágee* do the doctrines of *Aisa*" (Jesus Christ).

His Highness, who had overheard this *tête-à-tête*, exclaimed "You Roomee are much to blame!" Evidently meaning that the Greek attendant had no business to explain things as clearly and plainly as he had done, for being attached to one of the Harams of the Great, he ought not, as us Frenks express it, "to have told tales out of school," to which he replied "I am not jesting."

Well, the Bey on that occasion most certainly received his "Roland for an Oliver." "I fear," added I, "that I shall also incur your Highness's displeasure by relating a circumstance which came to my own knowledge. But during my rambles about Constantinople I once met a German lady, the wife of a Pacha—how an Infidel Daughter came to *mate* 'with a True Believer, Allah only knows,' for I could never learn—who had been to the office of a Turkish minister, not to solicit his justice or authority against her brute of a husband—for in that case he was powerless to interfere—but to implore his friendly assistance. She did not beg, she only asked the bread of charity from an Islamite. She told me that she would

write and publish the '*Mysteries of Haram Life*,' and I wondered if she dare do so *without* reservation. I should say certainly not."

As soon as I had concluded, the Grand Pacha and myself followed the Cheikh, who led us below the isolated rock overhanging the town, to inspect a niche in which stands the remains of a mutilated figure, having a Greek inscription on both sides; a little beyond we saw several grottoes, and a small quarry on the hill. Passing along a ravine we made our way up to the hill, at the same time passing numerous crevices in many of which were crystallised stalactites of carbonate of lime.

On reaching the summit the Prince was much amused at the trenches, which the old Cheikh told him had been made to enable the ancients to open the quarry, which had the appearance of having been well worked. Thence we passed on to the sunken chambers cut in the rock; entering two of them by a staircase, in which is a door leading into two small rooms, we found one round and the other square. The latter has several steps leading down from the top into a kind of tank, on the south side of which is another room, in the centre of which stands a square isolated mass, with arched openings on each side. There are two niches on the south side of the

room and one on the east. We found them coated with red stucco, and in the south-western corner is a four-sided pit, in which the old Cheikh told us that thousands of birds annually assemble exactly as they do on "*The Mountain of the Bird.*"

On our return to the town we passed two blocks of stone, which looked as if they had been originally used as altars. We were then ferried across the Nile in the Cheikh's boat, which was covered with an excellent awning, and the seats with crimson cushions, which had been procured from the Prince's yacht, to a *scale*, where mules were awaiting us. Mounting them we proceeded a short distance inland to Táha (Touho, Taha el Amoodayn), now but a small insignificant place, but which was a large city in the time of the Memlook Beys. Here lived in the days of Murad Bey that great chief Hagee Ali. There we saw several large mounds, supposed to be the ruins of the Coptic city of Theodôsiou.

Thence we proceeded on to the large town of Minieh (Miniet Mitt), so called because it was colonized by tribes from other places. We had scarcely reached its outskirts when the Názer (governor), attended by a numerous staff, advanced to meet the Grand Pacha.

Abdul Bey, for that was his name, a noble looking Turk, about forty years of age, who was

mounted on a fine Nejd steed, conducted the Prince to the palace, a noble pile of buildings, originally built by the Memlook Beys (who often repaired to this place when driven from other parts of Egypt), but restored by his ancestor Abdee Bey, in 1823. There we took up our residence. Refreshments were served us in the grand reception hall, after which Abdul Bey took us to see the 'lions' of the place.

As it was Sunday a *bender* (market) was being held; the concourse of people was most numerous, and the fruit exhibited for sale looked fresh and delicious. We had the pleasure of enjoying some of it at the Nazer's hospitable *zoofra* late in the evening. Then we passed the *Hamman*, a large structure à l'*Arabe*, a host of Fellahs and Arabs were congregated at its portals, who looked aghast at beholding the little Prince in company with an Infidel daughter.

As we passed the mosque, which is very picturesquely situated near the edge of the river, we observed a few remains of Roman architecture over the portal, and on entering found it adorned with several granite and marble columns, some of which were decorated with Corinthian capitals, and from out of one of which, the old Arab, who acted as our guide, told us that water spouted every Moslem Sabbath.

Thence we proceeded to inspect the Viceroy's sugar plantations; they were in the highest state of cultivation, and hundreds of Fellahs, superintended by sharp overseers, *kurbaj* in hand, were working on them, of which wand of office they made most liberal use, to keep the Fellah labourers at their work.

The Grand Pacha was highly amused at the manner in which the juice was pressed out of the cane, and took a lively interest in going over the manufactory and refinery, both of which were first founded by Mahomet Ali, considerably improved by Said Pacha; but His Highness Ismael Pacha has of late years added most expensive machinery thereto. To me they did not possess much interest, at which the Grand Pacha seemed greatly surprised, but when I explained to him that I had been accustomed to visit numerous sugar plantations, the cane on which and the manner of manufactory and refinery being similar in all respects to that of the Viceroy's, only with this exception, that coal instead of bullocks' blood was used to clarify it, he exclaimed,

"*Ajaib! Ajaib!* I did not know that you had travelled so much. And how do they cultivate the plantations in other lands?" enquired the Prince.

"The slaves perform the labour exactly as the Fellahs do here."

"*Taib!* but the Fellahs are not slaves, Madame. The Baba remunerates them for their work; he gives them *paras*."

"Yes, Grand Pacha," I replied; "nevertheless, I am told that they do not work of their own free will."

"You are wrong, Madame. The Viceroy has abolished what they call the *corvée* or forced labour."

"*Malesh*, it does not matter," was my answer.

"Why, Madame, I declare you have become quite a Cairene."

"How so, Grand Pacha?"

"Because," replied the Prince, "when a man falls down in the streets of Cairo all that the passers by say is *malesh!* If a house falls in, *malesh* is the cry. If a carriage dashes along at full speed through any of the narrow streets of Cairo and the horses knock down a poor Fellah, run over him, and kill him, all the *sais* or *arabajhe* utters is *malesh!* instead of pulling up his horses and running to see if he can be of any use to the poor man. My grandfather, Ibrahim Pacha, was wont to be driven through Cairo at a most terrific pace many a time, and oft have his horses trampled upon Fellahs, and when the populace, for many did, remonstrated with the *arabajhe*, his reply was '*Malesh!* there's only one Fellah the less in

Egypt.' *Amin! Amin!* It is a most significant expression—the very *acme* of Oriental fatalism."

"Very well," was my reply; "but I will let your Highness into the secret why I exclaimed *Malesh*, and how the *Corvée* business is managed now-a-days.

THE CORVÉE,

My Prince, is one of the oldest institutions in Egypt. It dates as far back as the time of Sesostris, who, when he returned with a legion of captives from his victorious campaigns, formed them into a *Corvée*, and made them work in gangs at the public works—for instance, constructing the canals, and erecting those stupendous monuments and structures, to inspect the ruins of which so many of the *savans* of all European nations visit Egypt. Your illustrious Great Grandsire Mahomet Ali made use of that powerful human engine to benefit Egypt, and also to enrich himself; the Fellahs on that account called your illustrious great grandfather *Zalem*—Tyrant Pacha. But things have scarcely changed for the better since his day. Many of the Viceroy's who succeeded him regarded the Fellahs in the light of a gang of galley slaves, and made them work not only for nothing but also confiscated the property which they had acquired by the sweat of

their brow ; made them pay most heavy taxes, and in short stripped their villages of almost every *para* they could lay their hands upon. True it is, that Said Pacha on his accession abolished it ; but when he engaged in the business of the Isthmus of Suez Canal, he had recourse to it as tyrannically as ever.

“Well, the Egyptian people have been oppressed by the *Corvée* from time immemorial. Certes it is that as they are naturally of a most indolent disposition, it was absolutely necessary to oblige them to work, or else nothing would have been done ; but on the other hand precautions should have been taken not to render it such a tyrannical measure as it has of late years become. In the first place a list of those Fellahs who were bound to afford the Government an amount of forced labour ought to have been kept ; the number of days each had to work should have been fixed ; then the ages of those who are liable to be called upon for such service ought to have been stated, and those who had a numerous family should, at a certain age, have been exempt from that penalty. In a word, as much difficulty exists as regards the administration of the *Corvée* as that of the recruiting for the army ; in short, no registers of births or deaths are kept by any of the Cheikhs el Beled—thus all Turks and Egyptians are born

without their births being publicly registered, and die without any record being kept of their decease: so that there exists no tell-tale of their ages—a plan which European ladies of the present day much admire—for in the Peerage and Book of Landed Gentry, of the upper ten thousand, their ages have long ceased to be blazoned forth to the vulgar. So that those officials send whom they like as recruits or as members of the *Corvées*.

“ If the Viceroy Ismaël Pacha requires a number of Fellahs to plant the sugar cane, to gather in the crops, to sow cotton, to pluck it, to clean it, or in fact to cultivate any of his vast estates, he gives an order to the *Mudir*—‘ Send me five hundred or a thousand men !’ That functionary immediately issues his orders to the Cheikhs-el-Beled under him to send him a certain number from each of their villages. Whereupon—for His Highness the Viceroy, as well understands ‘ the art of making money yield its proper return,’ as did his illustrious Sire—the Cheikhs, who are despotic rulers in their villages, instantly set about carrying out the *Mudir*’s instructions, and in their selection of those Fellahs who are to form their quota of the *Corvée*, act as favour, hatred, or their own interest dictates, being more or less influenced by that Sovereign Prince *bukshesh*: for your Highness may rest

assured that the Fellah who parts with his *paras* freely is safe and sound to remain quiet in his hut—no Cheikh-el-Beled ever thinks of disturbing such an excellent neighbour, for with him he smokes his chibouque, sips his cahveh, and talks over the news of the nation, the prices of cotton, corn, and cereals. The poor, hard-worked, miserable Fellah, 'who has been pulling at *Sheitan's* tail all his lifetime and never yet been able to get a firm hold of it,' is as sure as fate to form part and parcel of the *Corvée*.

"When I have visited the villages, I have often heard many a Cheikh-el-Beled click his tongue with delight, and exclaim 'bravo,' as he received his *Mudir's* orders to raise a levy of men, for then he knew that he would pocket lots of *paras*. That is the time when he takes his vengeance on any of his foul mouthed subjects, and manifests his esteem for those who have always paid their court to him; but no Fellah can ever

' In any Cheik-el-Beled hope to find
One virtue to redeem his mind !
His thoughts no generous transports fill,
To Truth, to Faith, to Justice chill !'

But that is not the only misery which the *Corvée* entails upon the Egyptian peasants, for when the Government found that they were obliged to have recourse to that system in order to carry on the

public works, for like the Franzesees, who, if left to themselves, would never attempt either to repair any structure or to commence the slightest improvement, hence every work falls upon the Government—so it is in Egypt; that, however, is far from being the case in England. There public enterprise accomplishes everything—railways, roads, edifices, parks, gardens, places of amusement, etc.

“ Well, as I was saying, that is not the only injury which the *Corvée* inflicts upon the Fellahs: every Mudir, Vakeel, Cheik-el-Beled, Minister, Pacha, wealthy Bey, as well as that legion of foreigners in every disguise who keep a *cordon sanitaire* around your illustrious Sire, all think that they have a perfect right to enjoy the privilege of levying *Corvées*, so that the poor Fellahs are at the beck and call of every individual or clique who may desire to profit by their not exactly gratuitous—but most inadequately remunerated services, and give that noble oppressed race, as us Europeans say, ‘ more kicks than halfpence ’—that is, more strokes of the kurbaj than paras.

“ When your illustrious father requires canals to be made, lands to be tilled, kiosks to be built, palaces to be repaired, enlarged, or pulled down, then *Corvées* are levied, and if any of the *quatre dévorants* desire to erect factories, carry

out concessions, etc., those works are done by *Corvées*.

"Believe me, Prince, it is by such means that the rich Pachas, wealthy Beys, and millionaire Effendis and Foreigners have had their lands brought into that high state of cultivation in which we have seen them, as we passed along in our present tour of the provinces on the banks of the far-famed Nile. *Ajaib! Ajaib!* are the works of *Corvées*! It is by the sweat of the Fellah's brow that the Mudirs, Vakeels, and Cheikhs-el-Beled have amassed their wealth, have brought their lands into such excellent order, and have rendered themselves eligible to sit as Deputies in that Constitutional Assembly, which your august father granted the Egyptians in November, 1866, but that, my Prince, is no *new* innovation, for the 'Father of History' has recorded that the Egyptian Government Assemblies were held in a much more splendid Chamber of Deputies than any European Government can boast of, even in the present era—for in the superb Court of the Labyrinth, at Howara, the King of Egypt convoked the Deputies of each home" (*Province*).

"If ever I become El-Kiedover of El Musr, I will not allow that," interposed the Prince.

"What would you do?" inquired I.

"Give them lots of paras."

"That is a capital idea, my Prince. Well, their position is truly distressing, as I will presently show you. Many of those Fellahs, who constitute the *Corvées*, are drafted from some of the remotest provinces of Egypt. Not only have they to trudge along on foot to the locality where the *Corvée* has to muster, whether it be Cairo, Alexandria, Rosetta, Damietta, this place or the Fayoom (*Fyoón*), but they are obliged to carry with them their provisions for the whole duration of that forced labour, as well as their tools and implements of husbandry, for they are *never* victualled at the cost of those for whom they are obliged to labour. And the pay they receive is generally very inadequate to their services; but perhaps his Highness, the Viceroy, who authorised his Excellency, Nubar Pacha, in 1864, when acting as his agent, to effect an arrangement with the Isthmus of Suez Company, to propose to that company that they should give the fellahs *two francs per diem* as their wages, which your illustrious father considered as 'equitable, necessary, and remunerative to the Fellah for his labour and his compulsory absence from his village and his fields,' himself gives that amount of wages, if not a trifle more, by way of *buksheesh*? (for every article of food is now three-

fold dearer at least in Egypt than it formerly was), to everyone of Pharaoh's breed he employs upon his vast estates, or who is engaged in carrying out those extensive agricultural and important city and port improvements, for which his Highness borrowed lately no less a sum than three millions of pounds sterling on the mortgage of his estates, the deeds of the hypothecation of which his Highness most wisely placed, not in the hands of any of that clique by whom he is surrounded, but in the Bank of England; for, let me ask you, Grand Pacha—

“What use would be the Viceroy's humane and earnest exhortation ?

If he himself made thereof an inverted application.
 Nothing could possibly constitute a plea more moving
 Than Nubar Pacha's feeling humanity approving,
 Whose words were : ‘Dear Lesseps, you must be affected
 To learn Ismael Pacha's mind is so well directed ;
 So clear and noble is the Prince's act in *paras* giving,
 That you will do the same I have no misgiving.’

“But, from all that I have learned and seen, I fear that but few of the Egyptian grandees have imitated the disinterestedness of the Viceroy, but still continue to deal the poor Fellahs abundance of blows of the kurbaj, and but few *paras*. That is indeed shameful.

“But that is not the only method they adopt to make the Fellahs do what they term ‘a good day's work ;’ for, coming fresh from their villages,

they take a long time before they become accustomed to their new work. And in order not to waste more time—for that is the only instance in which the Turks or Egyptians seem to understand that "*Time is money*"—than can be avoided, I have been told, but mind I do not vouch much for the veracity of my informant's statement, that when the Fellahs are employed upon the Viceroy's estates, a cunning, hard-hearted Effendi, who holds the responsible office of bailiff, shows them what they have to do in the following manner:—

"First and foremost he takes hold of a Fellah, has him strung up—like an old offender of a deserter in the English army is to a triangle—and orders him to receive his dozen of the kurbaj, which is administered to him stroke by stroke, until the whole of his comrades fall to their work as methodically as a file of soldiers to their drill. The bailiff, like a first-rate martinet of a drill sergeant, has been heard to declare that that is the only way to teach those lazy rascals manners. While that Fellah's installation into office is taking place, the bailiff coolly smokes his chibouque, smiles superciliously, and chuckles to himself at the efficacy of his plan for initiating the Fellah into the art of manual labour.

"Then the lands of these poor Corvéites are

left to be cultivated by old men, women, and children, who are just able to sow and reap sufficient produce 'to keep the wolf from the door.' Alas! Alas! I have seen many who not being able to keep body and soul together, have sunk upon the earth exhausted, from the dire effects of semi-starvation. That has been especially the case in villages where all the able-bodied have either been drafted away as *Corvéites* or recruits.

" If your Highness will but recall to mind the many villages which we have passed through, out of which only old and infirm people and young children came forth to do you honour, you will admit the justice of my remarks. No wonder then that such a vast number of *feddans*—acres—remain still uncultivated in El Musr, for the *Mudirs*, *Vakeels*, *Kashefs*, *Ministers*, *Pachas*, *Beys*, and the members of the *cordon sanitaire*, around the Viceroy help themselves to the riches of the soil, and the gratuitous labours of the *Fellahs*, and so long as that state of things is allowed to exist, so long will every British 'Special Prince' send letters to his diplomatic chief at the Ottoman Porte, like Sir Robert Colquhoun, then Her Majesty's Agent and British Consul General in Egypt, is stated in the columns of 'The Egyptian' of August 2nd, 1864, to have

done to Sir Henry Bulwer, that 'the discontent in the country is general.' When your august father became Viceroy he delivered a most excellent speech, full of laudable intentions and philanthropic resolutions. Therein he declared it to be his determination to study the welfare and prosperity of this people whom Allah had entrusted to his care. He avowed his determination to abolish all existing abuses, but especially that of the *corvée*, that most horrible, inhuman and barbarous institution, so diametrically opposed to the laws of humanity, and which, when abused, becomes a most powerful instrument of tyranny and oppression. The European journals eulogized his Highness's farsightedness, and regarded him as a most worthy successor of his illustrious grandsire, the Regenerator of Egypt, the talented Mahomet Ali, and they prognosticated, that his rule would open a new era to the Egyptian people; and most assuredly his Highness Ismael Pacha has fulfilled all that was expected of him. That Egypt never was in such a prosperous state as at this time, even the Viceroy's greatest detractors cannot but admit. That his Highness has fulfilled to the letter the promises he made on his accession to power, I think I have already told your Highness, and that he has done all in his power to alleviate the debased condition into

which his indigenous population had fallen during the rule of his two predecessors. I have also informed you that far from despoiling the Fellahs of their property, he has, on the contrary, secured to them all their possessions, and adopted such an equitable course of administration that many of them have risen to wealth and power.

“We have it on record that in the time of Othman Bey (1730), when he governed Egypt, ‘a poor donkey driver residing at Cairo was one day repairing the manger in his stables, when he chanced to find a vase full of gold coins concealed in the masonry work that supported it. Overjoyed at his good fortune, he handed it over to his wife, at the same time recommending her to take care of it, and not to disclose the good luck that had so unexpectedly fallen upon them, lest the treasure trove should be claimed by the government, and he should be called upon to hand it over to the government exchequer. His wife desired to disregard his caution, and to purchase with it rich robes and jewels, and make a display of the acquisition of their wealth. The husband, irritated at her want of discretion, quarrelled with her, whereupon she started off in a passion, and denounced him to Othman Bey. That just Prince commanded the donkey driver to appear before him, and hav-

ing heard his account of the affair, dismissed him, telling him 'to keep what Allah had sent him, to divorce his wife, and to depart and live in peace.' A similar circumstance happened in this lax nineteenth century, but his Highness Ismaël Pacha claimed the treasure trove, and gave the Arab, who found that large sum of gold, merely a trifle and acted not like Othman Bey. But let us return to the question of the abolition of the *Corvée*. So far as regards the carrying on of the working of the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company, it has most certainly been abolished, which act relieved the Viceroy from being obliged to carry out the engagement that Said Pacha had entered into with the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company to supply a host of them annually to complete that undertaking.

"And now the Fellah is victualled by them, has medical attendance provided gratis, is taken from his village and transported back at the expiration of his term of labour at their cost, and receives two francs per diem wages. But whether his Highness's estates are cultivated by free or forced labour I have never yet been able to learn. Some say 'No,' and others 'Yes.' I am constrained from all that has come to my knowledge to say that the Mudirs, Vakeels, Cheikhs-el-Belled, Ministers, Pachas, Beys, and the *quartre*

dévoants still avail themselves of that way of having their estates cultivated: The *Corvée* is a public institution, and has been apparently abolished, and yet in truth it is carried on *covertly*, but whether the Viceroy is aware of it or not, that is a question which I will not take upon myself to answer. In 1864, the following journals—*L’Egypte*, *The Egyptian*, *La Spettatore Egiziano*, and *Il Commercio*—published at Alexandria, as well as *Les Quatre Dévorants*, and the clique of foreigners who guard the approach to the Viceroyal Court, in every disguise, affirmed that that barbarous custom had ceased to exist.

“If so, Allah be praised; but from what we have seen while journeying through the provinces of Egypt I must adopt the phraseology of the Cairene, and say *Malesh!* Besides, does not your Highness remember when we were encamped in the desert seeing upwards of a thousand Fellahs being marched across it handcuffed and chained together, like galley slaves? Across their backs they carried wallets filled with Arab bread and lentils, and in their hands their instruments of husbandry. When I inquired of them the amount of their daily pay, they stared at me in amazement. ‘Our pay! *mafeesh*,’ said one, and they pointed most significantly to the *kurbaj*, which each overseer carried in his hand as the insignia

of his office. Does not that prove that they were being forced to labour, and that they did not undertake that long journey of their own free will? Besides, your Highness surely cannot have forgotten that as the Cheikhs-el-Beled passed by our tent the Bin-Bachi Mustapha inquired of those Fellahs whither they were going—now mark their reply, 'To cultivate the Viceroy's sugar and cotton plantations.'

"Perhaps those 'Eighteen other princes' who govern Egypt have of late years been suffering from severe attacks of ophthalmia, and a film has grown over their eyes, so that instead of making *tours* through the provinces of Egypt, which would tend to enlighten their minds, and afford them an opportunity of seeing the nakedness of the 'Land of the Pharaohs,' and the doings of the hard-hearted and oppressive task-masters of Pharaoh's breed,

" 'They, poor sufferers, have been obliged to live at home at ease,
And cry the Corvée is abolished. But, la! la! if you please.'

"I wonder how says Col. Stanton, C.B., H.B.M. Agent and Consul-General, who made a tour up the Nile in 1867—Corvée abolished, or Corvée still exists?

"Your illustrious father prided himself in 1864

upon being the richest prince in the world, and in 1867 he purchased the vast property in Egypt belonging to your illustrious uncle, H.H. Mustapha FazyI, for which he gave no less than fifty millions of francs, and the care and solicitude with which he watches over the Fellahs fully demonstrates that he knew that it was by 'the sweat of their brow' that he attained to that colossal wealth. Over them his power is despotic; he can increase or lessen the burden of their taxation as seemeth best to his sovereign will. He is naturally of a money getting disposition, and not being called upon to pay a single para for the transport of either his imports or exports—for the railway is all his own—he can, if he feels so disposed, have his lands cultivated, and his sugar refineries carried on upon the same saving plan; and well do we know what his ideas of political economy are—*Ajaib! Ajaib!*

"I remember in 1864 that an order was issued by the Government to construct the Sweet Water Canal from Zag-à-Zig to Surraways—Suez, that the *corps de reserve* of the Egyptian army, which then numbered upwards of thirty thousand men, were ordered to carry on that work, and yet, according to the Para 10 of the Hatti, Cherif of 13 Feb., 1841, 'The Egyptian army in time of peace is fixed at twenty thousand men; eighteen thousand to remain in Egypt, and two thousand to repair

annually to do duty in Turkey.' So that H.H. Ismael Pacha does not appear to adhere to its restrictions."

"So it seems," said the Grand Pacha.

Just at that moment Abdul Bey came towards us.

"I believe," inquired the Grand Pacha of the Governor, "that you are upon intimate terms with His Excellency Ahmed Bey, the Káshef of Benisooéf."

"*Taib*, your Highness," replied the Nazer, "he is my superior officer, and consequently I do my best to live on terms of amity with him. I often present him with tokens of my regard and admiration of his superior talents. *Buksheesh*, I suppose your Highness will call it?"

"You do well," said the Prince.

"While," continued Abdul Bey, "His Excellency, on the other hand, often extends his favours towards me. As your Highness is aware, I possess some extensive estates in this province, and when I require to have my water-courses cleared out, my cotton sown or gathered, why, he very considerably allows me to have a *Corvée* or two of Fellahs from other parts."

"How is that? Surely you do not mean to say that His Highness the Viceroy has ordered a *Corvée* this year?" I exclaimed.

"*Yok! yok!*" replied the Governor, "never-

theless I have upwards of five hundred Fellahs at work on my lands at this time."

"We shall see!" I exclaimed, turning round to the Grand Pacha, and laughing; "but I suppose," added I, "that the Káshef is too chary of his favours to grant such an indulgence to any other person?"

"*Yok! Hanem,*" replied Abdul Bey, "he shows the same attention to all his intimate friends. Sometimes he favours the Pacha of——, at others the Mudir of ——, the Minister's Vakeel, and not unfrequently some of the Cheikhs—el-Beled in his province in like manner."

"But I thought," exclaimed the Grand Pacha, "*Al-qánoun obthil*" (that law had been abolished).

The Governor of Minieh smiled.

"Evvét, your Highness, in form; but nevertheless it is carried on, *sub rosa*," I added.

"*Taib, Madame,*" said Abdul Bey.

Perceiving that the Grand Pacha looked angry, I dropped the subject.

Then the Governor conducted us into his beautiful gardens, in which stood a number of Dom trees (the Theban Palms); at a later period in the day I ate some of the fruit, it was dry, and tasted very much like gingerbread, only not quite so spicy; the negroes eat the nut, but the Egyptian carpenters use it for their drills; it grows in a peculiar manner—the lower part of

the stem is single, but divides at a certain height into two bifurcated branches; the leaves at the head are large and shaped like a fan, and the fruit grows at the base. The grounds are not very extensive, but are kept and arranged in quite as good style and order as those of the Viceroy's at the Isle of Rhoda (Roda), there we entered a kiosk and partook of a luncheon of fruit and confectionery, and sipped a few findjans of delicious cahveh, for sight-seeing had given us an excellent appetite. We had scarcely finished, and were on the point of rising to quit that pretty Egyptian harbour, when a Turkish lady, attended by several ladies of the haram and a host of slaves, advanced towards us. As I felt anxious to learn who they were, I whispered in the Grand Pacha's ear *Bakalem*—let us see, and His Highness moved not. As soon as the lady approached the Prince, she stood, made her temena, and as also did her suite, when the Governor exclaimed:

"My wife, Fatma."

Whereupon the Grand Pacha pointed to the divan, adding at the same time, '*otour*.' The Governor's wife was short in stature, as plump as a pigeon, and extremely engaging in her manners and conversation. As I had previously explained to the Prince, that it was at this place that the *Tiberius of Egypt* (Abbas Pacha), had

laid out much more extensive and equally as beautiful gardens as those of his illustrious father's, that adjoined his elegant palace of Dejirah (Desirah), on the Island of Rhoda, the Grand Pacha enquired of Abdul Bey if Saïd Pacha, who had them destroyed in 1855, had left any remains of the palace standing in which that Egyptian Nero had kept his haram?

"*Yok!*" was the Governor's reply, "but," added he, "the kiosk in which we are sitting stands on its site, and these grounds once formed part and parcel of that terrestrial garden of Eden in which Abbas Pacha, your Highness's great uncle, delighted to while away his time, attended by the Ikbals of his '*Mansion of Bliss*.' Fatma Hanem knew many of them, and I have no doubt she will turn Massaldjee and endeavour to amuse your Highness, as I am obliged to proceed down to the '*scale*' for I expect H.H. the Viceroy to arrive here shortly." Saying which the Governor rose, salaamed His Highness thrice, and departed.

"I pledge your Highness my word that the anecdote," said Fatma Hanem, "which I am about to relate, is a fact."

ABBAS PACHA AND THE CIRCASSIAN.

"One day Abbas Pacha honoured a Turkish Grandee with a visit at his beautiful kiosk

on the banks of the Mahmooddeeh Canal; there he caught sight of a Circassian slave of great beauty. He was so smitten with her that he offered to purchase her from Murad Bey, for that was the name of the grandee, but the slave being his hanem's property, he was powerless to accede to the Viceroy's wish. He asked the Hanem, but she being very much attached to the young girl, whom she had brought up from her infancy, told the Viceroy that she would make him a present of her provided he would make her his consort. The viceroial lover was chagrined at that answer; he endeavoured to banish from his mind the image of that beautiful Circassian, but notwithstanding that he had been unable to obtain another glance at her features, nevertheless he continued to remain desperately enamoured of her. One of his wives happened to die a short time after, and braving the anger of his bigot of a mother, then the Princess Validè of Egypt, he married her. In order to keep her secluded from his wife, mother, and ikbals, he had a splendid palace built on the site of the kiosk in which we are now sitting. There he occupied himself in superintending the furnishing of the beautiful suite of apartments which constituted his haram. The reception room in that *Mansion of Delight* was covered with rich Brussels carpet, the ceiling painted with a beautiful view of the Bospho-

rus, the walls covered with frescoes representing the gardens of Roda and the cataracts of the Nile, the hangings of the doors and windows were of crimson silk with bullion lace looped up with gold tassels, immense mirrors were let into the walls and reached down to the floor, about the apartment were placed elegant luxurious divans, covered with Genoese crimson velvet, with cushions ornamented with precious stones. Console tables stood about, on which were placed costly Japan, China ornaments, handsome gold time-pieces, marking Turkish time, water coolers, and cups of transparent Sevres china. In the centre stood a superb inlaid Mosaic table, on which was placed a miniature *parterre* of blooming exotics, the stand was composed of Dresden China, a mound was raised in the centre, on which were blended together roses, violets, sweet basil, the Egyptian pivot, red and white camelias, myrtles, anemones, narcissus, jasmine, all entwined beneath a dwarf Oriental willow; and a deep channel of water flowed round it, which was supplied from the white marble fountains that stood on each side and cast their cool refreshing *jets d'eau* over the *parterre*. On the carpet, at the feet of each of the divans, lay cushions encased in crimson silk ornamented with various gems; near the splendid divan that ran along the

windows overlooking the lovely gardens in which the palace stood, was placed an elegant soofra inlaid with mother o' pearl, and on it a silver box richly embossed, in which were laid—for when I inspected, that *bijou* of an apartment the lid was open—four pale, lemon-coloured, amber mouth-pieces, of great value, together with the same number of pipe stems, all studded with diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies; beside it was another case containing the *terra cotta* looking bowls belonging to them. Here and there were laid down large cushions, next akin to small mattresses, for the ladies of the haram to double themselves up upon, all of which were encased in crimson damask and ornamented with gold tassels. From the ceiling hung suspended a large crystal chandelier with four tiers capable of holding upwards of one hundred and sixty wax candles, and appended to the walls were numerous coloured candle glass shades.

“Then I passed into Abbas Pacha's bed chamber. It was a superb apartment, most splendidly furnished with every European comfort; from it a door led into the chamber destined for the Circassian beauty, of whom his Highness had become so desperately enamoured as to make her his *ehl* (consort); it contained nothing more than a pile of elegant large mattresses, encased in

light blue satin, with an enormous mosquito curtain hanging over it. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, the door and windows and hangings were of blue silk, ornamented with silver bullion and silver tassels, the ceiling was painted so as to represent a bright starry night, and the walls were lined with mirrors ; passing into the wardrobe room, the lines across it were crossed like a spider's web, and from them hung suspended numerous superb costumes of various colours ; the cupboards, the doors of which were open, contained several jewel cases, filled with many a costly ornament ; in short, H.H. had spared no expense to render that haram a fitting dwelling place for the beautiful creature who had won his heart. His Highness had contributed most unsparingly to insure her every comfort and luxury, provided her with a carriage drawn by a beautiful pair of Kurdistan horses, two sais ran before it, and an arabajhe drove her whithersoever she desired, and when she felt disposed to make an excursion up or down the Nile, she had a *cangia* most elegantly fitted up placed at her disposal.

“ From the well-known character of Abbas Pacha, you might imagine that he soon began to tire of his new idol ; such, however, was far from being the case. The Princess Gul Hanem most

unfortunately could not return his affection, but treated him with coolness. After the lapse of a few months her indifference gave place to a kind of melancholy sadness, the colour faded from her beauteous cheeks, and the lustre of her eyes became dimmed with weeping; she resembled a lovely lily struck by a keen easterly wind as it droops on its stem.

"While all the ladies of the haram envied her position, she was actually bewailing her cruel fate. Singular to add, the langour which preyed upon her spirits so augmented the fascination of her charms that the Viceroy daily became more and more enamoured of her; and yet he was unhappy, because he began to perceive that she did not love him as tenderly as he wished. In vain did he show her the most unremitting attention; not a day passed but his evening offerings consisted of some costly gem or superb robe, but in lieu of those gifts banishing her sadness, they appeared to increase it.

"At length he resolved to learn the cause of her indifference; he knew that she must possess some secret sorrow, and he was determined to fathom it.

"Alas! alas! he accomplished it. I say alas! for there are sometimes facts which, when they come to be disclosed to us, are so painful that we wish that we had never known them.

"The beauteous girl was deeply in love, but not with her Viceroyal husband, and that passion was gradually undermining her health.

"It chanced one day that she had seen one of that Prince's Seraskers, who attended on Abbas Pacha when he went to the mosque at Bairam time. Even after the Viceroy had brought her to Minieh she had had frequent opportunities of gazing upon the object of her affection from the windows of the haram which overlooked the Nile, and well did she know from the artillery of the Serasker's eyes which were fixed upon the windows of her apartment that she was beloved in return. Gul had heard mention made of the bloodthirsty character of her husband; nevertheless she boldly acknowledged to him that even when he married her, her heart was another's. Well, that fiend incarnate in the human form, was actually moved to tenderness and compassion by the candid manner in which Gul Hanem disclosed to him the cause of her coolness towards him. Were you to guess for a hundred years I am sure you would never form an idea how the Prince acted after he heard the details of Gul's platonic affection.

"I need scarcely assure you that all Turks are awfully jealous, and when that fit comes o'er them, they are like infuriated tigers, eager to

wreak their vengeance on their prey; many a time and oft have wives, ikbals, and their lovers been cast into the Nile, and Pachas sent into exile to Khartoum for a much less trivial affair. Perhaps your Highness will think that Abbas Pacha exiled his Serasker, had Gul decapitated and cast into the Nile. Allah be praised! that Prince did nothing of the kind; he actually wept like a child, bewailed his unlucky stars, but the milk of human kindness triumphed over the poignant pang of jealousy, and to his honour be it recorded. He thus reasoned with himself: 'Since I adore Gul and she does not, nor cannot return my affection, for her heart is another's, she will, I am convinced, never be happy with me, and yet I cannot bear the idea that she should pine away and die like a beautiful rose as she is.' Yielding to the sentiments of humanity, which had strangely taken possession of that tiger-heart, he schooled himself to perform a noble action, and smothering that jealousy which kept gnawing at his vitals, he divorced himself from her.

"Quitting Minieh, he sent her to a small yet handsomely arranged palace on the Khalig Canal at Cairo; there she remained for three months, and knowing that she dare not ask his permission to take unto herself another husband, he ordered

the Serasker to marry her, and bestowed several lucrative appointments upon him."

"*Ajaib!* Wonderful," I exclaimed, "but from my knowledge of Turkish and Egyptian history I should not have placed much reliance in the sincerity of the Abbas Pacha's acts; all I have read, heard, or seen of the Moslems has inculcated in my mind a great mistrust of every 'Son of the Prophet,' whether of high or low degree, more especially when they address you with the honeyed words of brother or sister. For as a general rule, believe me, the more polite and attentive they are to wife, ikbal, Christian, or ousta, the more they hate, detest, and seek by covert means to gain their ends or to wreak their vengeance on them."

"But such, however," continued Fatma Hanem, "was neither the purpose nor intention of Abbas Pacha on this occasion. I knew several of His Highness' ikbals, and they assured me that on the day of Gul's marriage with the Serasker (Ahmed Pacha), Abbas Pacha's eyes looked bloodshot and inflamed.

"One day when passing across the Eskebeëh the Viceroy's carriage came abreast of that of Ahmed Pacha, and the Princess Validé, who happened to be with the Viceroy—for I have heard Her Highness mention the circumstance—observed his countenance turn ghastly pale.

"As soon as the Serasker's Hanem found herself in her new abode, she began to launch forth into all kinds of extravagance. It never occurred to her for a moment that her second husband's purse was not quite so well filled as that of her first, so she went on gratifying every idle caprice and whimsical fancy; thus she plunged headlong into debt, and it was not long before a host of creditors demanded a settlement of their accounts. She put them off from day to day; at length they became importunate, and even went so far as to threaten to take possession of the mansion, which Abbas Pacha had given Gul Hanem as her marriage portion, together with its magnificent furniture. That state of things coming to Abbas Pacha's ears, he ordered the Serasker's debts to be liquidated, but the Egyptian Government protested against such a precedent, the Ministers told him that the Exchequer was already in a state of bankruptcy, that the Fellahs were crying out at the heavy burden of taxation that had been imposed upon them, that if he pursued such a line of conduct they would rebel against the Government, and furthermore, that the Serasker's debts amounted to £16,000.

"*Taiib*,' replied Abbas Pacha, 'but if I do not pay them the creditors will seize the mansion I gave them, and then what is to become of poor Gul Hanem?'

“ ‘Your Highness has an excellent opportunity of getting rid of that pair of hangers on.’

“ ‘How dare you make that proposition, I will not do so,’ said the Viceroy.

“And yet, singular to add, the Minister’s persisted in their resolution, and assigned such tangible reasons, that Abbas Pacha, much against his will, however, signed the order for the Serasker’s banishment from Cairo.

“Early next morning, one of the Viceroyal barges was seen moored facing Ahmed Pacha’s palace, and one of the Minister of War’s aide-de-camps waited upon the Serasker and handed him the order for him to repair to Alexandria. As soon as the Pacha informed Gul what had happened, she collected all her valuables together, handed them to her grand eunuch, ordered the ladies of the haram and oustas to pack up her *sarats* (trunks) as well as their own, and the whole household embarked on board the splendid cangia appointed to receive them, which thus became a *Haram on the Nile*.

“The next morning the creditors seized upon the palace and its superb furniture, which they sold by public auction, and reimbursed themselves.

“The cangia freighted with the beauteous Circassian, her beloved husband, and their suite, sailed down the canal into the Nile, and thence

to Alexandria. In those days it took some time to reach that port. When Abbas Pacha learned that the creditors had helped themselves to the Serasker's property, he began to reflect on the destitute condition of that woman whom he still loved to distraction, notwithstanding she had become the wife of another. Without consulting anybody, the Viceroy despatched a courier to Atfeh with a *mektoub* to the Serasker, telling him that he was to take possession of a certain palace which he had lately erected on the banks of the Mahmoodeeh canal.

"When Gul Hanem reached her new haram, guess her astonishment to find it the very counterpart, not only in style of architecture and internal arrangements, but also in its decoration and the manner in which it was furnished, to that in which she had resided at Minieh. On entering the majlis, the Viceroy's Grand Eunuch, who had been placed in charge of that palace, informed her that His Highness had ordered him to tell her that since her husband's creditors had taken and sold her palace on the Khalig canal, that he begged her acceptance of the one in which she was residing, and that he had appointed the Serasker Minister of War."

"I am sure that your Highness will admire the noble conduct of your Great Uncle, and admit

that tiger as he was, he manifested at least on this occasion not only great self denial, but a wonderful display of magnanimity."

"Bravo! Bravo! Fatma Hanem. I am much indebted to you," said the Grand Pacha, as he rose to depart.

The Governor, who had returned, for the Viceroy had not arrived, conducted the Prince through the town, and as we proceeded pointed out to us many remains of old Egyptian monuments, as well as some noble structures in which the Memlook Beys resided; soon we reached a large sycamore tree, beneath which stands the elegant tomb of a Shekh, at the foot of which were squatted a host of women repeating their Fat'has, for that saint appears to have been much respected. The attendants placed our camp stools beneath that umbrageous tree where we rested, and while so doing took a glimpse at the Nile, which at that time presented a most animated appearance, for it was covered with boats laden with cotton and sugar, gliding down towards Alexandria, and many a graceful cangia was sailing on its bosom freighted with a motley group of Moslems and Moslemahs taking aquatic excursions; occasionally a dahabeëh, freighted with some European tourists, passed rapidly up the river. On our return to the palace we

partook of a slight repast, and taking leave of His Excellency, we once more embarked on board the "Taka" which was now bound to Sioot.

Scarcely had we got clear of the labyrinth of boats than we passed a large mountain, and at its corner the crude brick tombs of El Howarte appeared in sight; and when off *Sooadee* the Prince landed to inspect the Rum Distillery which an Italian first established in Said Pacha's time; close at hand were some extensive sugar plantations, the cane on which was very high, and from what I learned, they always yielded splendid crops. The town is small, contains the ruins of some ancient stone buildings, a few mounds, and at the corner of the hill above it stand a few grottoes cut in the rock, but which we did not stop to explore, for the manager of the distillery, a very intelligent Arab,—who when he accepted that post must have quite forgotten the Moslem's catechism, if it was ever taught him when he went to his A.B.C. Arab school at Cairo, as well as the punishment ordained by the Moslem law for drinking, *tasting*, or inducing anyone to make or sell wine or spirits, namely, "The infliction of *eighty* stripes in the case of a free man, and *fifty* in that of a slave; but if the crime be openly committed in the course of any day of the month of Ramadán,

when others are fasting, the punishment prescribed is *death*,"—had prepared a fruit luncheon for the Grand Pacha. After having partaken of his hospitality, Hassan Bey accompanied us down to the small 'scale.' On our way we passed a spot on the banks of the Nile where the waters had receded; there we beheld a number of carcasses of animals in the last stage of putrefaction, and were obliged to place our pocket handkerchiefs, which fortunately had been strongly perfumed with musk, to our nasal organs, for the stench was overpowering. The Prince enquired of the Cheikh-el-Beled belonging to the town, who had joined us, why he permitted such a cholera spot to exist close to his town.

"I am powerless to help it, your Highness, because when a donkey, buffalo, camel, or dromedary die, the Fellahs take and cast them into the river, and not unfrequently leave them where they fall. When the inundation of the Nile is at its '*temen*,' even the bodies from the '*City of the Dead*' are washed up on the soil, and there left to putrefy, and no mortal soul ever attempts to re-inter them. One of the principal causes of this nuisance arises from the fact that there is no law to compel the Fellahs to bury their dead a certain depth in the earth, and as they are intent on gaining as many paras as they can, they make

a small hole in the ground and then cover the body over with earth. As nearly all '*the Provincial Cities of the Silent*' are intersected by araba roads, along which pass a host of camels heavily laden, the small hillocks that are hastily thrown up to protect the graves soon become trodden down; and there they remain, for the Fellahs never take the trouble to re-make them, hence why, in passing along through the interior, your Highness's sight must have been often shocked with a parcel of human bones lying scattered about in various directions."

"*Taib*, I have often been disgusted at such sights," said the Prince.

"Well," added the Cheikh-el-Beled, "we who live in the Provinces are so habituated to them that we think nothing of them, but the infectious effluvia arising from those putrid particles of human and animal bodies certainly *Batal! Batal!* Still, do what we will, we cannot even by dint of frequent application of the *Kurbaj*, of which we are by no means sparing, make those obstinate Fellahs bury their dead in a decent manner; and strange to add, they take delight to while away their spare time in those '*Cities of the Dead*,' where, amidst most infectious exhalations, they partake of many a creature comfort, and not unfrequently luxuriate in their '*Kef*.'

"Ajaib! Ajaib! There is no accounting for taste, for 'by the beard of the Prophet!' they persist in building their huts, not only in their vicinity, but also in their very centre. When last the cholera visited this land, this town was nearly depopulated, for during the murrain among the cattle in 1864, upwards of seventy thousand head perished in the Provinces; and here as elsewhere, the Fellahs cast the majority of the carcases into the Nile, and threw a few shovelsful of earth over the rest, leaving their hoofs above ground. Those employed digging at the Isthmus of Suez Canal actually cast the beasts into the Sweet Water Canal—no amount of the Kurbaj could induce them to remove them, so that the Europeans were obliged to do so, and packs of dogs actually crossed over the bodies that had been thrown into the Nile at several spots, by means of those carcase-causeways. I leave your Highness to imagine what a dreadful mortality took place at and near those cholera spots which the thick-headed indolent Fellahs had raised up to decimate the population of their villages. The Cheikhs-el-Beled never anticipating such conduct, had adopted no precautionary measures, and when they attempted to remedy the evil, they found themselves powerless to enforce obedience to their orders, for neither the Mudirs, Kashefs, nor

Minister of the Interior had troubled themselves about such a contingency, thinking no doubt, I observed in my own person, that 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' "

"Alas! Alas! Hanem Effendi," continued the Cheikh-el-Beled, "if the heads of the Government move not in the matter—by my soul—no poor Cheikh-el-Beled dare attempt it."

"But, Madame," enquired the Grand Pacha, "how would such matters be managed in *à la Franca*?"

"My Prince," I replied, "the Mayor of the Town would look to it; a Board of Health would be appointed to inspect the sanitary condition of the place, and those individuals who transgressed the laws its council had laid down, would be punished by fines, that is, they would not have to receive strokes of the Kurbaj, but would be obliged to pay lots of paras."

"*Machallah*, that would soon bring them to their senses," said the Cheikh-el-Beled, "for no Fellah likes to be mulcted of his hard-earned paras."

"Besides," I added, "there would be officers appointed to see that the dead were properly buried, and the '*Cities of the Silent*' would be enclosed by gates, which would not only be kept locked, but an officer would be appointed

to take care of them, and have the graves, etc., kept in a proper state of repair."

"*Taib!* Madame, if ever I become the Ruler of Egypt, I will have it so arranged."

On reaching the 'scale,' His Highness gave the Cheikh-el-Beled, and the Arab Manager of the Rum Distillery, two purses of Napoleons as *bukhsheesh*, at the same time, pointing to the cholera spot, he issued orders to have it removed.

On our return to the yacht, the Prince related to his illustrious mother all he had seen, and after he had detailed to Her Highness how negligent the Fellahs were in burying their dead, the Princess related to us the following incident which had been narrated to her on her last visit to Alexandria:—

THE PACHA AND HIS HANEM.

"A rich Armenian Pacha, who was married to a Greek lady, for whom he had but slight affection, found her dead, as he supposed, one morning when he entered his haram. A shell was immediately sent for, hired mourners were engaged, everything was turned topsy-turvy, as is the custom in the harams on the demise of an inmate, and the ladies and oustas went into mourning for the loss of their beloved mistress, for all were extremely fond of her, as she had

always behaved most kindly towards them. The body of the Hanem was hurried into the shell, but as she was a Greek, the lid remained open, so that her features might be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar. The funeral cortége left the house, the husband following as chief mourner. Just as it passed into a small shady avenue, a branch of a tree struck the face of the corpse a smart blow, when lo! and behold, the Hanem sprung bolt upright in the shell and shouted forth: '*am not I on the road to Paradise?*' The Pacha was horror stricken; he could scarcely believe his ears, and notwithstanding that there before his eyes sat his wife upright in the shell, he nevertheless exclaimed, '*you are in the right road to*'—at the same time muttering to himself—'*the infernal regions,*' for he felt half inclined to insist upon the burial taking place; that, however, would have brought him to grief, after his wife had thus publicly proclaimed her second advent to life; so he called an arabajhe, and placing her in the araba, had her conveyed to the haram, by no means pleased with that day's amusement. The following year she fell sick, and after a short illness, yielded up the ghost; this time she was really dead. Her body was placed in a coffin, and the funeral procession wended its way to the 'City of the Silent.' On

reaching that shady avenue, where the circumstance I have previously narrated had taken place, the Pacha suddenly stopped the *Papa* (Priest), 'pray proceed not along that avenue, by all manner of means let us make a *detour*, no matter how long, because I am sadly afraid that if that cursed branch—at the same time pointing to the ominous tree—which appears to possess the power of healing to a most marvellous extent—were but to touch the Hanem's face it would instantly restore her to life. By my head! I by no means desire to witness that miracle again.'"

The Grand Pacha clapped his hands, burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed in English "‘Nina, dear,’ if that Hanem had come to life the second time, it is not unlikely but that the Pacha would, in his fright, have jumped into the canal and drowned himself."

On our ascending the deck, we found the "Taka" passing the village of Neslet e Zówyeh; close by it stood a small fort near to the mounds of the ancient village, and beyond it through our glasses we could discern the openings of several large quarries.

On reaching Zowyet el Mýiteén (The Modern City of the Dead of the Miniehites), we beheld a whole concourse of Moslems, Fellahs, and a

legion of women, wending their footsteps—for it happened to be the time when Phœbus was in her full—towards its portals. They were going to pay their annual visit to the tombs of their departed ancestors. I pointed them out to the Grand Pacha, and explained to him that one of our people of the Books, named Wilkinson, had discovered by his perusal of that ancient author Diodorus, that the custom of the ancient Egyptians, to transport their dead across the Nile to be interred in the '*Cities of the Dead*,' on the opposite banks, had given rise to the fable in the Greek Mythology, of Charon, the ferryman, and the Styx River, which I related to him, and with which the Prince seemed highly amused.

Looking to the north we beheld the mounds of an old city, close to the limestone quarries of Korn Ahmar, and which, owing to the vast quantities of alabaster that are scattered about, its vicinity is supposed to be of *Alabastron*; then Metáhara, with its hills and sepulchral grottoes, came in view, and looking on the sand banks we perceived several crocodiles, the first we had seen during our excursion up the Nile. Turning towards the western bank appeared Sharára with its old mounds, and nearly opposite on the eastern bank, the grottoes of Welad Noáyr.

Soon we reached the *scale*, at Beni Hassan.

Here we landed, and mounting the fine mules which the Cheikh-el-Beled, who had been previously informed of the prince's intention to visit this place, had sent, we set off, followed by an escort of soldiers, who had accompanied us from the yacht, for the inhabitants of this locality have an unenviable notoriety, for—

“He who takes what isn't his'n,
The Cheikh-el-Beled protects from prison.”

So that it was thought necessary for His Highness the Grand Pacha to have a body-guard.

Having landed to the westward of the village, we proceeded along a good broad road up to the slope of the hill, at the side of which stands the excavated rocky grottoes of Beni Hassan, overhanging, as it were, the beautiful fertile valley of the Nile. We had, previously to leaving the yacht, examined some very beautiful engravings of them by a French artist, who copied them from drawings made on the spot, by M. Champollion. Among the rude pictures in some of the grottoes we noticed one in particular, for it brought to the Grand Pacha's recollection the doings of that band of dwarf gladiators, which he had heard the slaves in the haram say that Abbas Pacha had maintained in his service, who was by far a greater tyrant than Hakem-be-Omr, the impious sultan who erected the splendid mosque at Cairo,

in 1003, A.D. It was Abbas Pacha who banished the dancing girls, but who, nevertheless, allowed the *haouds* (men attired in the garb of dancing girls) to publicly perform their indecent antics, even so far as to represent the Bee dance in nature's full dress.

Soon we entered the village. It was but a small modern-looking place, for Ibrahim Pacha, in order to disperse the marauders, who had made the two old villages their head-quarters, destroyed the old part. Here we partook of some refreshment at the Cheikh-el-Beled's, after which we entered a ravine, in which we observed several pits and tombs; the doorways of the latter were ornamented with charcoal smearings. Close to some water plants we noticed a few Greek inscriptions traced on the stucco facings, and a quarter-of-a-mile beyond we came to *Stabl Antar* (Speos Artemidos, or Cave of Pasht, the Egyptian Diana). It is a large grotto excavated in the rock, and contains two rows of square pillars; a passage leads into the *Naos*, but the only things that attracted the prince's attention were the finished sculptures in relief and intaglio of the ancient sovereigns making offerings to the goddess. As night was fast approaching, we hurried back to the '*scale*,' where the Prince took leave of the Cheikh-el-Beled, handed

him buksheesh, and returned to the "Taka," when she started for Shekh Timay, off which she anchored all night.

One of the venerable old ladies of the haram having informed us that on the two hills near the river, close to the tombs and limestone quarries, and not far from the crude brick wall of Gîsr-el-Agoos, of which we had caught a glimpse just as the sun was sinking to rest, there hangs burning, night and day, a lamp in the recess in the rock, the Prince asked her the reason of that singular custom.

THE SHEKH-É-DÂKER.

"It is," said Zebey Hanem, "to light up the chamber in the rock which was occupied in former days by the Shekh-e-Dâker, the patron saint of the mountain and the town off which we are anchored. I remember," added she, "hearing an odalisque in Ibrahim Pacha's haram give me an account of her visit to that holy man who was regarded in the light of a magnoûn. At that time he had fixed his whereabouts near the village of Shekh Timay, at the foot of an umbrageous sycamore. There he remained for upwards of fifteen years without ever having been known to change his posture. By his side, heaped up in a pile, stood those sacred rags that adorned, or dis-

figured his person—as you *à la Franca* Hanems would call it,” said Zebey Hanem, addressing herself to me, “for you are mighty particular as to the cleanliness of your garments. When the scanty clothing in which he was attired fell from him, and left him unadorned in nature’s full costume, the religious Hanems of the town brought him others which they had made, and the old remnants were cast on the pile, from which almost every passer by took care to help themselves to a piece as a relic of having visited the Sheikh. When that odalisque last saw him his appearance was most unearthly,—he was then squatted on the sand, the upper part of his entire person was literally covered with flies, while insects had rested on his foaming mouth and swollen lips; his long carrotty hair looked like dirty flax, and his legs like pieces of cane. He was the object of great veneration among both the Fellah and Arab women; and when he died they gave lots of paras to keep a light burning in the recess of that rock, to which he had fled a short time previous to his death. May his ashes rest in peace.”

“Indeed I hope so!” exclaimed the Prince, “for, one thing I can tell you, Zebey, and that is, that I am not going to visit them, so there is no fear that I shall have them disturbed.”

Early next morning the steamer proceeded on to Shekh Abadeh, Antinoë, or Antinoopolis of the ancients, originally built by the Emperor Adrian, on the spot close to where his favourite, Antonius, drowned himself in the Nile, but supposed to be so called after the Sheikh of that name. Here we landed, and proceeded to inspect its antiquities.

The prince took great pleasure in tracing the ruins of the streets, still lined with the vestiges of some noble structures, going over the *débris* of the theatre and hippodrome, and examining the tank close by the latter.

Returning to the yacht, she steamed near the western bank, on which we observed a number of old mounds at Roda, and beyond the Coptic village of Byádééh, about which the land is in the highest state of cultivation, soon we came abreast of the small '*scale*' that leads to the village of Medeeneh, when we landed. There we found many of the ancient houses in an excellent state of preservation.

On questioning the Cheikh-el-Beled, he told us that the Fellahs believe that that village, as well as Dayr Abou Honnes (the Convent of Father John), was formerly peopled by Copts, and informed the Prince that his curiosity would be amply repaid by a visit to the latter place, so we

hurried off to it, taking that intelligent 'mayor' with us as our *cicerone*. When we had nearly reached the top of the hill, he took us into a large quarry, and showed us a singular-looking chapel, on the walls of which were painted several scriptural subjects, viz:—the Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, Herod ordering the Slaughtering of the Innocents. Thence we passed into another chapel, and there we beheld painted on the walls, the Marriage in Cana, Raising of Lazarus from the Tomb, several other Scriptural subjects, and also saw an ancient tablet in the hill. Thence we proceeded to the village of E'Dayr e'Nakhl (the convent of the palm tree), close to which stands an ancient "city of the dead," as also a church; but the relic in which the Grand Pacha took the most interest was the grotto, situated on the left hand ravine behind the convent and village, not far from the summit of the hill, on the right of the path which leads to the mountain side. We found it ornamented with the painted representation of a colossal figure in a car, bearing a close resemblance to a sledge, which is being drawn along by men; who are tugging hard at ropes affixed thereto. There we also observed an illustration of the performance of a sacrifice. So pleased was the Viceroy with the attention of this

Cheikh-el-Beled, that when we returned to Cairo his Highness nominated him a Mudir. On our return to the 'scale,' we were ferried across to Radamoor, where the director of the sugar refinery and rum distillery conducted the Grand Pacha over those two large and important establishments, which were formed by Mahomet Ali in 1820, and brought into working order by Mr. Brine, who died there the following year. Here the process of clarification is carried on, not by means of coals, but eggs. There the *Jellábee* (coarse brown) sugar is manufactured. The director having placed mules at our disposal, we hastened off to Oshmoon (Oshmoonayn), which only contains a few mounds, and thence to the site of the ancient Hermopolis, the large mounds of which stand near the modern town. The tombs are at the foot of the Libyan chain, in which numerous well preserved Ibis mummies have been discovered. Close by them is a sculptured stela in the rock of Gebel-Toona (Toóna). It represents King Atin-re-Bakhan, with his consort worshipping the sun, which darts forth rays in the shape of human hands. The Cheikh-el-Beled informed us that the Fellahs to this day believe that *kens* (treasures) lie buried in the bowels of the earth near, not only these tombs,

but in the vicinity of all the monuments of antiquity in Egypt.

"Do you believe it?" enquired the Grand Pacha of the Chiekh-el-Beled.

"Scarcely," replied our *cicerone*, "and yet it is patent to the Egyptian Government that the Memlooks, as they retreated into the interior, after having been driven from post to pillar by your Highness's illustrious great-grand sire Mahomet Ali, were in the habit of committing vast sums of specie to the guardianship of mother earth."

"*Machallah!* They must indeed have had lots of paras," interposed the Prince. "But did you ever hear of any being dug up, most sapient Cheikh?"

"Yes, your Highness, for when my father—may his bones rest in peace, *Inshallah!*—held the same post as I do, in the year 1824, a Fellah dug up lots of gold pieces, which, coming to the Turkish Kashef's ears, he forthwith sent for that child of Pharaoh's breed, and ordered him to give up what the Frenks call—"

"Treasure trove," I added.

"Exactly so," continued the Cheikh. "The Fellah, true to the characteristics of his race, remained as obstinate as a mule, and answered not. Then the exasperated Kashef ordered him to be

hastinaded. When he had suffered that torture he disclosed his hiding place, and the Turkish Kashef took possession of a large sum of money."

"*Machallah! Machallah!*" exclaimed the Prince. "But who had the lion's share of the paras, my illustrious great grandsire or the Kashef?"

"The Turkish Governor," replied the Cheikh-el-Beled.

"*W'Allah*, so I thought," said the Grand Pacha. "May his grave be defiled. That Osmanlee was a rascal."

Having rested our mules for a short time, we passed along the Sikkeh Soltanee (royal path), then crossed the dry bed of a canal to Byadeeh, a neat Coptic village surrounded by well cultivated lands, which fully convinced me that those Christians understood the art of irrigation much better than the Fellahs--thence on to the Bahr Yoosuf, while to the west, close to the Libyan range, loomed forth Aboozir. There we reined up our mules for a short time, after which we made the best of our way to the large *bender* (market town) of Mellawee, and took up our residence at the Governor's.

It was a handsome spacious structure. The selamluck into which we were ushered was a large apartment, and very plainly furnished,

carpet and divans being all it contained. We partook of refreshments, and as soon as the mules were brought to the steps the Prince gave the order for our departure, and off we started, accompanied by the Governor Ahmed Bey, to make a circuit of the bender.

It was Sunday—market day—the place was full of Fellahs and Arabs, who were doing a good stroke of business, but as the town itself contained nothing worth seeing, we returned to the 'scale,' embarked in the Governor's boat, and were ferried across to the opposite bank (the *eastern*), where we found high asses ready for us. Mounting them, we hurried away up the river's bank to Isbayda (Sebáyda), to see the Grottoes, which contain numerous interesting sculptures and inscriptions, before which stood the *débris* of brick walls which Ahmed Bey told the Prince were erected by—he was going to say *Ya-Kelb-Nassara*, but he checked himself and added the *Nassara*, and that one of the Grottoes had been used by them as their kiosk.

Some of them highly interested the Grand Pacha, for they contained representations of Egyptian agricultural scenes in days of yore. Soon we came to the ruins of an old town, the Gisir-el-Agoós, which commands the hill, and passed up the ravine at the back of Gebel-é-Shekh

Said. Proceeding up that mountain pass, we reached the summit where we came to a stone quarry containing lime stone and alabaster, then along a desert which led us behind the town to the large and numerous mounds of the old Tel-el-Amárna, for the modern town bears the same name. After having visited the towns, we passed on to the village of Howárte to inspect the sculptures in the Catacombs, near the rear of Gebel Aboofáyda. Proceeding along a most wretched road, we reached the bank of the river, where we entered a boat and were ferried over to the 'scale' leading to Tanóof. There we saw some extensive mounds, evidently the remains of a large town. Mounting mules which had been awaiting us, we rode on to Daroot-é-Shereef. Thence pass some ruins, and after a few miles reached the mouth of the Bahr Yoosef, where we dismounted, examined its entrances, entered a boat, and returned to Mellawee.

The Governor had kindly ordered dinner to be prepared for us in the selamlíck. After having made an excellent repast, his Excellency conducted us into the haram, which was elegantly arranged, although but scantily furnished.

As the Prince entered, Nuzleh Hanem, the Governor's wife, rose from the divan and remained standing until the Grand Pacha and the

Governor had taken their seats, but as soon as his Highness pronounced the word '*otour*,' she doubled herself up upon another divan, the ladies of the haram squatted themselves upon their cushions, and the slaves salaamed and retired.

"Bring pipes and coffee," exclaimed Ahmed Bey, and several slaves entered bearing those refreshments.

After partaking of Ahmed Pacha's hospitality, we re-embarked on board the "Taka." As she steamed along I noticed that the eastern bank of the Nile was thickly studded with fan palms (Dôm trees), similar, only considerably larger, to those which we had seen in the Kashef's gardens at Minieh.

About the rocks I observed several quarries and grottoes, and the Mufti, who was standing at my elbow, pointed out E'Dayr-el-Kossayr, which he said was inhabited by Christians. Soon we came abreast of the village of El Kossayr. Then the scenery becomes very picturesque, for the river serpentine considerably beneath the lofty and almost perpendicular cliffs of Gebel Aboofáydee, which rise abruptly up as it were out of the river. Many formidable crocodiles were basking on the banks; out of the recesses of the rocks stalked forth huge cormorants, and flights of wild ducks kept hovering about at a

considerable distance from the banks of the river.

Suddenly the weather became very squally; the "Taka" took in all her sail and trusted to her engines. The motion of the river was almost as rough as that of a stormy sea. Looking through my glass, I perceived the vestiges of a small town on the hill, also a snug nook, close by which stood groves of Dôm palms, and some rich-looking land; then a village which the Mufti called El Hareib appeared—the ruins with its very curious old houses several stories high, with arched windows, as also grottoes, in which the mummies of animals, chiefly dogs, cats, jackalls, &c., had been found.

Then we passed Kossééh, the Kôs-Kôo of the Copts, on the western bank. The Grand Pacha having observed a difference between the low and high Nile, enquired of the captain what was the height of the water mark which he had noticed in the cliffs of Gebel Aboofáydee.

"Nearly twenty-two feet, your Highness."

Soon after we passed the bend of the river, we came in sight of the Dayr-el-Bukkara, an old convent, close to which stand the ruins of an ancient town, and a few antique grottoes. The Mufti informed us that one of them contained a mummy, but the Bin-Bachî, who had recently

visited the convent on a mission, assured us that it was only a figure of a corpse on a bier, cut in the rock.

As we came in sight of the village of Mäabdeh the Prince gave orders for the "Taka" to slacken speed, as he wished to land there, in order to visit a large cavern in which the Mufti told us the ancient Egyptians were wont to deposit their crocodile mummies.

The *Reis*—captain, dispatched a boat on shore with a messenger to bid the Cheikh-el-Beled have mules ready for the Grand Pacha and his suite, soon after which the steamer anchored, and we landed. Mounting high asses, we proceeded to the summit of the hill, thence across a desert, to the large cavern. Several of the soldiers belonging to his Highness's escort entered and brought forth not only a fine specimen of a crocodile mummy, but likewise one of a man, in an excellent state of preservation. Leaving them to take those curiosities back into the cavern, we returned to the yacht, which steamed on to the *bender* of Manfaloot (Monfalout), where she anchored.

The Kashef, who came alongside to pay his respects to the little Prince, very kindly took us ashore, and lodged us in the Palace. It is a large noble structure, and contains some spacious apartments. Here we partook of an excellent

breakfast, after which we sallied forth through the bazaar, which we found well supplied with Oriental fabrics, and there was a much finer display of meat than we had hitherto seen during the whole of our journey. The Hamman was a very decent looking building, and had the reputation of being well conducted. The Bin-Bachi, who enjoyed the luxury of a bath once or twice during our stay, for we remained here three days, informed us that it was an excellent bath-house. The Mufti, who had also accompanied us on shore, remained in the palace with us.

One morning the Grand Pacha, who had a peculiar habit of asking that learned Mufti all kinds of curious questions, and then making fine fun of his wisdom behind his back, enquired of him the name of the bender ?

“Manbalot, the Copts call it,” was the reply, which, being interpreted signifies ‘*Place of Wild Asses* ;’ “but I have never yet seen any four-legged animals here, only a host of stupid Fellahs,” added the Mufti ; “so perhaps the Ya Hawagee so interpreted the name of this village on account of the want of understanding of its population. Us Egyptians, however, designate it as Monfaloot” (the place of Lot’s exile).

“*Machallah ! Machallah !*” exclaimed the Grand Pacha. “Well, madame, as our learned Mufti

tells us that from his knowledge of the Kuran he has discovered this to be the place of Lot's exile, and as you must be a descendant of that family, we shall leave you here in banishment and take our departure, for you know I should be anything than a true 'Son of the Faithful' if I did not follow the laws of the Prophet, and believe in the Kuran."

Saying which, the little Prince rose, walked to the door of the selamlick, and made his temena, just as if he really meant to act as he had spoken.

I never moved off the divan, for well did I know his funny humorous ways, but when he reached the door hangings he exclaimed—

"*Malesh!* but the Grand Pacha is not old enough to roam about alone; beside, what will the Baba say if I return to Cairo without you?",

All the company except myself had risen thinking that the Prince was going to take his departure. As soon as he had resumed his seat on the divan by my side, he glanced at the Mufti and exclaimed—

"*Inshallah!* but the Prophet, in the *firman* which he gave to the monks of Mont Sinai, and which they still preserve and treasure with great veneration, commands all Moslems to protect the Nassara, therefore I shall *not* leave the Cocóna in exile."

To which the Mufti replied in Arabic—

“*Taib ! Grand Pacha, now thou hast shown
That virtue, mercy, are thy own.
Henceforth Egypt will glory in thy fame,
For such deeds insure a deathless name.*”

Soon after which the Governor took us to see the extent of the old part of the town, for owing to the Nile having changed its bed—for in days of yore its course flowed below the eastern chain of the mountain range—the greater part of it had been swept away, notwithstanding the precautions adopted by former Governors to arrest its progress.

“Well, learned Mufti,” enquired the Grand Pacha, “can you afford us any information about the ancient city?”

“Yes, Grand Pacha,” answered the priest; “it was once inhabited by several hundreds of Hawagee, who had a kiosk at Narach, also a bishop, and a brotherhood of priests.”

On our return to the palace, the Kashef conducted the Grand Pacha into the haram. It was a large apartment, elegantly furnished *à la Turque*. The ladies rose as he entered. As soon as the Governor had attended him to the seat of honour the Prince bade them ‘*otour*,’ when coffee and pipes were served.

On reaching the Palace yard, we found the

Governor and a numerous escort of cavalry, and a complete desert equipage, ready to attend us, for the Grand Pacha had informed the Kashef that he intended going on to *Wak-é-Dakhleh*—Oasis of Dakhleh. Mounting the high asses, we proceeded to Beni Adeé (Beni Ali), which stands at the verge of the Libyan Desert, where the Grand Pacha inspected the military depôt and extensive barracks, so celebrated as the headquarters of the Nizam troops, which that gallant officer Suleyimen Pacha (né Colonel Sève, of Lyons, one of Bonaparte's distinguished officers), trained up in European discipline for the illustrious Mahomet Ali. Here we halted several hours, partook of an excellent repast which the Governor's servants had laid for us on soofras in the barracks, and when the cavalcade was ready we started off on another journey across the desert. This time our road lay chiefly between lofty ridges of drifted sand. During this trip we not unfrequently met numerous Bedouins mounted on fine dromedaries. Their elevated saddles were covered with a segadeh, and two *hordj* (net panniers) were slung on each side, like the wallets of mendicant friars, only much more capacious, to the ends of which were attached large red silk tassels, which were swung backwards and forwards by the movement of their

hoggins almost as regular as the pendulum of a time-piece. At others, we came across numerous half-starved looking camels, drawing rickety arabas, laden with large quantities of dates, olives, apricots, and other fruits, which were being carried to the market at Manfaloot, there to be re-sorted and sent down the Nile to Boulac and Alexandria. Now and then caravans of Jellabs—(formerly most extensively engaged in the slave trade, in which they still do a little business *sub rosa*, but who are now, as they have always been, extensive traders in all kinds of exports and imports.) Occasionally we caught sight of several Mekkeh women, attired in their costly native costume, perched up on the hump of their dromedaries, about seven feet from the sand, all closely veiled, and holding over their heads white umbrellas. As they approached us they kept adjusting and re-adjusting their masks, so that we easily caught a glimpse of their faces. Several of them were young and passably looking. At other times a host of Egyptians on camels passed us at different spots, who were proceeding towards Manfaloot, at a pace of two to two-and-a-half miles an hour. Here and there appeared a caravan, then we came upon an Arab encampment, about which was squatted many a little child of the desert, eating dates, and round, flat doughy cakes of Arab bread.

Dotted about stood several most picturesque oases, studded with palms, springs of water, and *débris* of crude bricks, evidently the ruins of ancient structures. We passed the nights, which were most magnificent, tranquil, and lovely, in our tented palaces. The moon, which was at its full, shed her bright beams upon the sandy hills, and by her calm light—for moonlight nights in Egypt are so clear that one can see to read and write—we beheld many a dromedary laden with fruit, &c., but *none* had two humps, as naturalists assert. Then came several swift ones, with their light step and graceful mien, guided by their drivers perched upon their backs, trotting along at the rate of five to six miles per hour, and so easy was their movement that seated on one we perceived an old Arab sipping his findjan of cahveh, which he had brewed as he journeyed on, without spilling a drop. So highly amused was the Grand Pacha that the next day—which was delightful in the extreme, for in Egypt the sky is of an azure blue and cloudless, the atmosphere so glaring that the light of day almost fatigues the sight, and the saffron tint which it casts upon the earth, is truly splendid, which must be seen to be appreciated; for its beauty eclipses all description—he determined to perform a march on *haggins*.

It was the first time in my life that I had ever

mounted a *heggin*. At first, I must confess that I felt very much disinclined to attempt that dangerous enterprise, as I then considered it, because my beast of burden was saddled *à la Bédouin*. Nevertheless, anxious to please the little Prince, I sat myself upon his back, and when the animal rose up off his knees I felt rather giddy on finding myself perched up about ten feet from the sandy soil. When it trotted off I lost my seat, and must have fallen had I not by a feat of considerable dexterity, caught hold of the two pommels, one of which was in front and the other behind, and extremely awkward, because they were so wide apart. The *heggin* had not gone far before I became quite accustomed to its pace, and as I am a tolerably good horsewoman, I soon managed to make him kneel down when I wished to alight, and to rise up when I had re-mounted him, and that I did without requiring the assistance of my Arab attendant. After the lapse of a short time, the saddle, for it was covered with a thick *segadeh*, became almost as comfortable as an arm chair. I found the two *hordjs* extremely useful, as I was enabled to fill them with sundry *articles de voyage*, which I had had to dispense with when mounted on the high ass.

The Grand Pacha was equally as contented with his *heggin* as myself, and enjoyed the fun of

being hoisted up, as he termed it, for it enabled him to command a better view of the desert and the travellers who were traversing it. The atmosphere we breathed as we passed along was pure and exhilarating. I felt my lungs expand as I trotted along on my "*high horse*." The sand in some parts looked like grains of silver, in others like gold dust, and when Phœbus shed her bright silvery beams upon it, it resembled an immense ocean, not unlike the beautiful Mediterranean on a summer's day at lovely Nice, when scarcely a ripple disturbs its treacherous surface, for I have seen its stormy billows rise up, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. When we encamped shadows occasionally flitted by the open hangings of our tent. Sometimes hyenas walked slowly past, at others huge leopards bounded from hillock to hillock, and at night the jackalls sent forth their child-like cries. The solitude of the desert, the deep melancholy that preyed upon my senses, as I gazed upon that wonderful creation of the Almighty, produced a most extraordinary effect upon my mind, but the sight of that wide expanse of burning sand, a kind of silvery grey horizon, without a single object appearing thereon to relieve the eye, and the deathlike stillness that reigned around, made me feel an innate desire to commune

with my Creator, for at every step I took my mind turned to the Almighty, and I thought, "Oh! if I were to die in this desert, surrounded only by Moslems!" How horrible was the thought. Well did I know that within and without our canvas palace horned snakes and venomous reptiles were crawling in the sand, and as their scales were of a dusty colour, if perchance either the Grand Pacha or myself had trodden upon one of those tenants of the desert, in a few short moments we should have 'gone to certainty!' and the little Moslem's soul, as well as that of his Infidel institutrice—notwithstanding that that dot of humanity, true Mussulman like, believes that us poor women have none—would have returned to their Creator.

I shall never forget the day when, on emerging forth from a defile, we passed into a narrow sandy valley, thickly interspersed with masses of granite rock, over which were growing parasites, and thick, stunted bushes, which we soon discovered to be the hiding places of not only numerous birds of prey, such as vultures, hawks, &c., but also the lairs of jackalls, leopards, and hyenas. In short, that spot had every appearance of having been visited by an earthquake.

At the extremity, as if to mark its boundary, stood two dark red granite pillars, so exquis-

itely marked out that one would have thought they had been the work of a most skilful sculptor. Between them stood a gateless "City of the Silent," and whose mansions of the dead comprised a few mounds, ornamented, as it were, with cornices of rude pieces of rock. It was a Bedouin cemetery; for, instead of burying their dead as Europeans do, in unfrequented spots—I was on the point of penning *retired* spots, for Heaven knows the desert is solitary enough—they invariably erected their Cities of the Silent in the most frequented places, in the tracts trodden by the caravans, as if they were afraid that isolated spots would be but bad sites for their Cities of the Dead; and that the manes of the Children of the Desert would be pleased at being placed amidst "Life in the desert," as if they had never quitted it.

As we passed through that cemetery, not one of our Arabs took the slightest notice of the habitations of their departed fraternity. Well, as I have previously remarked, I shall never forget that day, for scarcely had we launched our "*ships of the desert*" into the vast burning sandy space before us than the atmosphere suddenly became so intensely hot that the air we breathed appeared as cold, as if we had been sipping iced water. The thermometer, for I never travel without one,

stood at 104° Faht. in the shade, and seldom fell below 95° during the whole day. Fortunately we were out in the open air, for there one can always bear the heat much better than when housed in a canvas palace. Then well did I know that it was the *khamzin* season. Soon the heat became almost unbearable; the sand, which rose up like a whirlwind, enveloped us in a dense cloud, and our eyes began to smart from the effects of the particles of heated sand, which penetrated our throats and up our nostrils. Fortunately the Prince, myself, and the Bin Bachi had reined up our *heggins* and made them kneel down, while we covered ourselves with our *abas* (cloaks of white cotton), which, as on the previous occasion of our traversing the desert, had been fitted with blue glasses which protected our eyes not only from the glare of the sand, but prevented its particles from penetrating them.

The Arabs near us appeared to suffer from its effects almost as much as we did, which was passing strange, considering that their fraternity are accustomed to such visitations, but it must be borne in mind that the Children of the Desert who accompanied our cavalcade had been domiciled for many years on the banks of the Nile at Malafoot and its vicinity. They merely exchanged a few syllables with each other, then

huddled together. All of a sudden their *heggins* galloped away at random, stretching out their long necks like the ostrich, but in such a manner that their lower jaw touched, as it were, the sand. Ever and anon they jumped and skipped about as if the sand had burnt their hoofs.

"Have a care," cried out the Bin-Bachi, which warning was repeated the whole length of the cavalcade; but why or wherefore that order had been given I knew not, for at the moment I was ignorant of the danger that threatened us. I drew near the Kashef of Manfaloot with the intencion of asking him what was the cause of that sudden '*sauve qui peut*' feeling which had taken possession both of the human as well as the animal members of the calvacade; but I was too late to obtain any reply, for the Governor took the skirt of his *abas*, threw it across his shoulders, and completely enveloped his face and person in its ample folds. Fortunately for the Grand Pacha and myself, when mounting our *heggins* we had taken the precaution, as on our first excursion across the desert, to have sundry *articles de voyage* placed in our saddle-bags, and among them were our white cotton *abas*, so that we were clothed in the garb of desert invisibility when the *khamsein* began to run riot. Turning round, perched on the backs of

our kneeling *heggins*, we took a glimpse at the scene around us. Then I perceived that the whole of our cavalcade had followed the Kashef's example, and all that was visible of their human forms were their brilliant black eyes, which peered forth from their white *bórnoos* and *abas*, just like so many black balls on white targets. In less time than I could count five we experienced the sweeping effects of that most terrific *khamsein*.

Our route was brought to a standstill, for the sand was whirled up into the air in masses more like a wall than anything else I can compare it to.

I now became dreadfully alarmed for the safety of the Grand Pacha, and remembering that Lady Hester Stanhope had obtained perfect command over the Arabs by her indomitable courage, I determined to make an effort and brave the dangers of that frightful *khamsein*, rather than the Grand Pacha should become a victim to the vacillation of our cavalcade. I had already explained to the Kashef and the Bin-Bachi that they ought to make the Arabs take the lead, and place his Highness in the centre, leaving the escort to close round him like a phalanx, but all I could get from them was *malesh*. The tempest was still raging most violently, so guiding my *heggin*, I advanced to the rear, and, God be praised, by that

movement, which it had cost me some nerve to make, for I was like a blind man groping in the dark, so densely thick were the whirlwinds of sand that were hurled up at every moment, as if by volcanic eruption, I induced the Arabs who at first hesitated, then advanced, but as quickly fell back to rush forward in a body and form the Prince's advance guard, while I kept at his side. I motioned to the Governor and the Bin-Bachi to follow, which they did; then the escort brought up the rear.

Just as I had succeeded in accomplishing this manoeuvre the appearance of the desert looked as billowy as an angry sea, then we passed through deep furrows of burning sand, gathered, as it were, up in masses like the furious waves of a most tempestuous ocean, and thus we pursued our path like skilful swimmers buoy themselves over mighty billows, through the scorching crest of those sandy hillocks.

Notwithstanding the precaution which we had all taken to keep our mouths covered, we breathed almost as much sand as air, our tongues clove to our palates; our eyes became haggard and blood-shot, and our respiration became as heated as if we had burnt our throats, which greatly increased our sufferings. Never in my life did I experience such a choking sensation, and I

fancied that it must be next akin to that which a shipwrecked sailor, clinging to a plank, experiences when he buffets with the waves of a stormy sea. Still on we went, without feeling certain of our whereabouts, for the atmosphere had become intensely dark, and the clouds of hot sand in which we were enveloped kept gradually becoming denser.

At length the Kashef heard a piercing cry. It was the signal for us to halt. The two Arab Cheikhs, whom I had shamed, as it were, to take the lead of the cavalcade, had commanded that halt so that they might take counsel of the Governor and the Bin-Bachi. They had certainly proved themselves most skilful pilots across that drifting, scorching, tempestuous, sandy ocean, so we listened to their advice, which was that we should form as compact a phalanx as possible, slacken our pace, and proceed slowly on. During the whole of the conference the sand kept whirling along in dense clouds.

At length the Kashef, who knew the line of march accurately, stretched forth his arms in the direction he thought we ought to take.

Off started the Arab advance guard as fast as their *higgins* could trot, and this time none hesitated, for all had confidence in the worthy

Kashef. From the alacrity with which both our advance and rear guard proceeded, there was no longer any doubt but that we were pursuing the right line of march, for had we mistaken our route nothing could possibly have saved us from being buried in that frightful *khamzin*. The appearance of the desert was awfully grand and melancholy. The whole of that scorching, sandy waste appeared to heave, swell, and smoke like the eruption of Mount Veusvius prior to the bursting forth of a volcano. Were I to live for a hundred years I shall never forget the appearance of the desert on that momentous occasion.

The transition that had taken place had been singularly rapid and unexpected. It no longer presented the calm, tranquil oasis of the previous evening, when we had seated ourselves on our camp stools so pleasantly at the feet of some lofty palms, and then retiring to our tented palace, fell fast asleep; now the sand was burning hot, our seats the hardy *heggins*, our throats were parched with an insatiable maddening thirst—a thirst that seemed to make one's blood boil again; even the appearance of that lurid horizon fascinated the sight like a basilisk, and ever and anon like the deceitful mirage conjured up before our eyes bright clear lakes, fer-

tile islands, shady trees, dripping fountains, umbrageous shelter, and flowing waters.

I know not if any of our cavalcade—for all Moslems seldom or ever breathe their thoughts to each other, much less hold confidential intercourse with a Christian—experienced the same feelings as myself, but I absolutely seemed to be the dupe of some hallucination, or a dream, nay, of an endless delusion, which played all kinds of pranks, as it were, with my imagination, which, together with my mind, appeared to be wool-gathering.

Ever and anon some of the *heggins* of our escort began to fight with each other; that was a most fearful sight, and yet not quite so bad as one I remember to have seen in the Eskebeeh at Cairo, when it took a dozen powerful Arabs, armed with huge clubs, with which they belaboured the combatants, to separate them. Others dug up the sand with their hoofs and mouths, vainly seeking to find a cool spot on which they could lie down; then up they rose as painfully afflicted with thirst as their riders or leaders, and darted furiously off at a tangent.

I can scarcely venture to state how many of our Arabs, excellent riders as they were, bit the dust. All I know is that both myself and the little Prince blessed our lucky stars that our

heggins were two patient, gentle creatures, and again and again did we thank the Kashef that he had made such a judicious selection, for had he erred in his judgment on that point we should both have been crushed to death beneath the hoofs of our camels, or else buried in the whirlwinds of burning sand. Our escape was *ajajib!* *ajajib!*

How well do I remember the Governor having a somersault. The Grand Pacha, who was always ready for any mischief, burst out laughing, but the Bin-Bachi hastened to the rescue, and soon assisted his Excellency to re-mount his restive *heggin*.

The Prince and myself remained quiet spectators of that *volens volens* dismounting scene; but in the twinkling of an eye riders and *heggins* were up; the former enveloping themselves snugly in their *abas*, made their patient, enduring quadrupeds put out their paces in famous style. Had that *khamzin* but lasted another hour, I am perfectly convinced that I should not now be penning this long, and I fear, but too tedious account of my trip in his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt's yacht the beautiful "Taka," either so named from the town Kassala, or else from the formidable armament which she carried, for that word signifies in Arabic '*terrible*.'

Suddenly a terrific squall arose, the horizon brightened, and just as if the drop curtain of a fairy extravaganza at the Princess Theatre had been drawn up, the ruined Arab village of Teneéda burst upon our view, as we lost sight of the dreaded *khamzin*, for which I returned thanks to the Almighty, who had so miraculously preserved the little Prince.

Thence we journeyed on through a most fertile-looking country; the land, however, was but very indifferently cultivated, the houses in ruins, and the peasants the picture of abject wretchedness and misery.

Soon we reached Beshédy. There the houses were vaulted and stuccoed, but falling into ruins. We noticed one edifice which, from its being constructed of crude bricks, ornamented with Egyptian ovals and cornice, and arched doorway, appeared as if it had in days of yore been used as a temple,

Continuing our march, we soon arrived at the ruins of El Kasr-el-Aréseh, thence passed on to the extensive *débris* of Isment-el-Kharáb (the ruined Isment), at which place we observed a large stone dilapidated structure, as also a smaller one beside it, in the front of which stood a noble-looking stone gateway, also several other edifices ornamented with pilasters. Here we alighted and passed into

its vaulted sandstone rooms, thence through a maze of *débris* of vaulted, stuccoed houses, which had evidently lined the principal thoroughfare of that ruined town.

Mounting our high asses, for we had become tired of *heggin* travelling, we trotted on for ten miles to Kalamóon, where the Governor Mahmoud Bey came forth, attended by a small retinue, to greet the Grand Pacha.

Entering that official's residence, we partook of some slight refreshment. Upon making inquiries of his Excellency, he told us that in the days of Sultan Selim his post was one of considerable importance, as the Shekhs of El Kasr, the district through which we were going to pass *en route* to Wah-é-Dakhleh, were a very wealthy tribe of Koráysh, who had half a century ago migrated to this part of the country, the whole of which land they had purchased for a large sum, and having settled down had become excellent agriculturists, and now had it in contemplation, as cotton had become the staple commodity of Egypt, to try their hands at its cultivation.

Taking our leave of that hospitable Bey, we passed through Gedéedee, then by the mounds of Lémhada (Medeneh Keeád), to the spring of Ain-el-Keeád, where we halted to water.

Continuing our route, we passed along a country

interspersed with numerous *débris* of stones, and mounds, here and there a sandstone gateway, which soon brought us to the modern-built town of El Kasr, which swarmed with the Koráysh Arabs, several of whose Shekhs, fine, tall, handsome-looking men, came forth to pay their respects to the Grand Pacha, who received them most graciously, and presented them with lots of buksheesh and several *kaftans* (robes of honour), which he had brought with him expressly for that purpose.

Thence we inspected the E'Dayr-el-Hagar (the stone convent). The Grand Pacha occupied himself in examining it most minutely. We passed under a stone gateway, enclosed by a brick wall, into the screened vestibule, supported by beautiful columns, admired the portico, prosekos, and adyta, the ceiling of which was ornamented with astronomical devices; and thence proceeded to inspect the *débris* of the stuccoed, coloured rooms and columns.

The Bin-Bachi, who was an excellent decipherer of hieroglyphics, discovered in the Temple the names of Titus and Nero. Upon hearing the latter name, the Grand Pacha enquired of me why the Franzees book men had designated his great uncle Abbas Pacha the Nero of Egypt. I explained to him that it was on account of the many cruelties he had sanctioned.

"*Batal, Batal*," he exclaimed.

Thence we hurried on through the Wah-e'-Dakhleh (the Inner Oasis) as quickly as possible, then along a road between lofty mounds of drifting sand to Ain-e'-Dthukker, where our tented palace was pitched. Here the Governor of Kalamóon, who had accompanied us, took leave of the Grand Pacha, who, as he had made up his mind to visit the Little Oasis, gave him orders to inform the Captain of the "Taka" that he was to proceed back to Benisooef, there to await our arrival.

Passing along a country abounding in rice, *kassob* (millet) plantations, as well as plenty of olive trees and palms, we encamped at night close to the thick palm groves. I learned from his Excellency previous to leaving Kalamóon that the Viceroy derived a great revenue from the tax levied on those trees; and at the end of four days we reached Farafreh, and took up our residence at the castle, a formidable fortress, in which the Cheikh-el-Beled lived. It commands the village, and protects it from the incursions of the Arabs, as well as from those of the Blacks of the Oasis, which is about seven days journey to the westward.

During the time that we were resting ourselves at this place a caravan of Bedouins arrived. They were fine, tall, handsome men, with noble

and erect bearing, attired in their large bournous, which gave them a most stately and majestic appearance.

The Grand Pacha and myself went to visit their encampment. They received his Highness with extreme courtesy and politeness. Their Cheikh occupied a large tent, which was divided into selamlick and haram by means of a thick Smyrna carpet. In the corner of the reception room lay a pile of carpets.

When the Prince approached, one of the Bedouins took from it a very thick and handsome segâdeh, laid it down upon the ground, then fetched several others, and after having made a kind of divan of them, the Cheikh rose from the one upon which he was squatted, and conducted the Prince to his carpet throne; then another was placed for myself, and behind us others for the Bin-Bachi, Mufti and suite. Then he made his temena to the Grand Pacha, and stood until the prince bade him *otour*.

The Cheikh clapped his hands when his son, an intelligent-looking boy of eight years old, entered, and kneeling, presented the Prince with some beautiful fresh gathered dates and a cup of delicious fresh milk.

After his Highness had partaken of that refreshment, the same attention was shown me.

Leaving the Prince's suite in the selamlick, the Cheikh lifted up the corner of the Smyrna carpet screen, and conducted the Prince and myself into the haram. It was very prettily arranged. On the floor were spread double carpets, while two divans, similarly formed to those on which we had been seated, were ranged around that canvass apartment.

As we entered the whole of the women rose and remained standing until the Prince had taken his seat, then he commanded the Cheikh's hanem to *otour*. She was short in stature, but very handsome. Her arms and neck were admirably proportioned. Her complexion had rather a yellowish tinge. Her eyes were brilliant, and the expression of her features engaging. She was very plainly, and yet becomingly dressed. Her hair was decorated with silver ornaments; she wore a dark blue baft short chemise, which displayed the beauty of her limbs; her waist was girded with a woollen scarf of various colours, the sleeves of her robe were so large that they hung down to her feet; her arms were decorated with massive silver bracelets, her neck was ornamented with a necklace made of gold sequins, her hair hung in ringlets over her well-formed shoulders, to the ends of which were fastened a number of gold sequins which, when she moved her head, pro-

duced a kind of tinkling sound. By her side sat her daughter, a girl about twelve years of age, who was similarly attired, and at her feet were squatted her two sons. The daughter served us with coffee, and the boys handed us chibouques.

To my utter astonishment the Grand Pacha took the pipe, and putting it to his mouth, blew a few clouds, consequently I followed his example, for then did I know that he desired to honour the Bedouin Cheikh who had received us so politely.

After we had partaken of that refreshment the Cheikh led us back again into the selamluck, where we found preparations had been made for dinner. The Prince, I could see by his manner, did not feel much disposed to remain, but as I was anxious to taste *la cuisine* Bedouin, I asked his Highness in English if he would kindly oblige me by honouring the worthy Cheikh with his company, and when the Bin-Bachi informed our host that the Grand Pacha would partake of his hospitality the old man's eyes glistened again with delight.

A pile of carpets served us for the *zoofras*; on them was placed the tray with some mutton, which had evidently, from its dry appearance, been prepared like the Jews are accustomed to have their meat—that is soaked in water so as to extract the blood from it. It was

well grilled, then an earthenware vessel full of rice was served, goolehs of water, and Arab bread. We all eat with our fingers. The Cheikh, out of compliment to the Grand Pacha, dipped his fingers into the bowl of rice, and rolling some up into a ball, presented it to his Highness, who partook of it with the utmost good nature. Then followed a delicious findjan of cahveh, and the repast concluded with the everlasting chibouque.

The Grand Pacha ordered the Bin-Bachi to present the Cheikh with a brace of Colt's small revolvers, and I handed his wife, by the Prince's orders, when I went to take my leave of her, a purse of twenty Napoleons, and gave each of the children five English sovereigns, with which buksheesh they all appeared highly delighted.

The Cheikh, who wished to accompany the Prince to the castle, rose, but the Grand Pacha informed him that he was departing immediately for El Hayz; so, making his temena, he stood at the threshold of the tent until we were out of sight. Taking our leave of the Cheikh-el-Beled, we mounted the mules and proceeded on our journey.

On the second day, we arrived at El Errees, where we halted to inspect the old ruined church which the Mufti informed us was once the residence of a

brotherhood of Christian monks. There we rambled through the ruined nave, aisles, and chambers in the upper story, and noticed that the arches were formed like horseshoes. Over one of the windows I observed a Coptic inscription. Close to the *débris* of pottery, and near a cluster of *nebk* trees, stood another ruin, enclosed within crude brick walls. Thence we proceeded through a district, interspersed with numerous lakes formed from the inundation of the Nile, which the Mufti told us were not only dried up in the summer, but that then they became stagnant, and emitted forth most pernicious and pestilential exhalations. The land appeared to be well cultivated with rice, barley, doora, wild cotton, wheat, clover, &c., and densely interspersed with date trees; and at the end of the third day from Faráfreh, we reached El Hayz.

The next day, as we approached El Kasr, the—capital of the Little Oasis, which, irrespective of the Oasis of Ammon, has a census of 8,000 souls, pays a revenue of about £700 to £800 to the Egyptian Government, and is protected by a force of six hundred men, under the command of a Bey—we perceived some very extensive gardens, interspersed with peach, fig, pear, *naring*, forbidden fruit, apricot, plum, apple, pomegranate, and banana trees; vines, *nebk* and *mokhayt*, were grow-

ing about in all directions. Hundreds of men and women were employed gathering the fruit, and packing it ready to send by caravans to Daroot-e-Shereef, Abou-Girzeh, and Benisooef, from whence they were sent down in boats to Cairo, and thence per rail to Alexandria.

Taking up our residence at that noble ancient structure, El Kasr (the Palace), hence the name of the place in which abode the Cheikh-el-Beled, which is ornamented with Doric moulding, there we rested ourselves a whole day, for the journey had completely knocked us up.

The following day, the Cheikh-el-Beled conducted us over the town, in which stands several ruined houses of ancient date. Then we visited the warm spring, which is five feet deep, and the water flowing from it, which has a temperature of $93\frac{1}{4}$ deg. Fahrenheit. There we found a host of people luxuriating in a bath, for into such the stream had been converted, and not far off hundreds were engaged sorting and packing the dates, for which the Oasis is so celebrated. They consisted of four kinds—the Soltanee, Saïdee—the finest, which are also preserved in large quantities and of which the *ag'neh* (a conserve of dates), so much esteemed by the pilgrims is made—Kaka and Ertob. Vast quantities of *soos* (liquorice root), with which the Cairenes flavour their sherbets—

and of which they make a decoction in the harems, called *soos tea*—was being stowed away in baskets. Others were making *low' bgeh* (palm wine), by mixing honey with the juice, which they had extracted, in large jars, from the heart of the palm. As soon as the people perceived the Prince, the heads of them brought him several baskets of dates, a small jar of palm wine, *fresh* made, likewise one of treacle, which had been made from the Saïdee dates. The Grand Pacha ordered them to be taken with us to El Kasr, and commanded the Bin-Bachi to distribute *buksheesh* among them. Then we proceeded to Kasr-el-Alâm where we saw a small ruin.

On our return to the Palace, the Grand Pacha held a levee, which was attended by the Bey, who commanded the armed force and his officers. The Cheikh-el-Beled furnished the usual refreshments and the Bin-Bachi distributed lots of paras among them. Starting next morning at early dawn, we soon reached Bowitti, thence through a country thickly interspersed with palm groves and gardens, to a small stone ruin, near Zubbo, at which latter place we arrived about eight o'clock. Our tented "*Kasr*" (palace), was soon pitched, at a short distance from a warm water pond, about twenty-five feet wide. After we had partaken of our breakfast, the Grand Pacha and

myself accompanied by the Bin-Bachi, proceeded to the warm spring. His Highness had a line thrown into it to ascertain its depth; it was found to be about six feet, and on placing my hand in it, the water felt very warm. Thence we passed on to the east, where we inspected a few rude grottoes.

Returning to our encampment, we rested ourselves until the heat of the day had passed. Then the tent was struck, and off we started, over a country interspersed with numerous springs, and across fields, which were coated with crusts of salt. Soon we neared several small lakes, whose margins were shaded with beautiful palms, while dotted about stood many a dwarfish tamarisk bush.

When we reached the cluster of oasis trees, the canvas palace was again pitched. There we partook of our dinner and retired to rest. The night was so intensely hot that I could not sleep. Calling my attendant, who was an Abyssinian, I made him fasten up the tent hangings. Scarcely had he done so when my ears were assailed by a most frightful noise. It sounded so near to me that I trembled like an aspen leaf. Once again that noise aroused me, and sitting up on my country divan, I shrieked terrifically, for I beheld an enormous hyena pass by the tent-hangings.

My shrieks not only aroused the attendants, but fortunately scared away that formidable animal—for he was one of the largest of his species I ever remember to have seen. He did not go far, for being attracted by the scent of a fine sheep which the Bin-Bachi had purchased of an Arab previous to our leaving Lubbo, he concealed himself behind one of the stunted accacia bushes, and instead of his remaining quietly in ambuscade he kept howling most frantically. I knew that those animals seldom or ever attack the human race, but their howlings are most appalling. Not being able to sleep I arose, and in company with the Bin-Bachi and several attendants, sallied forth to see if the sheep was in safety. We found the poor animal and the Turkish cook who had been called up trembling with fear. I shall never forget his countenance, it was as white as a sheet, for fear had so overcome what little moral courage he possessed, which, Heaven knows was not much, that he could not utter a word, as his teeth chattered together, and his knees shook violently. Our peregrinations about the tented city aroused the camel drivers, who, being accustomed to receive such nightly visitors, upon being told that a *dod'h* (hyena) was in the encampment, exclaimed "*malesh*," and then fell fast asleep. The Turkish cook, however, soon rallied, and

began to look after the poor sheep. The Bin-Bachi, who was a dead shot, wanted to fire at the enemy, but I strongly urged him not, for I thought it possible that he might miss his aim in the dark, or merely wound him—and that I knew would be a very serious affair, for then the *dod'h* would rush upon him, and the result might prove fatal, not only to that officer, but to several of us. I had heard of fires being lighted to scare away wild beasts, so I made the Abyssinians kindle one, which had the desired effect, for when it blazed the howlings of that formidable hungry animal ceased, after which I once again laid myself down to sleep. Early next morning we branched off from the beaten track, and proceeded into the Valley of Moileh, for the Mufti wished to show the Prince the ruins of the two Christian mosks. On reaching them we found one a stone, and the other a brick structure. The former is beautifully carved, and contains figures of saints and apostles, in a tolerably good state of preservation; the latter is surrounded by a formidable wall, and has its northern side well protected by a strong tower. In them we noticed several Coptic and Arabic inscriptions.

As soon as we regained the regular road, we found that part of the valley thickly interspersed with picturesque, but large wild palm trees, and

at the end of fifteen miles we reached the Valley of Wadee Raián, where the tents were pitched. There we halted a whole day, then journeyed on through a well cultivated country for two days, pitching our tent close to several interesting places, and early in the morning of the third, the Grand Pacha once again took up his residence in the Palace at Benisooef.

After we had rested and refreshed ourselves with a change of toilet, the little Prince hastened into the reception room, where he received the Governor and his officers ; then I conducted him into the haram to see Zeyneb Hanem, who received us most kindly. Cahveh, sweetmeats, confectionary, &c., were soon served, and there we sat talking about our journey, until the Governor came and informed the Grand Pacha that the "Taka" had her steam up, and the signal for departure was flying at her topmast head.

"Farewell," exclaimed Zeyneb Hanem, as she rose to accompany me to the threshold of the haram, to which I replied,

"Adieu. May Allah make thy *tarihat* to *corkham* easy!"

Then the Prince and myself hurried on board the yacht, which steamed away rapidly up the Nile, direct for Sioot.

Having previously visited every place along that line of route as far as Manfaloot, the Grand Pacha did not stay on deck, but remained with the Princesses in the saloon, until the "Taka" arrived off Manfaloot. On the east bank we beheld, at the corner of Gebel Aboofáyda, Wadee Booa, where the Mufti informed us there were some ancient grottoes, that a road led across the mountain to Tel-el-Amárna, and that the hills behind Beni-Mohammed-el-Kofóor contained some interesting paintings of the boats of ancient times, as well as the manner in which agricultural pursuits were carried on in days of yore, and that there stood in the plain the Convent of Dayr-e-Gibrawée (*Maria Boktee*), also a square brick fort, close to the Gebel Marág, with its painted caves and the mounds of several ancient towns, but as the Prince was anxious to proceed on his route we did not land to inspect them. Soon the yacht slackened speed, for owing to the windings in the river the passage now became rather difficult.

At the extremity of one of those bends we perceived Mankabát, which stands a short distance from the bank. Here several boats came off with a miscellaneous collection of pottery, a few of which were purchased by the crew. On reaching 'the scale' of the large city of Sioot (Sióout, Osyoot, the Lycopolis of the ancients, so named on

account of the number of wolves which formerly invested its vicinity), the capital of the Sâced (Upper Egypt), we landed at its port—the small village of El Hamra, where the Prince was met by his Excellency the Governor, Mustapha Bey, and a numerous escort.

Mounting the mules which had been provided for us we proceeded along the banks of a large dyke, which I afterwards found extended to the hills to ' *The City of the Silent*,' and through the town which stands a short distance from the river.

It is a very extensive city, contains several excellent bazaars, almost as large as those of El Kahirah, and well stored with Oriental and European merchandise. The Grand Pacha's attention was directed to the grand display of pipe bowls, which form one of the principal articles of export, as also to the numerous beautiful mosks, the lofty minarets of one of which we had perceived as we steamed up the Nile. The streets are very narrow, lined with huts, among which stand a few well-built residences of the *élite* of the Siootites. It was Sunday, and the place was crowded with a most motley group who had arrived from all quarters of the Sâced to attend the market, which is held on that day.

On reaching the market place our cavalcade

was brought to a halt, for several caravans which had arrived from Darfour (Darfoor, Darfur), across the Great Oasis, stopped the way. As soon as the escort had cleared a passage, we passed the large mounds of the ancient city. There we beheld the Libyan Chain loom forth in bold relief. On reaching the palace, a large walled-in structure, standing on the bank of the canal which conducts the water from the Nile during the inundation season, the Governor led the Grand Pacha into the reception hall, which was of considerable dimensions. The walls were painted with frescoes of Nile scenery; the ceiling to represent the break of day, and the floor was covered with a handsome Smyrna carpet. In the centre stood a marqueterie table. Divans, covered with green velvet, and trimmed with faded bullion lace, ran along the windows, which commanded a view of the canal, on which a host of boats were ascending and descending, laden with merchandise and produce. Here and there stood a console table ornamented with Sevres china, water coolers, and drinking cups, all beautifully painted with Egyptian scenery. From the ceiling hung suspended a large glass chandelier, containing about a hundred wax candles, and the windows and door hangings were of pale green silk, looped up with

gold tassels. It had been erected and furnished by the gallant conqueror of Syria, Ibrahim Pacha, who resided in it during his tenure of the governorship of Upper Egypt.

As the Grand Pacha entered, Mustapha Bey's three Buiük Hanems rose off the divan, made their *téménas*, and, together with the ladies of the haram, remained standing until the little Prince was conducted by His Excellency to the divan of honour, when, with that courtesy of manner which he inherits from his illustrious father, he motioned the standing group to *otour*.

Heymine Hanem, "the Lady Paramount"—the Governor's first wife, was a short, thick-set Turkish lady, of rather prepossessing appearance. The other Buiük Hanems were tall, slender, and of engaging manners. The usual refreshments were served. The Prince, out of compliment, placed the bejewelled chibouque which was presented to him to his lips, and then returned it to the little slave who had handed it to him. I had now become habituated to smoking cigarettes, so I kept the Hanems in countenance. •

Taking our leave of the Hanems, the Governor conducted the Prince into the court-yard, where mules awaited us. Mounting them we hurried on to the mountain above the city, to inspect

the grottoes cut in the limestone rock. The Bey, who accompanied us on this occasion, explained to the Prince that those were formerly "*the Cities of the Silent*" of the inhabitants of ancient Lycopolis. The ceilings, which were beautifully ornamented, attracted the Grand Pacha's attention, equally as much as the different chambers, and the sculptured representations of the ancient Egyptians, offering up sacrifices. But H.H. was particularly struck with the mummy of a wolf, the sacred animal of the place, and from which the old city derived its ancient name.

Proceeding half-way up the hill, we entered a tomb, containing sculptured representations of a company of ancient Egyptian soldiers, armed with gigantic bucklers. On the lower part of the mountain stand several huge statues, in alto relievo. We halted below the modern "*City of the Dead*" for nearly half an hour at the large tomb of Stabl Antar, which commands a most superb vista of the town and the verdant plain below.

On our return to the palace, we partook of a slight refreshment, and, accompanied by the Governor, repaired on board the "Taka." There the Grand Pacha presented the Bey with a handsome pelisse, as an acknowledgment for the attention he had shown him. As soon as

His Excellency had departed, the yacht steamed up the Nile. On the western bank we caught a glimpse of Shodh, with the ruins of an ancient town and extensive mounds; and on the eastern bank passed El Wasta, and at the turn of the river E'Shuggub came in view—then a Sheikh's tomb, which our intelligent Mufti informed me contained the remains of the boon companion of that famous saint, Esh-Shiblee, who inherited from his *baba* sixty millions of dirhems, exclusive of vast estates, all of which, to make his *tarihat* to *Corkham* easy, he expended in charity, hence he was compared to Mouseddin—

“ For when the sea of Esh-Shiblee's gifts began to swell,
The sun itself was but a pearl, the sky its upper shell.”

Under the hill loomed forth a ruin. Glancing towards the opposite bank, appeared Guttéaa (Katiah), embedded as it were in *sont* (accacia) trees, where the Fellah charcoal burners were hard at work, loading djerms with that fuel, with which they supply Sioot, Cairo, and Alexandria. Soon afterwards Montmar (Mudmar) with its large mounds and extensive groves of acanthus appeared. Looking through my glass, I beheld at a short distance from the corner of the mountain that commands the place, a wide road, which the Mufti called Derb Imow, leading into the Valley of the Nile, also another known as Nukb-

el-Hossayn, extending to some grottoes; while to the east stand extensive alabaster quarries, large blocks of which we had seen in djerms at Sioot, and which the Governor told us formed a most lucrative article of commerce; and far in the distance stood out, in bold relief, Sherg Selin, and El Khowabid.

On the opposite bank we passed Abooteg, then came Kooskam (Koskam), while on the eastern side we espied El Bedáreh with Komahmar in the back ground.

The Mufti pointed out some old tombs on the hill behind E'Raaineh, which he informed the Prince contained paintings representing some of the ancient Roman and Grecian gods, and soon after we came in sight of Gow-el-Kebeér, at the scale of which stand a mass of stones, said to be the *débris* of the large temple of Antœus, an immense quantity of which material was carried away in the days of Mahomet Ali, to construct the Palace of Sioot, in which we had taken up our residence. The only objects of curiosity I observed among the ruins were the monolith, a globe and asps decorated with hieroglyphics. Opposite stands Gow-el-Gharbééh, and a little beyond, on the eastern bank, Antœopolis, where the Mufti told me a Christian bishop formerly held ecclesiastical convocations.

Then we came in sight of Mishta, Shabeka, and E'Shekh Shenedeen, with the old mounds of a town, and a little farther on, but a short distance from the river, appeared Gebel Shekh Hereédee, forming the projecting portion of the eastern hilly range.

At the southern and western ends we beheld some caves and quarries, one of which the Bin-Bachi, who had visited it, told me contained some old tablets, and on the road at the base of the hill stands a gigantic mutilated statue of a Roman, attired in the *toga*.

On the opposite bank stands the large town of Tahta, the country about which is highly cultivated. A whole fleet of Nile boats were moored at the bend of the river off its 'scale,' Sahel, which is opposite to Shekh Hereédee, and soon after the "Taka" steamed round the projecting point, close to which stand a number of pigeon houses, constructed like formidable towers.

On the western bank, to the west of Maragha, we passed Benoweét with its ruins of a temple, and a little beyond, inland, appeared Basóna, at which place the Mufti told his Highness there might be seen the colossal figure of an ancient king, also some very extensive mounds at Fow, and in the hills behind Ketkátee several

grottoes and mummies in a good state of preservation.

Then we passed a small 'scale' on the western bank, at which were anchored a number of djerms, some unloading, and others discharging their cargoes for conveyance to the town of Itfoo, which stands at a short distance from the river.

Here the "Taka" anchored, for the Mufti had excited the Grand Pacha's curiosity by the account he had given of the Amba Shenóodeh, or Dayr-el-Abiad (White Convent), so that when the Cheikh-el-Beled came on board and informed the Prince that he had no mules fit for his accommodation, His Highness gave orders for the yacht to proceed to the large Fellah village of Soohág, close to which runs the canal of Toora, also called Khaleég (Moie-t-Soohág), which is admirably constructed, and communicates with the inland villages during the inundation of the Nile by means of a raised dyke, which is, however, dry in the hot months. At the time we visited it it was full, and numbers of water-fowl and wild ducks were sporting on its surface.

There we landed, and the Cheikh-el-Beled, a stately Fellah, supplied us with mules to convey our party on to the small village called by the Christians who inhabit it St. Senode; but which the Mufti designated Dayr-el-Abiad, and who told

us that a venerable saintly Shekh named Aboo Shenôodeh once occupied that huge structure which is built of large hewn stones. The top of the walls is ornamented with Egyptian temple-looking cornices. It was stuccoed in days of yore, but almost all is worn off the square niches on the exterior sides, as well as off the large loopholes or windows erected within them. We entered by a door on the south side, all the others which projected being bricked up. Close to the door where the brick work has fallen away stand the *débris* of several red granite columns and statues. Blocks project from the walls like the waterspouts of the ancients.

The top of the door, on the desert side—for this structure stands on its verge—is ornamented with a handsome Corinthian foliage cornice, with square red granite dentils. The area of the building, which is about eighty feet broad, is not unlike that of a European church, with nave and side aisles, the latter separated from each other by a row of red capited columns, about sixteen in number. The choir, which stands at the eastern extremity, has several semi-circular apses, the half domes on which are painted with curious frescoes, but the centre one has a colossal figure, which I suppose is meant to represent *Aisa* (the Lord) seated on the throne of mercy, with the

emblems of the four Evangelists in the vesica, by which that figure is surrounded. The screen before the central one is decorated with most wretched representations of the Coptic and our patron Saint George, as well as a number of half obliterated Coptic inscriptions. Not far off we came upon some extensive pottery mounds, interspersed with huge masses of limestone. One standing block is evidently a lintel, the top of which is ornamented with numerous sculptures.

Proceeding some distance from this interesting structure, we came to some rock tombs, with sloping passages, then to the quarries, below which stand several grottoes containing cells, and a lintel with a Greek inscription.

Thence proceeding to the N.N.W., we reached the Dayr-el-Ahmar (Red Convent), a similar structure, but more elaborately sculptured. Its windows closely reminded me of those in the Dayr, at Old Cairo, for like it, they are pointed and stilted.

A little beyond on the face of the hill stands a rock tomb, with a few ancient sculptures.

Proceeding along a very old road, we returned to the Dayr-el-Ahmar, and thence to the '*scale*,' where we embarked on board the yacht, which steamed on to Akhmin (Ekhmim); where, on landing at the small scale, we found mules ready

for us. Mounting them, we proceeded about half a mile to the town, which is tolerably large. It happened to be Wednesday, market day, and the place was crowded with Fellahs from the neighbouring villages.

Hurrying through the bazaar, which appeared to be well stocked with merchandize and local produce, we stopped at the Governor's mean-looking two-storied house.

His Excellency received the Prince with due honours, had refreshments served, and then conducted us into his haram. It was a large room, and very plainly fitted up with a Smyrna carpet and a few divans, absolutely nothing more. His Hanem, who was a Turkish woman, fat, fair, and forty, rose off the divan when the Grand Pacha entered, but instantly resumed her seat upon the Prince uttering the magic word *otour*. At her feet sat four ladies of the haram, and at a short distance from them stood a few slaves. Cahveh, chibouques, and sweetmeats were served.

Thanking the hostess for her attention, we hastened into the selamlick, for the Prince was anxious to inspect '*the lions*' of the place. There we found the Governor, with his staff, ready to attend the Prince, also the Mufti, who knew every inch of ground, and acted as our dragoman.

Proceeding through the town, which, for an Egyptian one, was tolerably clean, we passed outside the walls, stopped to look at the ruins of some antique structures and the *débris* of that immense temple which was dedicated to the god Pan, of Egypt, which lie scattered about for some distance; then we came upon some red granite fragments; also the tombs of the Princes (Emirs) of Ekhnim, whose ancestors came from the coast of Barbary, and who, in days of yore, held sovereign sway in this locality; soon we entered "*The City of the Silent*," where the learned Mufti pointed out to us the mausoleum of Aboul Kàsim, the patron saint of the place. It is ornamented with a most heterogeneous mass of curiosities of the olden days, among which hung some models of boats and ostrich eggs.

Within the precincts of that holy resting-place stands a tree studded with nails, which many a devotee had driven therein, thinking that that "*master of breath*"—yclept Hékim—for the Shekh was, when living, regarded in the light of an Oriental Escalapius, and was supposed to possess the miraculous power of curing all ills "that flesh is heir to."

The Mufti, who told us that a celebrated man—Nestorius, I think he called him—died here and was buried in the "Old City of the Dead," about

a century before the Hégira, tried to persuade the Prince to ride on four miles further to Wade-el-Ain (Valley of the Spring) to see the grottoes, and explained to us that we could proceed across the mountains, along the pass of Nukb-el-Kólee, and descend again into the valley to the Sherg-Weled Yahia district, opposite Bardées, to which place he wanted to send a courier before us to order the "Taka" to await us there; but I set my veto against it, for I perceived that the Grand Pacha was too fatigued. Consequently we made the best of our way to the small village of Howaweesh, at which we inspected some very old grottoes, mounds, and *débris* of crude bricks.

On our return to Ekhnim, which I have omitted to state is supposed by the Father of History to be the Chemmis of the Ancients, we visited the Roman Catholic establishment, where we partook of a slight collation of sweetmeats and confectionary, and then returned to the yacht, which steamed direct for Girgeh.

On the western bank we passed in sight of the large mounds of Menshéeh, which place stands on the branch of the Nile, where the Bin Bachi told us that brave Barbary Prince Howara governed until Soliman, the ninth Turkish Padishah, deprived him of the territory; soon Gebel Tookh, with its summits crowned with the ruins of an old town, came in sight.

A little beyond on the western bank Ayserat appeared. There our ears were assailed with the gurgling noise of a legion of turkeys, which are hatched here in thousands, that were being shipped in djerms for the Cairo and Alexandria markets.

On arriving at Geergeh (Gorgeh or St. George), which stands on the eastern bank of the Nile, the yacht anchored, when the Kashef came off to us in his handsome barge, over which was spread a red silk awning.

After His Excellency had partaken of coffee and smoked his pipe, the Grand Pacha and suite accompanied him on shore.

Passing through the town, which was almost as large as Sioot, we repaired to the Palace, where we took up our quarters. It was a large but plain building, and furnished in the usual simple fashion of the Egyptians. Seated on the luxurious divan, the Prince held a levee of the Government officials, after which the Governor led us into the haram. There we found his wife Devlehâi Hanem doubled up on her divan with about a dozen ladies of the haram squatted on mattresses at her feet. She was about nineteen years old ; with delicate complexion, attired *à la Turque*, her throat was as graceful as a swan's, her figure slender, and her tiny feet that peeped out from beneath her sky blue satin inexpressibles were

incased in snowy white cotton stockings. Her nails were stained with henna, and in lieu of ornamenting her rich dark hair with diamonds or any other jewels, she wore two or three half-blown moss roses in it. In short, she was a lovely, pleasing creature, and yet in manners quite an oriental. She rose, made her *temena* to the Prince, took his hand with one of the blandest of smiles, and led him to the divan; then stood before him as one transfixed to stone.

His Highness was so fascinated with her that he quite forgot to bid her *otour*, until I whispered in his ears,

“Look at Devlehai Hanem, Grand Pacha!”

“*Otour!*” he exclaimed, smiling most graciously.

The hostess clapped her hands, when *cahveh*, *chibouques*, and confectionery were served.

After having partaken of those creature comforts, cigarettes were lighted, and there we sat for half-an-hour enjoying the luxury of a quiet smoke. It was quite a Quakers' meeting, for not a word escaped our lips. At length the Grand Pacha became fidgetty, which was a sure sign that he lacked amusement.

Turning round to Devlehai Hanem, I inquired of her if she had been at Constantinople.

“Yes, Madame; I am a Turkish lady.”

"From what part of Turkey do you come?"

"Istamboul."

"How long have you been in Egypt?"

"About ten years."

Taking our leave of that kind, agreeable hostess, we passed into the court-yard, and mounted the mules that were ready to convey us to the Roman Catholic convent. There we were received by the Superior, who conducted the Prince over the whole of the establishment, and upon his Highness, while we were sipping our cahveh, asking him some particulars about its foundation, he informed him that it was in days past inhabited by about three hundred Coptic monks, who tilled a considerable portion of the land, which they brought into such a high state of cultivation that they realized an enormous revenue by the produce, and were enabled to remit large sums to their Patriarch at Grand Cairo, which were by him disbursed in alms to the poor Christians. About a century and a half back the plague broke out here and decimated the inmates of the convent, when the place was demolished.

A few years afterwards one of the Sultans not only had it rebuilt, but also endowed it with an annual revenue of paras sufficient to maintain fifty monks.

After partaking of a cold collation, we took our

departure, and leaving orders with the Governor to send the "Taka" on to Bellianeh, we hurried off to inspect the ruins of Arábat-el-Matfoón (the Buried), or Abydus. Passing along the plain, we came to the small town of Bardeés, which in the time of the Memlook Beys was a place of considerable importance, and from which that gallant Memlook Osman Bey took his title of *El Bardeésee*. Then we traversed a highly cultivated plain, and soon came in sight of the old mounds of El Beerbeh, and after a very interesting ride of four hours, we reached the large ruins of Abydus, which we found to consist of two immense structures, which the Mufti, who, when you touched upon the antiquities of the Land of the Pharaohs was as open as a dictionary, told us were called respectively the *Palace of Memnón*.

That edifice is comprised of large blocks of stone, vaulted sandstone roof, papyrus bud capitals, with the ceilings ornamented with stars, ovals of kings, and transverse bands decorated with hieroglyphics, all of which, together with the handsome sculptures, are coloured, and is almost embedded in sand. The temple of Oseris, whom the Egyptians designated as the Lord of Ebôt, which is a fine run, but by no means as interesting as the Palace. Then we passed on to the ancient City of the Dead, in which stand some blocks,

said to be the ovals of Remeses the Great, 1311 B.C., and Sabaco, the Ethiopian monarch, 714 B.C. Close at hand stands a brick enclosure converted into barracks, in which was stationed a small detachment of troops.

Proceeding on to the projecting corner of the hill, we came upon some quarries, and passing along the inclined road, reached a narrow grotto devoid of interest.

Here we rested, the Bin-Bachi having taken the precaution to place our camp stools on a spot which he had had swept and garnished, lest any venomous reptiles might be lurking about it. It was late when we reached Bellianeh, called by the Copts (Tpouranê), where a host of Fellahs were busily engaged making common mats, which they send down to Cairo and Alexandria for sale.

Dismounting, we were rowed to the yacht, which soon steamed away up the Nile. Then we passed Lepidotum, on the eastern bank, and on the western bank, a little inland, we observed the mounds of Samhood, close to which stands its small modern town. Then the river serpentines considerably, until it reaches El Hamra, soon after which we anchored off the '*scale*,' or port of the inland town of Farshoot (the Bershoout of the Copts).

Here the *Mamoor* (Provincial Governor) came off in his well appointed boat to pay his respects to the Grand Pacha. After his Excellency had partaken of the usual refreshments we accompanied him on shore, mounted the mules which had been provided for us, and proceeded to the palace.

As we passed along the place presented but a very sorry aspect, for most of the dwellings were in ruins. The inhabitants, who are descendants of those celebrated warlike Arabs, the Howára tribe, so famous for their agility in horsemanship and their kind treatment of *kelbs*, the breed of which they prize so highly. Their dogs are not unlike Skye terriers in appearance, for they are rough, black, and hairy, exceedingly ferocious, possess keen scent and small piercing eyes. The palace is a large structure, and close by it stand those extensive barracks, in which, in the time of Mahomet Ali, Solyman Pacha né Colonel Sevré, drilled the Nizám troops into a most efficient state of discipline.

On entering the handsome selamlick refreshments were served, after partaking of which the Governor conducted us into the haram, which was large, and neatly furnished. There, squatted on the divan, we found Nazip Hanem, who rose immediately the Grand Pacha entered, but who as

quickly resumed her seat when His Highness motioned to her so to do. Her features were regular and handsome, but her beauty was considerably diminished by her freckled countenance. She was what the Arabs call '*El Tarka*,' for her eyes were of a light blue, with long, dark lashes, and her hair of a golden auburn. She was exceedingly graceful in manner, and her vivacity and shrewdness rendered her a most pleasant companion. Her voice was low and sweet, and when she laughed, which she often did, that laughter seemed the echo of a joyous heart. She was perfect mistress of her haram and her husband's heart, for she was his *only* wife. I afterwards learned that she had been brought up in the Imperial Haram at Constantinople.

Refreshments were served us. Descending into the Palace Yard, we proceeded to inspect the barracks, an extensive block of buildings, which Mahomet Ali had erected. They are painted rose colour, have a noble entrance, and possess a look of order and regularity not to be found in those of any other provincial town in Egypt.

Taking leave of the Governor at '*the scale*,' we returned to the yacht, which now steamed away to Keneh. The first place which we passed was Sâhil Bajoóra, the port of the small town of Bajoóra (*sugar press*), which lies a short distance inland,

surrounded by very extensive sugar plantations, hence its name. Then the river serpentine very much, and at its southern extremity stands the modern town of How (Hô Hou, or Ano of the Copts), behind which loom forth the mounds of the ancient city called Diospolis Parva, and close by is a kind of dell or depression in the land, which has the appearance of having formerly been a lake.

Looking through our telescopes, we perceived several mounds and ruins standing on the verge of the Desert.

On the opposite bank stand the mounds of an ancient town close to the village of Kasr-é-Syád (Hunter's Castle), where stands the *débris* of a dilapidated quay, as also a stone with a Greek inscription, about which were roaming many a drove of turkeys. The Mufti told me that in days of yore immense numbers of geese were reared there, but we did not see any. Taking a vista of the Kasr-é-Syád canal, we beheld some catacombs in the distance near a highway. Then we passed the Gezeeret-el-Gharb (Isle of the West, or Isle of Tabnnése), with its dense palm groves.

Taking an extended view inland we beheld the village of Fow (Phboou); soon we came in sight of the ruins of Tentyris, which lie to the north of

the large village of Dendera, off which place the "Taka" anchored, there we went on shore to inspect the ruins of Dendérah (called by Wilkinson the Temple of the Greeks, the Tentoré, or Nikentore of the Copts), the City of Athor, or the Egyptian Horus.

The Mufti being pretty well read, for he was a *savan* of no mean repute, in Egyptian history, both ancient and modern, informed the Grand Pacha that the Temple of Dendera was erected by the last of the Ptolemys (47 B.C.) and was finished during the time of the Roman Emperors. When inspecting them the oldest name which he found was that of Cæsarion (Neo Cæsar), Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar; then those of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, and Antoninus Pius, also a Greek inscription on a cornice deciphered by the erudite Letronne. The Temple is not more than eighteen hundred years old. That celebrated zodiac which was discovered in this Temple, and which may be seen in one of the lower rooms in the Imperial Library at Paris, is at least about the same age. The sculptures with which the Temple is ornamented are most execrable, but the structure itself is beautifully constructed, and may rank as one of the most charming and pleasing memorials in Egypt. The objects which most particularly attracted the

Prince's attention were the heiroglyphics, the portico with its beautiful ceiling, the hall—especially the roof; the architrave with the procession thereon, the inscriptions, the Chapel of Isis, the gateway, the large building adjoining the Great Temple of Athor, the capitals, the spacious enclosure of crude brick, the isolated hypæthral structure, the *débris* of the town lying between the crude brick enclosure east of the pylon of Isis and the enclosure surrounding the temples, the quarries and grottoes in the lime stone mountains, and beyond the sunken "*City of the Silent*" of the inhabitants of Tentyris, and the round primitive stones beyond the Hayer (desert). Then we passed on to the low channel that lies between the town and the edge of the sandy plain to the south. The Mufti told us that the Tentyrites were in olden days such deadly enemies of crocodiles, that quarrels were continually taking place between them and the Ombites (the inhabitants of Ombos) on account of those reptiles.

Re-embarking the yacht steamed away to the opposite bank, to *Kenéh* were the "*Taka*" anchored. The *Mamoor* (Provincial Governor), soon came on board to pay his respects to the Grand Pacha, and after His Excellency had partaken of the usual refreshments, we returned with him to

the palace, a plain but commodious edifice; upon entering the selamlick we found an early breakfast prepared for us. The water which was handed us was delightfully cool, it had been kept in Goollés (Koollés), porous jars, for the manufacture of which this place is celebrated, as also another kind of vessel called *dórak*; we afterwards visited the beds of clay of which they are made, and the dates which were served us at dessert were most delicious. His Highness enjoyed them so much that he ordered a number of boxes to be sent on board the yacht for their Highnesses the Princesses, and the Bin-Bachi laid in a stock for our journey up the Nile. We had several of them opened and found that the dates were laid therein whole, somewhat similar to the manner in which figs are packed at Smyrna, and plums at Bordeaux. Then the Governor led us into the haram, where we were received by his wife, Esmér Hanem; she was a thick-set plain-looking Turkish lady; taking the Prince by the hand she led him to the seat of honour on the divan, then coffee, cigarettes, and sweetmeats were served, after which the Governor left us. Proceeding to the windows we gazed for some time upon the bustling throng of Fellahs, Arabs, &c., hurrying to and from the bazaars and sauntering away from the large

booths, for it happened to be market day. Soon the Prince became weary of looking at the busy throng, and fell fast asleep on the divan.

Next morning we crossed over to the left bank of the Nile, where we found mules awaiting us. Mounting them, we proceeded, in company with the Governor, to inspect some ruins that lie about three to four miles inland. The first object that attracted our attention was a huge column which had evidently been one of the gates of a temple; the top is formed like an inverted square basket, the sculpture of which was beautifully executed; and the huge stones are covered with hieroglyphics. The second one is similar to it. Both lie amidst a mass of ruins, which prove that they were *not* isolated structures. Soon we came to the Temple which stands behind them to the east. The façade is not only very large, but covered with most interesting sculptures. The subjects principally consist of representations of the actions of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, but they give you but a very poor idea of the vaunted beauty of that lovely and imperious Queen, which is attributable to the fact that the Egyptians never could delineate the human figure with anything like precision or accuracy. The lions are much better sculptured. We

entered the Temple by a north entrance, and the Prince, as he advanced into the interior, expressed his admiration of its beauty. The colossal portico, a stupendous work of art, is supported by twenty-five columns, the capitals of which are ornamented with female figures with veils hanging down the back. In order to command a better view we passed along a brick avenue, which Mahomet Ali had constructed, but owing to the structure being half buried in the sand, we were disappointed, and therefore returned to our first position.

Returning to the palace at Keneh, we partook of an excellent dinner, after which we started off, accompanied by a complete Desert equipage similar in every respect to that by which we had been accompanied when proceeding to the Oasis, for His Highness had made up his mind to visit Kossayr on the Red Sea. Here we again mounted *heggins*, and proceeded along a road studded with various ancient Roman stations, which we most clearly defined, and which are distant from each other respectively seven, nine, and even twelve miles.

The first place at which we pitched our tent was the Wells of El Egayta (Eghayta), where the two roads leading to the port of Kossayr (Cosseir) meet. Then a Cabinet Council was

held, for the Mufti, who knew both routes well, having traversed them as he had done to Mekkah thrice, gave it as his opinion that we ought to proceed along that of Moayléh (Moileh), which was the *shortest* by nearly four miles; but the Bin Bachi remembered that although excellent water is to be found at the first Beer (Well), situated about three miles to the west of Molieh, as also at the second, three miles further on, and the third five miles beyond that, nevertheless we should have upwards of thirty miles to go before we could reach the Beer-el-Ingleez—so called because the British troops in the days of the Memlook Beys dug it, but which only contains very brackish water; besides, that officer was of opinion that His Highness would not find the slightest object of interest along the Moayléh road; so it was arranged that we should proceed *via* the Well of Hammamát. The only objects that we encountered ever and anon in our line of march were files of *heggins* laden with cereals, proceeding on their way to Kossayr, and numbers of Ababdeh Arabs well armed, from whom we obtained a plentiful supply of excellent milk.

A short distance from the well of Hammamát, we came to the Wadée Fokheér (Fokhár), where we examined the quarries, about which vast

quantities of ancient pottery called Fokhâr, have frequently been discovered, hence the name of the valley. The rocks were very curiously ornamented with ancient hieroglyphic inscriptions; and scattered about in various directions, we perceived a complete town of uninhabited huts, which could not number less than fifteen hundred, amidst which stand the ruins of a small temple.

After having remained here one day the canvas palace was struck, and off we journey through an uninteresting country to Bir Moie-t (Hagee Soolayman). Here the tents were pitched, and finding that the Prince became weary of the monotonous scenery around him, I, by dint of the *buksheesh* of superb edition of a pocket Kuran, induced the Mufti to amuse the Grand Pacha by relating to him an account of the *Origin of Haschisch*, of which I had often seen their Highnesses partake in the Haram, but which the grand eunuch would never allow his Highness to taste. But I must omit to narrate the singular effect which I once observed the use of that narcotic produced on Her Highness the Princess Epouse.

One afternoon when I was sitting reading in my small chamber in the Prince's apartments in the Sultan's palace at Bebek, with the Grand Pacha at my side, on the divan, his little Highness became very fidgetty, and desired to

hasten to his Nina. All my tact to dissuade him from going into her odalick proved abortive; so making a merit of necessity, I led him into the reception room. Not finding Her Highness on the divan where I had left her, I was in the act of entering her apartment, for strange to say it was the hour of her *kaf*, and yet the door hangings were looped up; when all of a sudden she came rushing towards me with the vivacity of a European. Her muslin dress was crumpled, her hair dishevelled, her eyes appeared as if they would start out of her head, her hands were making most singular movements, and she stared so wildly at us, that I really thought she had, as the Arabs say, "eaten of a piece of flesh that had fallen from Heaven," and had become demented. I had never before seen Her Highness in such a state of frenzy, and I became alarmed. I was cogitating in my mind whether she had suddenly become bereft of reason, and what I ought to do with the Prince; when all at once I bethought myself to inquire whether Her Highness wanted anything.

"Yes, *Cocóna*—I want Dada" (the Prince's head nurse). "Where is Dada?" she exclaimed, in a frantic paroxysm.

Then I became alarmed, I knew not what to do,

I would gladly have gone in search of that "*daughter of the old gentleman*," who I knew had hidden herself in the bedroom snugly enough beside a pile of mattresses to enjoy the pleasures of her *kef*; but I could not leave the Grand Pacha with his mother, who I really thought was at that time possessed of an—*āfrēet*—evil spirit.

Weary of calling "Dada! Dada! Dada!" the Princess clapped her hands, when in came the Kislār Agassi: that kind-hearted Abyssinian, who led Her Highness gently by the arm, conducted her back into her *oda*, and as he did so exclaimed, "*Haschish! Cocōna! Malesh!*" Then I surmised the cause of the Princess' singular behaviour, and her strange appearance.

Finding that the Prince still insisted upon going to his mother, I entered the odalick, and there I espied Her Highness lying on the divan. I shall never obliterate from my memory the transformation that her appearance had undergone. I was perfectly electrified. I had seen "*ladies made beautiful*" by the magic art of Madame Rachel of European celebrity, I had gazed with rapture and delight on those Peris of the Orient, the beautiful widow and daughter of the late Viceroy Said Pacha; but the angelic expression which the Princess Epouse's countenance had assumed, as she lay upon that luxurious divan, was unsur-

passingly lovely. It might most truthfully be said of Her Highness—

“Thy beauty pales all sublunary things,
And man to vassalage eternal dooms :
The road before thee should be swept with brooms
Made of the eyelashes of peerless kings.”

So amazed had I been at the scene which I had just witnessed, that upon perceiving Her Highness enjoying a dreamy state of bliss, I held up my finger to the Prince, at the same time whispering softly in his ear, “*Fena Pacha ! Fena Pacha !*” but that *teleçem* by which I generally commanded obedience now failed ; for the Prince, bridling himself up, stamped his little feet upon the thick noiseless carpet, and exclaimed, “Grand Pacha ! Madame ! Grand Pacha ! *Cocóna !*” and then bit his lips with rage.

Little heeding that outburst of almost ungovernable passion,

“There I stood gazing on the Nina ; not a word or groan
Escaped her lips, she looked as one transfixed to stone.
Soon, with a frenzied start, the Prince rushed by,
And with outstretched arms jumped on the divan high.
Around his beauteous Nina’s neck he fondly flung
His tiny arms—up from her happy trance she sprung ;
The kisses of her darling son had dispelled the dream,
And once again she looked the fair Egyptian queen.
‘*Allah Kerim !*’ said I to myself—the illusion’s past ;
Allah-il-Allah ! the hallucination’s gone at last !”

As soon as the Mufti had finished his account of the origin of Haschish, I reminded the Prince

that it was time for us to resume our journey. The tented Palace was soon struck, and off we journeyed on to El Bayda (White Hills), where the Moayleh and Russafa roads meet close to the Bir-el-Ingleez, where we only halted sufficient time to allow the *heggins* to take water; thence on to El A'mbagee, and about six or seven miles brought us to the small fort of the modern town of Kossayr. There we took up our residence in that fortress, which was defended by a few pieces of small old-fashioned ordnance.

The Governor received the Prince with the usual honours.

The next morning we proceeded to inspect the town, which is but a very small place, inhabited by the Embawèh, a tribe of Arabs who originally came from Yambo; then we mounted our mules, and after an hour's ride reached Old Kossayr, where we inspected the extensive mounds—the ruins of an ancient Arab town. There we found El Mashr, another Viceroyal yacht, and as the Grand Pacha expressed a desire to visit the porphyry quarries at Gebel-e'-Dokhan, he ordered the captain of the yacht to have everything prepared for our journey up the Red Sea. Fortunately it happened to be the cool season; so leaving the small bay, we steamed away to the port of Myos Hormos.

When we reached that place the yacht anchored, and the Cheikh-el-Beled came off to pay his respects to the Prince. On landing we made a circuit of the town, which is small, but lined with well-built houses; visited the ruins of the old town, and the round towers; then mounting the mules that had been provided for us, we started off to the town of Gebel-el-Fateéreh, which was lined with several well-constructed store houses. Then we explored the mountains, and the extensive granite quarries, where we saw several large round blocks and gigantic columns.

Thence we journeyed on to Gebel-e'-Dokhan (Mountain of Smoke); the line of road being admirably protected by several well fortified stations, at all of which we stopped.

On reaching the porphyry quarries, we dismounted, and examined the ruins of an unfinished Roman Temple; then walked through the irregularly constructed town, and inspected the tanks and wells.

Thence we hurried away to E' Jimsheh, a headland situated on the Red Sea. There we remained the whole day, and next morning visited the sulphur mines, which attracted the Prince's attention, as also did the grottoes containing numerous inscriptions in what the Mufti termed the Sinaitic character. Early in the after-

noon we started off to Gebel-e'-Zayt (Mountain of Oil), so called on account of the vast quantity of petroleum that abounds in its vicinity.*

Returning to E'Gimsheh, we found the steamer awaiting our arrival.

The Grand Pacha presented the Cheikh-El-Beled, who came on board to see us off, with four purses of Egyptian gold coins, and after he had taken his departure, the yacht steamed down to Kossayr. There we remained a whole day. The *Mashr* returned to Berenice, at which port she was stationed, and early the next morning we retraced our way to Keneh, by the same route which we had quitted it, as far as Beer (Bir) El Ingleez, thence we proceeded thirty miles along the Moileh road.

The first station passed was the Wells of Moileh, four miles beyond the second Wells, and three miles farther brought us to the first well of Moileh, where we encamped all night.

The next day we performed a distance of thirty miles, which brought us to the Wells of Egáyta, where the tents were pitched, and after three hours' ride we entered Keneh.

* It is evident that in days of yore *Shobra* was lighted with petroleum, and not with gas, as is *incorrectly* stated in ^{Dr} Murray's *Hand-book to Egypt*, page 160—the *Vade Mecum* for all travelers to El Musr. And it is a matter of surprise that H.H. the Kiedover of El Musr does not embark in the lucrative trade of exporting petroleum into Europe where it is so largely consumed.

The Prince feeling very fatigued, we took up our residence in the Palace, and there remained a couple of days. Esmer Hanem and the Governor were exceedingly attentive to His Highness, and took great pains to provide everything for our accommodation. In the cool of the day we visited the bazaars, passed through the market, inspected the singular manner in which the potters pounded the clay for the *goollehs* and *doraks*, procured from the bed of the valley lying a little to the north of the town. We found it to be earth which the stream had deposited there for ages. Then we watched the children collect together their baskets full of the sifted ashes of the *halfeh* grass, which the potters mix with the clay when manufacturing those porous water jars, which are used all over Egypt. Then we went down to 'the scale,' and the Prince, who, like his Highness the Viceroy, understands having an eye to business, young as he is, is always intent on obtaining the paras, has an excellent idea of the advantage which El Musr derives from commerce, and amused himself by seeing the djerms being loaded with corn and cereals for the Yambuities.

After dinner, we took our leave of the kind Esmer, and retired early to rest. The next morning we partook of a few findjans of coffee and some rolls, then returned to the yacht, accom-

panied by the Governor. Their Highnesses the Princesses crowded round the Grand Pacha to learn what adventures he had met with during his travels.

"Come near to me, madame," said His Highness, "I have something to tell you."

Obeying his commands, I drew near to him, when he desired me to return to the saloon and ask the Princess Epouse to give me a pipe for the Governor. Descending the companion ladder, I found her Highness squatted on a divan, gazing at the river, but upon my making known to her the Prince's request, she sent the Grand Eunuch for her pipe case, selected therefrom a very handsome bejewelled chibouk, and bade me present it to that amiable *mamoor*, in token of her appreciation of his attention to her darling son.

Delighted beyond measure to be the bearer of such a superb buksheesh, I re-ascended the companion ladder, and walking up to his Excellency, presented him with that *gem of gems*, at which he seemed highly delighted, and well he might, for that pipe was not worth less than five hundred pounds. Making his temena thrice to the Grand Pacha, who had advanced to see him safely in his boat, His Excellency left us, wishing us many a *bismillah*.

Then the "Taka" steamed away in the centre

of the river, *en route* for Thebes. On the west bank loomed forth Ballás, off which were moored numerous djerms, laden with those large earthenware jars, similar in shape to the old amphoræ, which are made here and sold at Cairo and Alexandria, for the purpose of preserving rice, oil, treacle, and butter. By the side of the '*scale*' were several *rafts of ballásee jars*, which reminded me most forcibly of the timber rafts on the beautiful Rhine, on the point of starting for Rosetta and Damietta, whither they were being transported in that manner for sale.

Soon after which we came in sight of the small '*scale*,' which serves as the port of Koft (Koft, the ancient Coptos, Kept, or the Kobthor of hieroglyphical celebrity). Here we intended to land, for the Grand Pacha had informed the Commander of the yacht, *El Mashr*, who had taken us up the Red Sea, that after he had inspected the ancient city of the Copts, that he would pay him a visit at Berenice. As soon as the "Taka" came to anchor, the Bin-Bachi reminded me that it would take some hours before the necessary arrangements could be perfected for the Prince's journey, as it would be necessary not only to take all the desert travelling equipage with us, but that the provisions and what little creature comforts we might require must be carefully packed. Consequently I

determined to remain on board, and in order to amuse the Prince, as well as their Highnesses the Princesses, I related to them the following succinct—

ACCOUNT OF THE COPTS:—

"We are now anchored abreast of the '*scale*' that served as the port of the ancient capital of the Copts, who, some authors affirm, derive their nomenclature from it, and which was formerly the capital of Christian Egypt. I must inform you, however, that others think it comes from the Greek word *χοφτεν* (to cut), because they practice circumcision—that those people who are divided into two distinct sects, namely, the *Jacobites* and those who follow the doctrines of the Greek Christians designated by themselves, and by the Arabs the *Koufti*. Nevertheless a few of them have embraced Islamism. The majority still retain many of the patriarchal customs, which they have blended with the laws of Moses and the tenets of the Evangelists.

"These Christians, who appear to have engrafted many idolatrous customs in their creed, having lived so much among the Jews and Moslems, are not altogether Christians, as our *alla Franca* people are, neither can they be called Jews nor Mussulmans, for there is a mixture of all those.

creeds among their religious observances and domestic manners, nevertheless they designate their religion as *Christianity*, and yet, singular to add, they dislike true Christians as much as they do Jews and Mussulmans, against whom they fought when the Sons of the Prophet waged war with the followers of Christ. Having lived a very retired life, they are naturally of an unsociable disposition, being particularly attached to many of the ancient customs of their ancestors. As most of the Frankish people of the Books differ widely in their opinion of them I cannot do better than give your Highnesses an idea of their views respecting them. That learned French author Volney affirms that 'they are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and he grounds his opinion upon the fact that they have not only retained many of their customs, but also their language.' Champollion, also a celebrated French writer, does not endorse that affirmation, for he believes that 'the Nubians are *Pharaoh's breed*, while others look upon the Fellahs as the actual aborigines of El Musr, and deny that they are descendants of the Arabs, who conquered Egypt, maintaining that they are the offspring of the ancient cultivators of the soil, that they are the pure Egyptians who have from time immemorial remained in the

possession of the country, and have never inter-married with any of its conquering races.'

"Denon, another author of great research, states 'that the Copts bear a very striking resemblance to the figures found sculptured on the ancient monuments.' He is unquestionably correct in that assertion, but he appears to totally ignore the fact that these sculptures also contain unmistakeable types of both Fellahs and Nubians, which clearly proves that, during the last centuries of the decadence of Egypt, that colonies of different races appear to have settled themselves down in that country, and seem to have formed distinct classes of its inhabitants, according to the avocation which each respectively followed; and that those communities appear to have established a wise and just form of government, laws, and circulating medium, which even in this lax nineteenth century are considered worthy of imitation; that they lived amicably together, without becoming embroiled, or uniting themselves in marriage with each other. That is clearly proved by the fact that the son follows the profession or avocation of his parent. A host of travellers consider that the physiognomy of many of the Copts bears a striking resemblance to the Negro, which is inaccurate. For instance, many of them have fair complexions, like Europeans; others are

between a copper and coffee colour, but not *black*; besides, very few of them have thick lips and broad, flat noses, for, as your Highnesses know, most of the Copts at Cairo have thin lips and fine Grecian noses. That talented writer, Sonnini, considers them 'as not only a very ugly race of men, but most disgusting and filthy in their habits.' I really cannot endorse that opinion as being generally correct, especially as regards the Coptic women, many of whom are exceedingly handsome, with brilliant, black eyes, fair complexions, straight noses, large mouths, but lips which, although not exactly thin, are nevertheless not so thick as those of the negress. Their hair is neither crisp nor woolly, like that of the black women, as some writers have asserted.

"D'Avezac, when speaking of these people, compares them to the Chinese; but that, it must be admitted, is a *satirical* comparison. It would occupy too much time for me to enter into a minute detail of all their manners, ceremonies, and customs, for see the Kislar Agassi approaches."

The grand eunuch now entered; he came from the Bin-Bachi to inform the Prince that all was prepared for our landing. Taking leave of their Highnesses, who wished us *khathirak* (good-bye),

we descended into the boat, and on landing, mounted the mules which stood waiting for us, and proceeded to the bridge, where we perceived a stone inserted in that structure, having thereon the name of Enentef (2031 B.C.), and thence on to Kobt, which stands a short distance from the river's bank. There we inspected the remains of its old wall, the towers, and gateway. Amidst them stands a granite pillar with the oval of Thothmes the III. (1463 B.C.)

Then we inspected the village of El Kála (the citadel), with the ruins of its small temple; also the *débris* of the ancient canal, by which the commerce of India originally found its way, until the port of Berenice supplanted it at the latter end of Diocletian's reign. The ancient inhabitants of this place worshipped Isis. After which we returned to the town, and repaired to the Cheikh-el-Beled's residence.

We had scarcely partaken of some refreshments when the Bin-Bachi entered, and informed the Prince that it was time to start.

Taking our leave of the Cheikh, the Grand Pacha descended into the court-yard, and, mounting our mules, we set out on our journey, during which we passed Didyme, thence to Afrodito, thence along the Wadée Sakay't, and after which the stations of Novum and Vetus Hydrenma,

which lay up the valley, and after a very fatiguing journey we reached the large seaport of Sakayt-Kublee,—also called by the Arabs Gezeereh (the Island), the Berenice, or Berenice Troglodytica of the ancients, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the third century before Christ, and so named after his mother, the consort of Soter.

There we were received by the commandant of the place, and the captain of the viceroyal yacht, El Mashr, who conducted us to the Governor's residence. After having partaken of some refreshments, which we much needed, we took our "*kef*."

In the cool of the afternoon the Grand Pacha and myself mounted two of the Governor's docile and richly caparisoned horses, and attended by a numerous retinue, we passed along streets lined with houses which, being constructed of materials collected on the sea-shore, had but a rude appearance.

At the extremity of the principal *sikkeh*, stands a hewn stone temple, into which we entered. It contains three outer and inner chambers, beautifully ornamented with sculptures and hieroglyphics; passing up the staircase, on reaching the summit we had a most extensive view of the country. There lay spread out before us, like a map, the whole town; the small bay on which it

stands, with the deep gulf, and Ras Banas (Cape Nose), jutting out into the dark blue ocean, and beyond loomed forth the Peak of the Emerald (John) Island, Gezeeret, Zibirgeh (Semergid); the inner bay, now choked up with sand, with a bank at its mouth, which was then plainly visible, it being low tide, which here rises and falls about two feet.

Glancing inland, we beheld the ancient roads leading to Coptos and Om Kerrebeh; in the distance and far away to the East loomed forth Gebel Feraïd, with its singular five cones, forming the most remarkable object in the vista.

Looking along the line of coast, the captain of the viceroyal yacht, who knew every bearing, pointed out to us the several ports of which Pliny makes mention, with the different landmarks peering forth amidst those treacherous coral reefs, where so many native vessels have been stranded. Here and there he showed us the ruins of a few towns, such as Nechesia, with its temple and citadel, E'Phoonæ (the magazine), the ancient Leucos Portus, with its singularly rude constructed houses; then that small fort at which the lead formerly collected from the mines of Gebel-è-Rossâss was exported to Cairo and Alexandria, and beyond the Wadée Aboo-Raikeh, with its old basanite quarries.

Descending from our pinnacle of observation,

the Mufti led us into the interior of the temple, where he pointed out to us a small stone, having thereon a Greek inscription, which he said was a record that the edifice was dedicated to Sarapis, the head of a Roman emperor, a small fountain, and a few rudely sculptured figures; as also another Greek inscription.

On our return to the Governor's, a substantial repast was served, after which we embarked on board El Mushr, which steamed away to the Emerald Isle. The Prince was particularly anxious to descend into one of the deep shafts which is sunk at the base of the mountain; but as I gave the Mufti a look, he explained to his Highness the danger of such an exploit, which whim, after a little pouting, the Prince very reluctantly abandoned, at which I felt greatly relieved; for had he explored it and met with any accident or caught a violent cold, I alone should have been to blame, for my instructions were "to watch and guard him as I would the apple of my eye."

Allah Kerim! he listened to the sage counsel of the venerable Mufti, without my having any occasion to pronounce the dread words, "*Fena Pacha ! Fena Pacha !*"

Then the yacht proceeded as near as prudent to the coral reefs. Here a boat was lowered, and we inspected the openings, and had an excel-

lent opportunity of noticing the curious manner in which the coral insects labour, and observing the places at which they had not worked, owing to the fresh winter torrents emptying themselves into the sea. I have already minutely described the industry of these insects in "Nights in the Haram."

Returning to *El Maskr*, we steamed back to Berenice, where we landed.

Previous to taking leave of the captain, the Grand Pacha presented him with his own beautiful diminutive gold watch, richly encircled with diamonds, and ordered the Bin Bachi to distribute *buksheesh* with no unsparing hand to the crew, who had shown His Highness such attention during the two cruises he had taken in her.

Here I must observe that whenever the inmates of the haram took short excursions on the Nile, which was not unfrequently the case, the captain of the yacht invariably sent the Grand Eunuch into the saloon to ask their Highnesses the Princesses for *buksheesh*, when each of them clubbed together, and he generally pocketted from forty to fifty English sovereigns.

THE PRINCESSES AND THEIR MONEY BAGS.

I remember on one occasion, when their Highnesses' cash boxes were, like the coffers of '*the poor man*' of the Bosphorus—empty, they sent

me to ask the Grand Eunuch for the loan of some paras. That good-humoured Abyssinian took me into his sanctum sanctorum, for it happened to be in the haram at Ghezire (Ghezireh), and placed nine small bags of sovereigns in my hands, at the same time adding,

“*Bess Cocóna!*”

“*Yok!*” I exclaimed.

Then an additional three were added, still I became as avaricious as Dancer the miser, and kept repeating, “*Yok! Yok! Yok!*” until he had placed as many bags in my hands as I could carry. Hurrying away, I entered the saloon, where the Princesses were squatted on the divan, anxiously awaiting the result of my mission. Accosting the Lady Paramount, I placed them on the divan at her side.

“*Machallah! Machallah! Machallah!*” burst forth the three Consorts, in chorus. “That is exactly what we wanted.”

Her Highness divided them into three equal portions, and sent her slaves to the other Princesses with their share. Each then contributed a sum out of their small bags; and once again acting the part of their Mercury, I made my *temena* to each, hurried into the Grand Eunuch's Hall, and handed the captain his buk-sheesh.

Upon several other occasions, El Kiedover of El Musr conferred upon me the post of Keeper of his Privy Purse, and

"Despatched me with many and many a sovereign bright
To the Princesses who, as usual, welcomed me with delight."

Strange to say, after I had delivered their monthly allowance to them, they placed the small bags in their bejewelled cash boxes without counting their contents; but when, as it not unfrequently happened,

"A slave entered, bearing their money bags on a silver tray;
They counted each coin, lest any had been spirited away."

On our return to the Governor's, we found a host of Arabs in the court-yard, who had come to pay their respects to the Grand Pacha. Entering the reception room, His Highness sat himself upon the raised dais, and with the same imperturbable gravity and stately manner with which he was accustomed to accept the congratulations of the "Special Princes," the Ministers of State, the Egyptian grandees, and high military and civil officers at the Bairam, he received a deputation of the Arabs of the Ababdeh Desert, through whose territory pass the ancients constructed the roads that traverse the deserts from Kolt to Berenice, as also through that of the Bisharééh tribe. They were both a most singular looking race of men, not unlike the Nubians in appearance,

with very long hair—worn quite as long as that of the Mahrattas in India, but instead of being platted and twisted beneath their head gear, like the Mahrattas wear it beneath their turbans, it hung loosely about their faces. They all spoke Arabic fluently, at which I was somewhat surprised, because I had been told that they had a *peculiar* vernacular of their own, which I believe they possess. They were armed *cap-à-pie* with most formidable spears, large knives, and huge shields. They made their *temena* to my Prince, scanned me from head to foot, received their presents apparently with much satisfaction, and presented His Highness with several pieces of *virgin* gold, which they had brought with them from the gold mines. After *cahveh* and *chibouques* were served, they rose, but previous to their departure invited the Prince to visit Gebel-el-Elbeh to see their stronghold,—considered a great compliment, since they do not admit *stranger* guests therein to see the nakedness of their treasure-house,—to which His Highness replied,

“I thank you, but I am returning to Cairo.”

So making their *temenas*, they departed, well pleased with their reception.

Mounting two excellent horses, we started on our journey up the Wadée Sakáyt (Valley of Sakáyt).

Proceeding some distance along the Berenice and Afrodito road, we suddenly turned off towards the sea-coast, and after a long journey entered the large village of Sakáyt, which is lined with a few good sized houses, and densely studded with clay or mud huts, formerly tenanted by the miners. The manager of these Emerald mines—which were very productive in the time of the ancient Egyptians, the Caliphs and Memlooks, but which yielding but few returns during the rule of Mahomet Ali, were soon after the accession of Ibrahim Pacha almost totally abandoned—came to meet us. He did not appear to be a very wealthy individual, for he might have justly said, as Othello does—

" My occupation's gone."

Nevertheless, he looked as if he enjoyed the creature comforts of this life ; for he was short in person, robust in stature, and had a fresh coloured complexion. I afterwards learned that his office was a mere *sinecure*, and the paras he pocketted were more than commensurate to the duties he had to perform, which were almost *nil*. Making his *temena* to the Grand Pacha, he very attentively—no doubt having an eye to the buksheesh he expected to pocket—conducted us to his house, where we remained all day, and partook of the usual refreshments. His selamlick was very

plainly furnished, the floor covered with coarse mats, and a Persian rug placed at the foot of the divan that ran along the room close to the windows, which commanded a fine view of the Gebel Zabára, that loomed forth in the distance.

Early next morning we visited an excavated rock temple, which was ornamented with some antique Greek inscriptions, on one of which, the Mufti informed us, mention is made of the god Sarapis and Isis, the Queen of Heaven. Remounting our horses, we crossed a hilly ridge to the Wadée Nogrús, in which stands another but larger village, the streets of which are lined with houses, considerably better built than those of Sakáyt, and the town well supplied with excellent water from a spring under the cliffs. Thence we passed along the Contra Appollinopolis road, which leads to the mines, and halted at the two stations. At the first we saw a stone, on which were some hieroglyphics, which the Mufti told the Prince contained the name of that Stranger King, Amun-Toónkh, who reigned in Egypt in the middle of the fourteenth century before Christ. Near the second stands a small rock-cut temple, which is said to have been founded by Remeses the Great's father in the fourteenth century before Christ, and dedicated to Amun. The portico, with its beautiful columns, the hall with its pillars, niches, singular tablet,

statues, and the Greek inscription on the walls, all attracted our attention, but what excited His Highness's attention the most were the names of the guards stationed there in days of yore, and inscribed on the columns of the beautiful portico, also the block of stone in the chamber. Here we stopped some time, because the Mufti, who had often visited this part of Egypt, informed me that there was nothing interesting to be seen at the third station, but that a road led to the Nile opposite Edfoo, if his Highness felt disposed to return by that route.

"*La! la! la!*" exclaimed the Grand Pacha, who had overheard the venerable Mufti. "By the beard of the prophet, I am not going to give any more paras to those Ababdeh Arabs. I shall return by whence we came. *Gel, gel, madame.*"

And off we went as fast as our horses could canter. Taking leave of the Governor of Bérénice and the captain of *El Mashr*, we started off on our return journey to Kopt (Coptos), where, on our arrival, we found the "Taka" awaiting us.

On reaching the yacht the Princesses were delighted to see the Prince, for our absence had extended over a considerable period. They remarked that he looked much fatigued, but that the journey had had a most beneficial effect upon myself. I was as brown as a berry, but my

spirits were much more lively than they had been, for sight-seeing had dispelled much of that melancholy depression which the close confinement in the haram had produced. Steaming up the Nile, we soon passed Koos (Goos or Kos Birbir, the site of the ancient Apollinopolis Parva), which appeared to be a very small place, but the Bin-Bachi, who had once been stationed there, for a *Názer* keeps his mimic court within it, told the Prince, who was seated in an American rocking chair by my side, that it was so large in the days of Aboolfeda (1344) that it ranked next to Old Cairo in importance, contains a very handsome *sibeeh*—fountain—close to which stands a tank formed out of a monolith, on which may be seen several hieroglyphical inscriptions, one of which bears the name of Ptolemy Philadelphus (284 B.C.), and a little to the west of the town stands the tomb of a saintly Sheikh, close to which are several granite columns. Then we went ashore on the opposite bank where stands Negadeh, to visit the Coptic Convent of Dayr-é-Seléeb (Convent of the Cross), which is situated close to Demféek, where the Superior received his Highness, and conducted us over the whole of the building. We found it the picture of cleanliness, and after partaking of some fruit, sweetmeats, and coffee, visited the small church, which does not contain anything

remarkable. Thence we proceeded to the Roman Catholic Convents of El Melák and Máree Boktee, the only objects of interest in which were the church, semicircular apse, and the partially obliterated frescoes on the domes; all of which structures are situated midway to Gamóla, on the confines of the desert.

On our return we visited the Maláiat manufactory, the cotton cloths of which are exported in large quantities to all parts of Egypt. Some of them were of a blue check pattern, but the superfine ones were ornamented with wide-woven borders of red silk.

Embarking in the yacht's boat, we were rowed across the opposite bank to a place called Shen-hoor (Sen-hor), where we saw some very large mounds, and the ruins of a Roman temple.

Returning to the "Taka," she steamed round a considerable bend, passed Gamóla (Kamóla), celebrated in the fourteenth century for its extensive sugar plantations, which have of late been supplanted by those of King Cotton. Here it was that in 1824, the Shekh Ahmed headed the rebellion which gave Mahomet Ali such trouble to suppress, and here Ali Kashef Abou-Tarboósh gained high renown by the gallant manner in which he so resolutely defended the place against the repeated attacks of that astute Shekh's army.

Entering the boat, we landed on the eastern

bank, and mounting the mules, that had been awaiting our arrival, we cantered off to Medamôt (Amood-Med'-Amood), situate a short distance inland, surrounded by an irregular wall.

Passing through its *Bub*-gateway, we found the ruins of a sandstone temple standing in the centre of the town, the most curious portion of which was the portico, with its columns ornamented with ovals, the pylon before it, raised platform, with a flight of steps, the site of an ancient reservoir, and a gateway at the side in the wall.

Returning to the "Taka," she steamed on to Thebes. There, unlike most travellers, who are obliged to bargain on their arrival for their locomotive to convey them to the ruins, which lie on both banks of the river, and who have not only to make arrangements with a guide, but to guard against extortion, and to take up their quarters in some of the uncomfortable low rooms of the front Western Towers. Numerous, as was the Prince's suite, we found that orders had been transmitted for the preparation of ample accommodation for H.H. and his attendants as soon as it was known that Effendina had sent the Grand Pacha on a Tour through El Musr.—"For not a feather falls to

the ground," but in less than a quarter of an hour after every individual in the haram, eunuch's hall, aye! and the honorable members of that *cordon sanitaire*, by which Effendina has so unwittingly allowed himself to be surrounded, know who let it fall, who plucked it, and the event is formed into a telegram, the very quintessence of brevity, the composition of which would make the fortune of a Foreign Office *précise* writer—for on our arrival, we found that the British Consular Agent—a Turk—had not only sent his own richly-caparisoned horses down to '*the scale*' for us, but that a European saddle had been provided for me, and that Moslem of high degree had actually come down himself to place his house at his Highness's disposal. The kind attention and paternal forethought of the Viceroy for his darling son's comfort, most plainly evinced how strong is his affection for that intellectual "dot of humanity." May Allah increase his prosperity!

"May your Highness live a thousand years!" resounded in our ears from the surrounding crowd, as we placed our feet on shore; then the band of the Egyptian marines, which had landed with us from the yacht, struck up "The Sultan's March." As we journeyed on, I amused the Prince by giving him a succinct

ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE CITY OF A
HUNDRED GATES.

After the manner in which those learned travellers Wilkinson, Champollion, L'Hôte et Ampère have published it to the world, for he had been asking me a Thousand and One questions about it. "It derives its name, my Prince, from Tapè, an ancient Coptic as well as Egyptian word, pronounced Thaba, and converted into Thebes, but spelt Ap (Ape), in the hieroglyphics, which signifies "head," and so named because it was the capital of this part of Egypt.

"The old city stood on both sides of the Nile. In the reign of the Ptolemies the Libyan suburb (west division) was divided into several '*harts*' (quarters), viz., Menmonia, the Tombs; Thynabunum, the Priests, '*City of the Silent*,' &c. In latter times it was formed into two distinct nomes—Pathyritic, on the west bank, and Thebes, when Pathyris became a separate city. Its foundation, the date of which is uncertain, is supposed to have taken place after that of Memphis and Erment (Hermonthis). Its extent is also a matter of doubt, for Strabo gives it as eighty stadia in length; Diodorus a circuit of one hundred and forty stadia, and Homer calls it *Hectatompulos*, on account of the hundred

gates in its walls. Its splendour and power is attributed to the twenty thousand chariots which it furnished in time of war, the extent of the Egyptian conquests, and the immense riches which it contained, the greater portion of which was carried away by the Persians, after its destruction by fire. Its decline originated from the preference that the several rulers gave to Lower Egypt and the removal of the seat of government to Tanis, Bubastis, Sais, and lastly to Alexandria. When the Ptolemies ruled over Egypt, commerce flowed to Coptos, Apollinopolis, whither came the Arabian and Ethiopian traders. Then Ptolemy Lathyrus, after a most obstinately-contested siege, captured it, and completed its ruin, for never afterwards did it rank as an Egyptian city."

Previous to disembarking from the "Taka," we took a bird's-eye view of those vast ruins, which extend along both sides of the river, and appear to be about six leagues in circumference. On the right bank stands Luxor and Karnak; on the left, on the verge of the Libyan Desert, Old Koórneh (Goorna, Gournah); the Royal Necropolis of Biban-el-Molouk; the Memnonium (Remeseum), with its colossal statues, and then Medeénet Haboo, with its great temple. What monstrosities! What splend

structures ! What *chef-d'œuvres* ! I have never seen Balbec or Palmyra, but as they are much more modern than Thebes and its ruins, extensive though those two cities may be, yet I cannot divest my mind of the idea that they must fall far short of them both in significance and extent. Wonderful relics of ancient days and history ! It is upwards of twenty centuries since Thebes became a mass of ruins, but I must proceed to describe them in the order in which we visited them.

Wilkinson, in Murray's "Handbook for Egypt"—excellent guide-book though it be, nevertheless it lacks revision in a practical sense ; for the Egypt of Wilkinson's time, and the Egypt of to-day, are vastly different—advises all travellers to adopt quite a contrary mode of visiting these wondrous works to that which the Mufti, who acted as the Grand Pacha's guide, pursued ; for he tells sightseers to begin by inspecting those on the left bank, and to finish with Luxor and Karnak. I expostulated with the Mufti, but in vain, for he remarked that every structure was of itself a wonder, although differing from each other, and that he looked upon the Tombs of Biban-el-Molouk as equally curious as the Temples of Luxor. Those of Medénet Haboo are quite as

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wonderful as those of Karnak, and, although our venerable Mentor took it into his wise head to reverse the order prescribed by those learned Hawagee who have visited them, I really do not think that we appreciated them the less. Our course lay along the right bank of the river.

We proceeded to Luxor (which, according to the hieroglyphical language, signifies Palace), most rightly named, and which was united to Karnak by a sphinx avenue; it is not improbable that that name was given to the whole of the right bank. Now it is only applied to the temples and other edifices which stand a short distance from the river's bank, which washes over them during the inundations, from which an old Roman quay in ancient days but ill-protected them.

Luxor, scattered about as it is, is divided into two separate parts. On the right, approaching it from the Nile, stands a range of palaces bearing date 1430 B.C., when Amunoph the Third reigned. The principal objects of interest are the hundred columns, some of which are 45 feet high and 10 feet in diameter; most of them beautifully fluted. The capital, composed of lotus leaves, is much smaller than the sanctuary, which is covered with beautiful hieroglyphics, recording the birth of Pharaoh, and on the walls are represented the lying-in of his mother, Queen Mant-im-Shoï.

It encloses a smaller one, in which are some bas-reliefs representing the *Mammisi*. All the structures are very ancient and magnificently grand, but most unfortunately they are blocked up, and half concealed by the dwellings of the modern town. Those dirty looking crude brick houses stand not only at the base of the noble ruins which they disfigure, but are also situated on the top of the finest platforms; and there it was that the French sailors when they came to carry away that obelisk which adorns La Place de la Concorde at Paris, built their mud house about forty feet high between the two walls of the temple. The French soldiers in 1798, during the invasion of Egypt, acted in like manner. Thus it is almost impossible to appreciate the grand effect and beauty of the ruins of Luxor, which obliges the spectator to imagine much more than he really beholds.

On the left as you approach Karnak, the effect is neither so magnificent nor so striking. In short, all the ruins are hampered up and jumbled together amidst crude brick houses. The most superb is the enormous Pylon, with its colossal opening, or gate, having on each side two massive pyramids. Its façade and the size of the gate are about the same—namely, 200 feet and 60 feet out of the ground. The façades of the propylæa are

covered with admirable hieroglyphics and sculptures, most minutely representing numerous battle scenes: a camp with its tents and furnaces, an army in battle array with chariots and infantry, a battle, the repulse of the enemy with the vanquished in full flight, pursued by the charioteers, the troops fording the river, the slaughter of the enemy, the capture of a city, and then the submission of the vanquished, who have laid down their arms and are being led away prisoners.

Such are the subjects delineated on those enormous stone sculptures, which are upwards of fifty feet long. The whole of the hieroglyphics were deciphered by Champollion, junior, from which it is gathered that those tableaux celebrate the warlike exploits of Rameses the Second (surnamed the Great, the son of Osirei, the supposed Sesostris of the Greeks), who flourished in 1311 B.C. The vanquished nations represented thereon are the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, and those on the banks of the Indus; for it is certain that Sesostris the Great carried his arms to those distant countries which afford us an idea of the vast power of the ancient Egyptians. Those conquests must indeed have been remarkably glorious, for they are immortalised on several monuments, not only at Thebes on the opposite side of the river, but also in Nubia in the temples of Abou Simbel.

Before the pylon of Rameses the Great, there formerly stood two most magnificent Obelisks, one of which, as I have before mentioned, is at Paris, to which city it was presented by Mahomet Ali; but the other, which was given to the British, still remains in *statu quo*. The latter, which is the largest, is about 25 metres high, with a base of two metres; that in La Place de la Concorde is about $23\frac{1}{2}$ metres high, having a base of two metres. Those rose coloured granite obelisks which were brought from Silsileh or Assouan, and were erected by Sesostris the Great, in honour of Amunoph. It is also not improbable that the two red granite colossal sitting statues, each 40 feet high, on each side of the pylon, also represent that great monarch; but both of them, together with the monoliths, are half buried in the sand. They are much mutilated; nevertheless, upon the broken head may be seen those royal emblems—the pshent and collar.

The Grand Pacha, who possesses much of the daring character of his illustrious grandfather Ibrahim Pacha, insisted upon the Bin Bachi accompanying him to the summit; I became rather nervous, as I beheld him accomplish that exploit, for the stones kept slipping from his tiny feet.

The Bin Bachi informed me that the architecture of the axis of the pylon upon which they had

mounted, did not correspond with the noble colonnade of the Palace of Amunoph. Its parallelism is very defective, and reminded me of the faulty manner in which I had observed the Louvre and the Tuileries to be constructed. It is a singular fact, but one worthy of notice, that although those two edifices were built by *different* monarchs; nevertheless, they are equally defective in that one point.

We then minutely inspected all the *frescoes* that have been discovered in one of the deserted halls of the palace, which is roofless, and gives one the idea that one is standing in a structure which partly resembles a temple or a church, the date of which has not yet been satisfactorily determined. The walls which were originally ornamented with hieroglyphics, are now covered with a rough coating of plaster, on which are painted in *fresco* human figures as large as life. In a niche, ornamented with two badly executed Grecian columns, and which has the appearance of having been an altar, stand the figures of two handsome men, and on the right that of a female—all most admirably executed. Outside the niche, on the left, stands a Roman Consul or Emperor, and a little beyond on the side wall, a knight on horseback, most beautifully drawn. The figures on the right hand are not so distinctly

visible. One of them is painted in blue, wearing the ancient Egyptian costume. Who those pictures represent, at what period they were executed, I know not; but they are drawn with great spirit in Raphael's best style. Many conjecture that they were the handy work of the hermits of the Thebaid; if so, they do them great credit, for they are so admirably executed that they will vie in comparison with the most talented artists of the sixteenth century,

It is an enigma which has not yet been solved, but one which, perhaps, that learned Commission that is lionizing it in the Orient will elucidate. Thence we passed on through a sphinx avenue to Karnak. My pen is powerless to describe the intense interest which the sight of those wondrous structures produced upon us all. The works of Wilkinson and Champollion have already immortalized them. It took us about half an hour to reach them. The avenue, which was lined on both sides by about a hundred mutilated sphinxes, led us to a pylon of Ptolemy, Euergetes, and Queen Berenice (246 B. C.), which is 140 feet high. It is unfinished, and there lay scattered about the stones which were intended to complete it. Beyond it is another avenue of sphinxes, which leads to a pile of structures of the time of Remeses IV. (1189 B. C.), They stand in a square

enclosure, about 100 metres long and 85 wide. On the north and south sides stand numerous columns and galleries. One in particular, which forms part of an avenue which was originally composed of twenty-six similar ones, is in the centre of that large court, and is upwards of 70 feet high.

But all those wondrous works of art sink into comparative insignificance when compared with the old palace, which we soon reached, after having passed beneath another pylon, about 80 feet high, at the extremity of the avenue. That pylon led us into the grand hall, which is 318 feet long and 160 wide. The raised stone area, some of the slabs of which are 40 feet long, is sculptured and painted. It is supported by 138 columns—for the Mufti counted them—twelve of which are similar to the one which I have already described as standing in the centre, and are about 70 feet high and 13 feet in circumference. The other 126 which form the two sides of that peerless nave, are 45 feet high and 28 feet in circumference. They are ranged on each side in seven lines.

Both the Grand Pacha and myself felt quite astounded at their colossal proportions, in short, I was more amazed at their appearance than at the Pyramids. I am quite certain that there is no room or hall in the whole universe that can equal

the Grand Hall of Karnak. The whole is constructed of the same material as the Temple of Denderah, equally as thickly covered with hieroglyphics and paintings, and must evidently have been erected with the produce of the quarries of Silsileh. All these columns are as admirably placed as if the most skilful of modern architects had constructed them. Nevertheless, about five or six of are sunken in the sand, owing to the waters of the Nile during the great inundation having reached them. One of them, which has fallen against one of its neighbours, appears to have had its course arrested by the stone of the entablature which ornaments its summit, and does not seem to be more than 36 feet long. That stone has propped itself against the column which it has struck without breaking it, and supports it in an oblique position of 60 to 66 degrees. The one which it has dragged away with it, singular to add, although remaining in that position, has not one of its twenty ornaments disturbed, and thus, in that dangerous leaning posture, they remain as firm as if they were still standing perpendicular. If the ancient Egyptians had been known to have possessed *iron* in their country, certain it is that I should have thought that those columns were made of it, and then cased with

granite, such solidity of adhesion do they seem to possess. It was in that Grand Hall the people congregated on solemn occasions, and where perhaps also reviews of troops took place, like Effendina makes his army defile before him in the Grand Hall at Boolak, at the Bairam. Other pylons led us into new enclosures by means of other colonnades, passing several obelisks, one of which is 94 feet high, almost as lofty as that of St. Jean de Latran at Rome, which, if I remember right, is much higher. Unfortunately it has been moved, which has injured some of the edges in several places.

It always must be a most difficult thing to attempt to move those enormous and delicate masses without breaking them, for scattered about I observed some pieces of the largest obelisks which some careless men had broken in attempting to transport them away. Close by these obelisks stand the jumbled remains of the sanctuary, the lateral granite chambers, and a pile of other buildings whose formation I was unable to decipher, but of which Wilkinson, in his "Modern Egypt," and in "Murray's Handbook for Egypt" has given an elaborate description. One, however, I could distinguish as that of a temple, which appeared like a hut beside those colossal structures,

and which had evidently been converted into a Christian church in the early Christian ages, for there are still to be seen certain ornaments on the partition, and the area. There are heads surrounded with halo and glory, and if one is to judge from appearances, those additional decorations date as far back as the period when the religious frenzy of the Neophytes drove the Christians into the Thebaid Deserts, and to those palaces which they occupied for so many years. The ceiling is beautifully painted in blue, and studded with gold stars, the colours of which are as fresh as if they had only been recently done. Between the two partitions of the wall I saw a *group* of fine white marble statues, most exquisitely carved. They represented two headless women in a sitting posture, holding their hands out to each other. The style is half Greek and half Egyptian. It is a most curious object, and one which seems to have *entirely escaped* the notice of all the People of the Books, who have so admirably described the mighty wonders of El Musr, at which I am much surprised, for it is indeed a *gem*. The deep impression which the majestic structures of Karnak made upon the mind of the Grand Pacha and myself was of such a pleasing and wondrous nature that it will remain imprinted on our memories as long as memory endures.

I have since gazed for hours upon some of the finest executed drawings and most exact photographs that have ever been taken of these stupendous ruins; but I am constrained to confess that beautifully executed as those designs are, nevertheless they failed to awaken in me the same intense interest which I experienced when I threaded my way amidst those colossal monuments of the departed glory of Egypt.

There is a great deal in beholding things in their *real* dimensions, for it is utterly impossible to gaze with the same amount of wonder upon photographs which represent columns that are upwards of sixty-nine feet high on a scale of four centimètres.

The temples at Karnak belong to various dates; some were erected in the reign of Osirtasen (2020 B.C.), as also were the polygonal columns behind the sanctuary. Not a few are attributed to Thothmes the First (1472 B.C.), who also erected the chief obelisks.

The Grand Hall, in which the late Viceroy of Egypt Said Facha, held a splendid tournament, before whom a gathering of numerous Arab tribes took place, and whose wonderful feats of horsemanship and *djerid* exercise still lives in the memory of the Arab populations of Cairo, Alexandria, and the inhabitants of the principal provincial towns of Egypt,

for they rushed in crowds to witness that gorgeous and most interesting pageant—dates from Osirei (Siri, Sethi), 1322 B.C., the father of Sesostriis. The Sphinx Avenue was constructed by Sesostriis (Remeses the Second, surnamed The Great). Some of the sculptures are of the date of Shéshonk the First, 990 B.C., the Sishak of the Scriptures, who captured Jerusalem in 971 B.C., and according to Champollion, the name of Ionda Malek, King of Judea, figures on one of the stones. The columns that support the Court, among which stands that isolated, one 70 feet high, ornamented with the cartouches of Tirhaka (Tehrak, Tarcus) the Ethiopian Usurper, who flourished in 690 B.C., and Psammétichus the First (664 B.C.), and the handy works of the Ptolemys to which I have already alluded.

Thebes began to rise to importance about the same time as the Great Pyramid was commenced, and continued so to do until the invasion of the Persians under Cambyses (525 B.C.) That invasion proved most disastrous to the capital of the Pharoahs; but yet its decline was but of short duration, for the Grecian kings continued to embellish the city, whose ruins we had been examining. But the three years' siege which it so heroically sustained from Soter the Second, or Lathyrus (116 B.C.), produced its downfall, for

that merciless conqueror took a most awful revenge by overthrowing its monuments, and dispersing its population. In the time of Strabo, about a hundred years later, it consisted of a mass of scattered villages, widely separated from each other, and which gradually vanished away. Upon the walls of those ruined temples, and upon its pylons are represented, as also at Luxor, the conquests and triumphs of the two Pharaohs (Osirei the First and Sesostris), who rendered themselves so illustrious as warriors. It would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to recapitulate the particulars of those bas-reliefs on which are sculptured the principal exploits of those illustrious Princes; they are to be found in that world-renowned work of Wilkinson's, wherein that learned writer has most graphically described the extraordinary perseverance with which Sesostris and his warlike father Osirei combatted against the powerful Asiatic nations of their time. Now all that remain are the market town of El Kosóor (Luksor, Luxor), a few miserable houses and huts at Gournah and Medéenet: Háboo.

Sic transit gloria Mundi! Ajaib! Ajaib!
Wonderful are the decrees of Allah!

Here we remained three days, for our tented palace had been most pleasantly pitched—it,

took us two days to inspect the "*lions*," and on the third we rested, for the Grand Pacha found himself very much fatigued.

Rising at break of day, we partook of *cahveh* and some biscuits, for I made it an invariable rule when travelling, never to allow the Prince to leave his *orla* without partaking of that refreshment; then as soon as the horses were brought to the tent hangings, we mounted, and cantered away along the left bank of the Nile to Old Koorneh (Gournah), which we traversed very hurriedly, not wishing to make this inspection of the several temples too fatiguing for the Prince, who would soon have cried out that I was making his Tour "a toil of a pleasure."

Among the objects that particularly attracted His Highness's attention was a magnificent portico supported by eight columns, the superb ruins of the Memnonium, the splendid small Kasr-e'-Rubuyk (palace), with its pylons, hall, dromos, mutilated sphinxes, but scarcely discernible amidst the ruined Arab huts by which they are surrounded. It was the *private* palace of Sesostris the Great, and notwithstanding the ruinous state in which its remains are, it appears to be one of the *finest* specimens of Egyptian architecture of that architectural age. There we beheld more than a score of columns, the areas and *débris* of three or four

immense halls, and the use to which each was appropriated according to the information given on the hieroglyphics, being most remarkable, are particularly worthy of notice. One was a corn measuring office, for taxes in those days were paid in kind; another the Council Chamber; then, most singular to add, the Library; the hall of the deity Thôth, of whom Pluto makes mention in Phædra, and to whom Socrates attributes such wise sayings; the inventor of letters, and another to the goddess Saf, the mother of letters, and the president of the library. But Champollion and Wilkinson affirm that that room is called the celebrated tomb of Osymandias, of which Diodorus of Sicily, the contemporary of "The Father of History," has given us a description; according to the statement of Hecatous, of Miletus, that opinion is confirmed by what is seen there, and when two such learned men are agreed upon that point, it is most likely correct. And yet it is not clearly explained who was Osymandyas, nor whether the tomb ought not rather to be looked for at Bibân-el-Molouk, than at Gournah. If that *was* a library, upon which point many writers are divided, that celebrated "*Remedy for the Mind*" redounds more to Sesostri's honour than all his mighty exploits. Is it not singular that a library actually existed at that period? Books

at that time! Why Greece did not attempt to establish such a thing until a thousand years later, so that, if that was the case, the Ptolemys of Alexandria were but the imitators of the Pharaohs. I am inclined to think that we do not yet know all the wonders that existed in Egypt in ancient times. The lateral hall is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the temple.

The colossal sitting red Syene, or Asonan, granite statue of Remeses the II., is now only thirteen feet high, although it was formerly thirty-five feet, and as the throne upon which it stood was thirty-three feet, the monument itself must originally been upwards of seventy feet high. It is, according to Wilkinson, the most stupendous work of Egyptian art extant, and must have weighed about two millions of pounds avoirdupois. The Persians, under Cambyzes, appear to have been its destroyers. But how they managed to effect its destruction is a question not easily solved. By what mechanical power it was erected is also a matter that has never yet been satisfactorily cleared up. Its colossal fragments lie scattered round the pedestal, and its throne is shivered to pieces. How was that accomplished? Could it be by means of gunpowder, or some more powerful detonating agency? We are at a loss to conjecture.

At a few steps from that colossal statue we saw some Arab children playing about in the sand. They looked like Gulliver's Lilliputians, or, I should rather say, like the infant offspring of the Azetics, who have of late years been exhibited in London.

Then we passed several other sandstone buildings, almost buried in the ground, the two broken statues of Amunoph the III., 1403 to 1367, B.C., the ruins of the Temple of Korn-el-Heltán, granite statues of the asp-headed goddess, a long dromos, &c. Then, leaving Gournah, we proceeded to the two Colissi along a scorching plain which, during the inundation of the Nile, is completely inundated. The first one that we approached, for we advanced from the north, was the celebrated statue, called the Vocal Memnon. I ascended the pedestal inspected the Greek inscriptions which the erudite Letronne, who, although he had never visited Egypt, deciphered from the copies so accurately taken of them by Mr. Salt, when British Consul General in Egypt. Those inscriptions on the pedestal and limbs number no less than seventy-two. Some are in Greek, others in Latin; many with dates, and not a few without. The first bears date 64 A.D., in the tenth year of Nero; the last is about one hundred and thirty years later, in the

reign of Septimius Severus, 194 A.D., who restored the statue. Whole families were wont, in olden times, to make excursions to hear the statue speak. They generally started at break of day, for it was supposed that the propitious sounds were uttered soon after sunrise. Sometimes the mother and daughter tried their hands; at others, only the husband and wife, and not unfrequently the whole family together. These miracle-seekers were, however, much more numerous at later periods, and not unfrequently composed of the officers and privates belonging to the Egyptian troops stationed in Upper Egypt. I have heard a venerable octogenarian officer declare that he was present when the statue spoke no less than a dozen times. Almost all the names of the Prefets of the Province of Egypt are to be found inscribed thereon. There also figure those of the learned men who belonged to the Alexandrian Museum. The most recent name is that of Ulpianus, Prefet of Egypt in the third year of the reign of Septimius Severus, in the month of February, 194 A.D.

The most illustrious is that of the Emperor Hadrian, or Adrian, whose name is thereon inscribed in Greek characters, and who in the year 130, A.D., passed a month in Upper Egypt, accompanied by his amiable consort, Sabine, whose name is also

sculptured thereon in Latin characters. Those august personages were attended by a poetess named Balbilla, who visited the Vocal Statue twice, first in company with the Emperor, and lastly with his consort, in order that she might commemorate that extraordinary circumstance in Greek, which verses are inscribed thereon, and of which I have ventured to offer the following translation, which has no other merit than that of expressing their meaning in a *literal* sense :—

True it is the wonderful Memnon spoke,
Just as Aurora from her dream awoke.
Then, as Adrian did to it advance,
The huge Colossus, awaking from its trance,
Pronounced distinctly the word *Salamit* (good-day),
As we beheld bright Phœbus, hastening away,
Behind a pile of dark black clouds.
Around that statue were gathered in crowds
Courtiers, to hear sounds emit from that stone,
Which *Salamit* it thrice repeated in an awful tone.
Then Adrian to it his *temena* made thrice,
While Babilla celebrated the hearing of that voice
In these verses, which commemorate the event,
How the gods to favoured Adrian their greeting sent.

On the first occasion it appears that the statue did not treat the Empress with the respect due to her exalted station, for not a syllable did it address to her. On her second visit, however, she appears to have been honoured with a few words, which the following inscription records, as having been

versified in Latin by Babilla, and which I thus translate :—

“ But once again, when visiting it almost alone,
Of Memnon's voice, I heard the deep brazen tone,
As I stood by that Princess whom all hearts adored.
For Aurora had on earth her bright rays lowered.
The wise and good rule of Adrian was in its fifteenth year,
Attir the month, twenty-fifth the day as recorded here.”

The third inscription is so defaced that it is only partially legible. These verses of Babilla are but very meagre. Perhaps the best are the following, composed by Asclepiodite, who styles himself a poet, and whom it is conjectured belonged to the museum :—

“ Thetis, behold Memnon, who, warmed by Aurora's rays,
Speaks out so boldly in these glorious days,
There he stands, far from the Nile's bank,
Whose waters Thebes' hundred gates have sank ;
While buried in a mound on the Thessalian shore
Lies thy Achilles, whose voice is heard no more.”

The style is anything but good, but generally speaking the Latin inscriptions are by no means as racy as those of the Greeks. Babilla is not the only woman who has composed verses on the Vocal Statue, for several have sang its praise, but more particularly Trébullia. Both those Roman poetesses appear to have written much better in Greek than in their own vernacular. Even in this nineteenth century we should regard any English authoress who might compose French verses as a “ blue stocking.”

Critics in olden times were far more charitable than they are nowadays, and the renown which Sappho obtained allowed the women of the ancients to compose verses without the fear of having "*slashing*" articles fulminated against them. Besides, several Roman authors have written most excellent Greek verses, which is not to be wondered at when we bear in mind that the Greek language was among the ancients what the French is among the moderns.

Strabo was the first ancient writer who made mention of the Vocal Statue, which he appears to have heard speak when in attendance on Cælius Gallus, the Roman Governor of Egypt. He was not, however, a dupe to that deception, and expressed his doubts by saying that "he could not understand whether the vocal sounds came forth from the pedestal, from the statue, or from the mouths of the crowd that had gathered close to its base;" *neither* did he call the colossal by the name of Memnon.

About a century after his visit, Juvenal, who it is said died in exile at Syene in Upper Egypt, as well as Pliny, makes mention of it. Pausanias, towards the close of the second century, called it Phanenoph (Amunothph). Thus it seems that the Greek was correct, for according to the hieroglyphics inscribed upon the back thereon, is the

name Aménophis, or Aménothph (Amunothph), who flourished from 1403 to 1367 B. C., as deciphered by Champollion, which agrees with Pausanias's statement, that the Thebans deny this to be the statue of Memnon, but consider it as that of their countryman Phameoph.

In Strabo's time that colossus had become so much impaired that it was obliged to be restored, and it is probable that it was at that time that its miraculous powers were *first* brought into requisition. A square slit is now to be seen in the back of it; but whether such is a cut or is the effect of accident is unknown; but when Wilkinson tells us in "Murray's Hand-book to Egypt" that he made some of the Arabs strike the block with a hammer, when he heard a sound like that when a bell is struck with a stone, and upon asking the Arabs what they heard, their answer was—

"*Ente betidrob e'nahás*" (You are striking brass).

M. de Lesseps tried the same experiment, and with the same effect, to gratify his friend and able coadjutor in the Suez Canal affair, M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire. But even that does not give a satisfactory explanation of its vocal powers.

The erudite Letronne has left us the following, which appears to be *la vrai-verité* :—

"This Colossus, which is of granite like the neighbouring one, was in the year 27 A. D., broken in twain near the stomach by the shock of an earthquake, which appears to be the actual period at which the vocal sounds were *first* heard. The nature of the stone gap, which was composed of various materials, united together by a very hard cement, was such that, owing to its exposure to sudden changes of temperature, it caused the cracking of the interior warpings to emit forth sounds like sulphur when it comes in contact with a heated hand. Those sudden changes invariably took place when the rays of the sun fell upon it, after the heavy dews of night had saturated, as it were, its surface. A similar phenomenon has happened many a time and oft, not only to Egyptian stones, but to those of other countries. Here, however, that natural consequence occurred to this statue, and the superstitious peasants, taking advantage of it, turned it to account, hence the origin of the Memnon Legend, and its name of Memnónium, which is a corruption of the Egyptian word *maunoun* (tomb). A considerable period appears to have passed away before the strange power which the statue was thought to possess became generally known."

At a later period, when Septimus Severus, no doubt more through superstition—which then

appears to have struck the land as with a comet—than out of honour for Memnon, caused it to be repaired with five enormous blocks of free stone, which still remain, when, lo and behold, its miraculous powers ceased. Those blocks, by stopping the vibration, put an end to the statue's tricks, for it became speechless. Septimus Severus' piety was sadly out of place. He calculated upon restoring the statue to its former greatness, but by his handiwork he stripped it of its wide-spread renown. But credulous as the ancients may have been, it was of a simple and veridical nature. It is quite certain that for upwards of two centuries the statue performed its tricks, and equally, so that it was not the voice of Memnon, the son of Aurora, that was heard to issue therefrom. That sounds were emitted forth from it there is not a shadow of doubt, but the explanation given of them is most absurd. This is not a solitary instance of sounds being thought to be produced in a miraculous manner, for a hundred more extraordinary ones than that in question might be related. Those two colossi which still command the plain, as they did four thousand years ago, and which even Cambyzes in his fury respected, seem not always to have stood alone.

Wilkinson is of opinion that they were originally placed at the entrance of that right royal street

which led from the Palace down to the bank of the Nile opposite to Luxor, for the *débris* of upwards of eighteen or twenty similar colossal statues there lie scattered about in all directions.

The ruins of the city of Thebes stand about on both sides of the river, so that it is but natural to conjecture that all those masses at one time formed an immense city.

Champollion thinks that the Palace of Memnonium must have been equally as large as that of Karnak, and when looking at the immensity of those ruins, we are inclined to endorse that opinion.

It seems that Amunoph Third, who flourished from 1403 to 1367, many years before either Osirei or Sesostris had waged war with the Asiatic nations, and the hieroglyphics that have been deciphered on those mutilated colossi clearly show that they represented the monarchs vanquished by the Pharaohs. The secondary statues are only 20 feet high, while those of the vanquished are triple that height.

Then we passed on to Medéénet Háboo, where we beheld piles of temples and palaces of various epochs and styles of architecture, from the time of Moses to that of the Roman Emperors, Christians and Arabs; in short, we there found complete models of monumental Egypt. Before-

us stood a temple of that most splendid period the Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, an enormous palace erected at the time of the conquests, a structure of the period of the first decline of Egypt under the Ethiopian Invasion, a small temple constructed by one of the princes who had thrown off the Persian yoke, a propyla of the time of the Greek dynasty, others of the Roman epoch, the ruins of a Christian church, and a heap of Arab huts, which filthy tenements not only hide many of those interesting relics, but disgrace them.

Wilkinson and Champollion have in their valuable works most minutely described them; and I can assure my readers that the Grand Pacha, myself, the Mufti, and the Bin-Bachi were equally amazed and delighted with them.

The first open court that we visited, stands before the small temple, and is about 120 feet long by 80 feet. It belongs to the time of the Emperor Antoninus, and appears to have been built with the stones carried away from Sesostris Palace at Gournah (Koórneh). The second court, which is considerably smaller, is of the time of Nectanebo, the thirtieth dynasty, and to Thrak, the Ethiopian Usurper (690 B.C.), whose legends are sculptured about in every direction. Those two courts, with the pylons, propyla, and

chapels, which are close to them, belong to an immense structure, the sanctuary of which is surrounded by galleries, pillars, columns, and eight enormous halls. They date from Thothmes First (1478) to Thothmes Third (1463), who was the Mœris of the Greeks, and a most consummate architect. It is literally covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics in the finest style.

Wilkinson attributes it to the sixteenth century B.C., but Champollion fixes it at the eighteenth century. The sculptures represent the battle scenes or exploits of a Pharaoh but little known, and are very similar to those seen at Luxor, Karnak, and on the Remeseum, which immortalise the exploits of Osirei First (1322 B.C.), and Sesotris the Great (1311 B.C.)

We passed a *dromos*, or kind of avenue, about 260 feet long, lined with pyramidal towers and pylons, which led us into a large court about 105 feet by 130 feet. The columns right and left are formed in the most pure and elegant Egyptian style. Then comes another larger court, about 120 feet by 130 feet. Each of the columns of the inside peristyle are about 25 feet high, surmounted with most beautiful capitals, and having a circumference of eight to nine feet. That superb court is encumbered in its centre by a meagre column of the Christian era

whose slender shape has a most beggarly appearance by the side of those massive columns. Both the exterior and interior are covered with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs, that commemorate the most interesting events of the reign of Remeses Third (Miamun), 1219 B.C., chiefly consisting of his victories over the Africans and Asiatics, which are clearproofs of his adoration for Ammon, to whom he dedicated the temple; but for minute details, I must beg to refer my readers to the elaborate accounts given by Wilkinson, L'Hôte, Letronne, and Champollion.

The whole neighbourhood abounds in various ruins, the inspection of which afforded us the greatest interest and delight.

The objects that attracted our special attention were three small temples, dedicated to Thôth and to Isis, about the time of the Ptolemys (51 B.C.), and the Roman Emperors (30 B.C.). There also are seen the tombs of Queens and Pallacides, a Greek word, but which is untranslatable, although borrowed from Strabo and Diodorus; the temples of Dayr-el-Médinéh and Deyr-el-Bahree, in which there are some beautiful brick arches upwards of three thousand years old; a fortified camp formerly inhabited by the garrison of Thebes in the time of the Pharaohs. All about the plain stand scattered

various tombs, as also in the mountains, but especially at Assaseef, 'the lion' of which is the tomb of Petamunap the priest, a great personage, most accurately described by Wilkinson, which has an area of no less than twenty-two thousand square feet.

We also visited the tombs of Kournet (Goor-nat), Murraee, the ruins beyond the hill of Shekh Abd-el-Koorneh, where there are upwards of forty tombs equally as interesting as those we afterwards saw at Bibán-el-Molook (Gate of the Kings), to which place we proceeded from Gournah, *via* a desolate, arid, wild, desert-looking valley, which we traversed beneath the sun's burning rays. It might not inappropriately be termed "*The Valley of the Silent.*" It was completely covered with stones and sand; not a blade of grass or herbage of any kind, nor a bird or living soul did we meet—one of the most appropriate spots that could possibly have been selected for the erection of sepulchral monuments. Strabo and Diodorus make mention of its tombs, and Champollion has deciphered that they belong to monarchs of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth Theban dynasties, that is, commencing with those who flourished in 1520, B.C., and ending with those who died in 1135, B.C. The Grand Pacha inspected the finest one, viz.,

that of Osirei, the father of Sesostris. It was discovered by that enterprising traveller, Belzoni, by whose name it is generally designated. It stands about half-way up the hill, and is entered by a steep, rude staircase, about twenty-eight feet in perpendicular depth, which brings us to a passage; then passing through a door, we reach another similar staircase, beyond which we come to two doors and a long passage, which leads us into a square chamber which Belzoni, first thought was the tomb, having found it closed on all sides. It afterwards proved to be only a pit, although the manner in which it is constructed would have deceived the most erudite antiquarian. Tapping the wall, Belzoni found it to be hollow, then he discovered a small aperture, and using part of a palm-tree as a ram, he forced the intermediate barrier, and soon afterwards found his way into the *real* tomb.

The first chamber which we entered was about twenty-four feet square, and is supported by four stone pillars, covered with beautiful hieroglyphics and emblematical paintings, the colouring of which is as fresh as if it had just been finished. Thence we passed into a similar sized chamber, supported by two pillars; then along two corridors into a smaller room, about fifteen feet square, opening into a larger one, about thirty

feet. On each side are small chambers, after which we entered a vaulted saloon, twenty feet by twenty.

The sarcophagus of Pharaoh formerly stood in the centre of the large saloon, on the summit of an inclined plane, to which it had in all probability slipped. It is now to be seen in Sir John Soane's most valuable and unique museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. The staircases on both sides lead into the heart of the rock for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. That last passage was when Belzoni discovered the tomb, concealed from view by a wall of masonry. In one of the corners of the hall is a door leading into an immense chamber, where there are niches, and about four feet high from the ground is a kind of stone bench all around, which must have been intended for the reception of mummies. All that Belzoni discovered about fifty-two years ago remains *in statu quo*. The catacomb into which we descended is about three hundred and fifteen feet long, without including the inclined descent below the sarcophagus, and its perpendicular depth about one hundred and seventy-five feet.

As I contemplated all these vast corridors, chambers, saloons, niches, and excavated pillars, without the least break; the beautiful painted hiero-

glyphics, for none are sculptured, the colours of which are as fresh as if they had only just been executed, and whose shades are as varied and brilliant as the colours of the rainbow, and the mythological and half historical subjects on them, all immortalizing the exploits of only *one* of the Pharaohs, I could not help fancying that I had been transported, by the aid of the genii of Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, into a splendid palace, buried as it were amidst the mountains.

On our return to Cairo, some time afterwards, I obtained copies of the drawings which M. Champollion, jun., has made of them, and I found them most accurate and admirably executed. The fine calcareous mountain, into whose centre we had thus penetrated, was of a friable nature, and had supplied the workmen of that superb catacomb with their material. So that one may say with the poet—

“ Materiam superabuit opus !”

Quitting that tomb, we passed on to that of Remeses III. (Miamun), which is not so large—the whole length being only four hundred and five feet, and the depth thirty-one. On the walls of the small chambers on the right and left of the central passages are painted representations of the arts and occupations of the

Egyptians. There we see the entire household arrangements of the ancients—the killing, cutting up, and cooking of the meat; the making of bread; the preparation of soup, and dressing vegetables. Then the manner in which the boats were fitted up and sailed; the armourer busy making all kinds of warlike weapons; the upholsterer, the potter, the cabinet maker, the agricultural implement manufacturer, industriously engaged in their respective occupations; representations of the ornithology, botany, and musical instruments, &c., of ancient Egypt, which paintings are most unquestionably analogous to the occupations of the defuncts whose ashes reposed there. These tombs number no less than twenty-one. They appear to have been opened in the time of that merciless destroyer of Thebes, Ptolemy Lathyras (116 B.C.). Strabo states their number to be forty; Diodorus counted forty-seven but our modern travellers reckon only thirty in all. There are twenty which are more or less complete, admirably constructed, and of great depth.

It is well known that each Pharaoh, on his succession to the throne, began to build one, and that the excavation and paintings were carried on with vigour during each prince's life-time of which accounts for some being larger and deeper

than others. In many the designs of the paintings are only traced. There may be seen the first coating of dark paint—the errors in which designs have been corrected by the master in red. But in many instances the works have remained unfinished, for the king went “to certainty,” and then the workmen were discharged, because no monarch ever decreed that his successor should finish the handy work which he had commenced, but especially that of his sepulchre. The Viceroy of Egypt as I shall show in my “*Memoirs of the Courts of Egypt*,” seem to follow the building mania of the Pharaohs, for instance H. H. Ismael Pacha has just finished restoring the palaces at Abbasiah, Ghezire (Ghesireh) and Boolak. The first was commenced by Abbas Pacha, the second by the Memlook Beys and the last by his uncle Ismaël Pacha that unfortunate prince who was burnt alive by the *Nenimir* (Tiger), King of Shendy—whose country Mahomet Ali had sent him to invade with a powerful army—because that Prince so far forgot himself as to strike that warlike ruler of Habeesh with his pipe stick, but they not unfrequently appropriate to themselves the structures that their predecessor has began and purchased; for instance His Highness Ismael Pacha did not hesitate to take possession of that beautiful palace which Said

Pacha had at the time of his death nearly finished on the road to Mesch, not far from Alexandria—most assuredly he did not waste his paras in finishing that superb building, nevertheless he has made good use of the land as well as the *marqueterie* flooring and the splendid modern "*mushrebeehs*," which cost upwards of £1,200, wherewith to ornament the palace of Boolak.

It must also be borne in mind that in the days of the Pharaohs their possession of the throne was so unstable that they dare not trust anything to the chance of futurity, hence they adopted the wisest plan of looking to everything themselves, while they were able so to do. Well would it be if his Highness Ismael Pacha were to follow their example, and maintain an active personal surveillance over not only his ministers, but all about him, for then he would be a great gainer in the end, and his paras would not be frittered away quite so much as they have been, for in 1868 his bills were protested and H.H. was on the verge of bankruptcy. But there are some tombs which prove that many a King's successor has so far honoured the memory of his predecessor as to have completed the handywork which he had begun before he departed "*to instant beatitude*." Some appear to have limited their pious intentions to the changing of ornaments

or inscriptions, others have coated certain parts with stucco and altered others. The tombs of Bibán-el-Moolouk appeared to us equally as wonderful as the Pyramids or the ruins of Karnak. Some of them, like Cheop's Pyramid, actually took thirty years to construct, for instance, that of Osirei I. The manner in which that mausoleum is executed shows the consummate skill of the artizans, evidently great proficient in their work. It is wonderful how that host of men could have remained underground for so long working by some kind of powerful light, perhaps that of petroleum, which enabled them to continue their long and arduous labours so steadily and satisfactorily.

Some of the walls are covered with Latin and Greek inscriptions of the ancient sight-seers, whose curiosity appears to have been quite as much excited by the reports of those wondrous tombs as that of modern travellers. I regret that want of space precludes the possibility of my enumerating them, suffice it to say that they are generally very terse, and most frequently nominal. Those '*savans*,' Hamilton, Champollion the younger, Salt, and Wilkinson, have copied upwards of a hundred of them. They extend from the reign of Trajan to that of Constantine. Nearly all appear to have been traced by military men; one, however, is by a Christian, and all

convey the great admiration and astonishment which they experienced when inspecting these wondrous works of the ancient Egyptians.

After having spent upwards of five days in exploring the wonders of Thebes, we returned on board the "Taka," where we remained a couple of days in order to enable the Grand Pacha to recover from his fatigue, during which time his Highness not unfrequently amused himself by relating to the Princesses an account of the objects which had attracted his special notice. I was particularly amused one evening at hearing him give his Nina

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SCULPTURES

That we had seen in the Pavilion of Remeses II., 1311, B.C., at Medénet Háboo. He described those seen on the walls of that monarch's haram—private apartments, because he is there represented as being attended by the whole of his women. There the odalisques are presenting him with bouquets, whisking the flies and mosquitoes off his person by means of elegant fans. On one an 'ikbal' is depicted as being made happy by her lord's assiduous attention, and on another a favourite is amusing him by playing at draughts, and while all are standing, the king is doubled up in the corner of a divan,

propped up with soft cushions, with the draught board resting on one before him—after the manner in which his Highness Ismaël Pacha delights to while away his leisure hours in his “abode of bliss,” away from the cares of state, as I have so often seen him—but seated in an elegant arm chair similar to those which the cabinet makers on the sculptures are represented as fashioning in what Wilkinson calls the Harper’s Tomb at Bibán-el-Molook, and, as he states, the Queen is absent, for her oval is blank. After the Prince had finished his recital, the Princess Epouse exclaimed,

“*Ajaib! Ajaib! Machallah! Cocóna*, why, even your alla Franca custom of on sitting chairs is borrowed from the ancient Egyptians.”

“*Evet*—yes—your Highness,” was my response.

When the Grand Pacha had sufficiently recovered from his fatigue, the yacht weighed anchor and steamed away up the Nile, for the First Cataract; soon we came in sight of the ruins of the ancient Hermonthis, now called Erment.

Landing at the small ‘*scale*,’ we mounted the mules which the Cheikh-el-Beled had sent for our accommodation, and which he had accompanied in order to pay his respects to the Prince.

Then we proceeded to inspect the ruins of the large temple, close by which stands the Mammeisi (Lying-in-House), which was constructed by order of Cleopatra. The objects that attracted our attention were the exterior court with its double row of columns, the sculptures of several acts of that majestic queen and her son Neocæsar, the sacred Bull of Hermonthis, the Camel-leopard and Typhonian figures, all indifferently executed, the hewn stone reservoir, the ruins of the Christian church, &c. Thence we passed on to Gerf Salhan, Rôda, and Galda, where we saw a tablet supported by two colossal figures, with an inscription thereon.

Returning to the "Taka," she passed Tuot (Thouôt) with its lofty minarets peering forth from a dense pile of huts, amidst which stands a ruined Mammeisi, the rooms of which are tenanted by Arabs, and on the opposite bank Gebelayn (the ancient Crocodilopolis), which stands on a hill then Tofnéés (supposed to be the ancient Aphroditopolis), at which we landed, as the Mufti was anxious that the Prince should visit the small temple of E'Dayr (the Convent), but on arriving at that place we had the mortification to find only a few ruins, for the principal part of them had been demolished, and the materials carried away.

The Grand Pacha was quite annoyed at what he termed the Mufti's hoax, or rather stupidity, for that learned individual had been vaunting to his Highness that E'Dayr was *pék guzel* (very pretty), but the Prince found the *débris* "ugly and bad."

On our return the "Taka" steamed away to Esné (Esné, Esna, Sne, the ancient Latopolis), where we landed, and mounting the horses which the Bin-Bachi had procured from the Chiekh-el-Beled we proceeded to visit the temple which Mahomet Ali in 1842, when he visited that place, had cleared of the mounds of filth that had accumulated over it.

The chief objects of attraction are its beautiful architecture, the portico, with its sculptures, dedications, the zodiac on the ceiling like that of Dendera, the pilasters, hieroglyphics, extensive mounds, stone quay, &c. Thence we proceeded to visit the very ancient Convent of Ammonius. The town was crowded with caravans that had just arrived from Darfour, whose numerous travellers were a most motley group. One was on the point of starting on its return journey, and the Mufti, having learned that a temple was to be seen at a place called Doosh, on their line of route, he asked the Prince to undertake that journey.

"*Taib !*" exclaimed his Highness.

The order was given, and away we went, accompanied by the whole of our tent baggage. It was a most interesting three days' journey. The country along which we passed was similar to that which we had traversed when proceeding from Farshoot to the Greater Oasis.

At the beginning of the third day we reached Bayrées, where we rested several hours, and ten miles beyond brought us to Doosh. There we visited the Cheikh-el-Beled, who accompanied the Prince to inspect the temple, and pointed out to us the stone gateway, on the lintel of which is an elaborate inscription, bearing date the 19th year of the Emperor Trajan, to whom it is dedicated; but the temple is dedicated to Sarapis and Isis.

The caravan which had accompanied us proceeded on its route to Maks, and thence to Selimeh, where it was going to halt for some days.

On our return to Esné, and while the "Taka" was getting up her steam, for the Prince had not been expected back so soon, we crossed over to the village of El Helleh (the Contra Laton of the ancients), on the opposite bank, where we visited the ruins of a temple, the most interesting objects therein being the portico and chambers.

There we met a host of Ababdeh Arabs, who

had arrived with large quantities of *hamr* (talcoose stone), which was being carried down to the bank of the river, there to be shipped into boats and conveyed to the Biram (earthenware cooking pots) manufactories, where it is pounded, mixed with brick dust, and then formed into those vessels, which are baked in a kiln.

The signal for departure was flying at the yacht's topmast, so hastening on board we steamed up the Nile. Soon some large mounds came in sight, which the Mufti told us were those of a large town, close by which stands the village of Kom Ayr. Then we passed El Kenan, with its antique-looking hewn stone quay and sand stone region, and soon after we caught sight of the ruined pyramid of El Koola, with its thirty tiers, which stands a short distance from the river, and is perhaps not more than thirty feet high, with a base of fifty feet square. A little further up the Nile stands El Korn-el-Ahmar (the red mound), and beyond it a double walled Egyptian brick fortress and other mounds. In the hills are some rock tombs which the Mufti said are studded with hieroglyphics.

After passing the isolated rock El Mahaméd, on the southern side of which a few rude triglyphs are sculptured, we soon reached the town of El Kab (the ancient Eileithyias).

The Cheikh-El-Beled, who was a very intelligent individual, came off to pay his respects to the Prince, who, at that official's suggestion, went on shore. After having partaken of some refreshments at the Mayor's, he took us—for the Mufti had been attacked with violent pains in the head, and could not venture on shore—to inspect the ruins of the temples, which do not appear to have been very large structures. They lie at a short distance from the mounds of the ancient town. The principal objects worthy of notice are the courts, columns, chambers, grottoes, but especially the large one, all in an excellent state of preservation, which contain some very interesting, although badly executed, coloured drawings of the various implements of husbandry in use among the ancient Egyptians; we also inspected the stone quay near the river and the tombs beyond.

The Prince was so highly pleased with the attention of the Cheikh that he ordered the Bin-Bachi to present him with a purse of thirty napoleons. Hurrying on board the yacht, she steamed away to the large town of Edfoo (the Coptic Phbôon, and the Appollinopolis Magna of the ancients).

Landing at the '*scale*,' we proceeded, accompanied by the Mufti, who had recovered from his indisposition, to visit the large temple. Un-

fortunately, it is so much encumbered with modern buildings that the Prince was obliged to order the Cheikh-el-Beled to send a number of Arabs with lighted torches to enable us to find our way into the interior, for we had to pass through a very small opening. It is a noble building, and if it only stood alone, far, far away from the unsightly modern habitations, its appearance would look something exceedingly grand and imposing.

The objects which most attracted the Grand Pacha's attention were the façade of the temple, the abacus of the columns, the towers of the propylon, the figure of Berenice, and the small temple, with its chambers and peristyle of pillars.

Thence we proceeded to the Lake, on the margin of which thousands of wild fowl were sporting about. Here we again met a number of Ababdeh Arabs, who made their "temenas" to the Prince, who ordered them buksheesh. They were going to Redesééh, a large village on the east bank, which we soon passed. Shortly after we embarked, the "Taka" went at half speed, for the mountains approach very near to the river. The east bank now becomes dotted with *sakkias* (water-wheels), protected by large awnings, and soon looms forth the round-towered, dilapidated

town of Boosyb, once a formidable stronghold. On the west bank rise the hills Gebel, Aboe, Ghabah; then we pass Silineh, and opposite, Shut-é-Rújel, then the quarries of Heshan. Here the Nile becomes very narrow; soon we came to anchor off Hagar Silsileh (Silsilis Gebel Silsileh—*Stony Range*). There we landed and proceeded with the Mufti, Bin-Baohi, and a numerous escort to the eastern bank, where we examined the long sandstone quarries that furnished all the materials with which Thebes and its beautiful temples were built.

It is on this side that the ancient city of Silsilis is supposed to have stood; but the only relics now remaining are the substructions of the temple. Crossing over to the west bank, we entered a grotto to the north, the chief objects of attraction in which are the corridor, pillars, sculptured hieroglyphical tablets, all beautifully painted. Then we passed into some smaller ones, or the tombs, containing several sculptures. Beyond are some tablets, and elegant open chapels, whose columns, with their exotic ornamented capitals, are exceedingly beautiful, and the sculptures are by no means of inferior workmanship. The god Nilus was much honoured at this place, where the first cataract in days of yore dashed its spray over the rocks, before the fall of those stupendous

masses transferred it as, Wilkinson has recorded, to Asouan.

Champollion appears to ignore that fact, for he states that "the Nile makes its second *début* into El Musr at this place, after having forced its way through the granite rocks at Syene." The *reis* (captain) of the "Taka," who joined us here, pointed out to us Farés, where he said the Arabs had discovered several burnt clay coffins, bound together with cords.

Returning on board the "Taka," she pursued her way at half-speed, as the river bends considerably to the east. Small towers stand on the heights, and quarries are dotted about. On the west bank, opposite to Manéeha, stands a huge mass of alluvial deposit. Then we passed a large bed of Egyptian fossils, and as we neared the sand banks and the Island of Mansooréeh, I drew the Prince's attention to the huge crocodiles that were lying on the banks, and who resembled the trunks of small fallen trees. Soon we reached Kom Ombo (the Copts' Mbô, and the Imbos of the Ancients). Here we landed, and, attended by the Mufti and Bin-Bachi, proceeded to visit the ruins of the temple. The principal objects worthy of notice are the few hieroglyphics, the sculptures of the arches of the portice, the double entrance, the

exterior of the portico, with its two winged globes, and the small chambers in front of the naos. Then we passed on to the platform, where another ruin rises, considerably above the river, the stone gateway of which is remarkably curious and interesting; and to the east stand the extensive mounds and ruins of the old houses, amidst which are scattered large rounded porphyry stones. The ancient inhabitants of this place were always at war with the Tentyrites about the crocodiles, which they disliked but which the latter venerated.

Returning to the yacht, she steamed away past Derów, the head quarters the Ababdeh Arabs. Then we passed the village of El Khattára; afterwards the Island of Bahreéf, at the extremity of which stands an isolated hill, and almost on the river's edge are seen the ruins of a staircase, an ancient structure, and above them several quarries. Soon after which we anchored at the 'scale' of the large town of Asouan (Assoan, Aswan, the Souan of the Copts, and the Syene of the ancients). Here the Governor, His Excellency, Mahmoud Pacha, came off in his handsome boat, to pay his respects to the Prince, who, accepting his invitation, landed early the next morning, and took up his residence at the palace, which Móham-

med Bey, Mahomet Ali the Great's Kehia, constructed in 1842, with the materials of the Christian ruin, temple, and Nilometer—the lower part of which, containing the staircase, still remains—which formerly stood on the Island of Elephantine. There we were conducted into the selamlick, a noble apartment. The usual refreshments were served, after which His Excellency accompanied the Grand Pacha through the town, the site of which is connected with one end of the rocks, through which the road leads to Philiaë. We were surprised to perceive that many of the wealthy families here still adopt the old Turkish costume and accoutrements appertaining to the tenth century, when Sultan Selim conquered El Musr. The objects that most attracted our attention were the beautiful granite columns, sekos, also the ruins of an outer chamber and portico. Thence we proceeded to the wall projecting into the river, which the Arabs built for the purpose of forming a *hamman* ; in one of the arches, on the north side, we observed a Greek inscription, marking the rise of the Nile, and also a stone, both of which had evidently belonged to a Nilometer, perhaps to that which formerly stood on the Island of Elephantine, the ruins of which we afterwards visited.

Then passing by the Saracenic wall on the

south side of the old town, we proceeded to examine the cenotaphs of a host of celebrated Sheiks and Saints of El Musr, on many of which the Governor pointed out to the Prince some long Cufic inscriptions.

Then we entered the mosques, and here I must observe that during the whole of my sojourn in Egypt and at Constantinople, I never once experienced the slightest difficulty in obtaining admittance to any of those sacred structures; neither did I meet with any insult, although the guards, who accompanied me when I rambled about, have time and again taken me into mosques when I felt fatigued, and laid a *segadeh* down for me to rest upon. The first we inspected was the round arched *mesjid* of Amer, then that of Jamat Bélád, with its painted arches and plain corbelled dome.

Wending our way from the "*City of the Dead*," we passed a small bank of alluvial deposit, on which lay scattered about several blocks of granite.

Then, mounting the handsome caparisoned horses which the Governor's sais had brought from the palace, we proceeded to visit the objects of interest about the sandy environs, which are studded with palm trees, the dates of which are celebrated all over Egypt, but so totally destitute

of vegetation, that every kind of provision has to be brought from other parts.

His Excellency took us to see the granite quarries, of which stone all the ancient Egyptian obelisks were constructed.

Passing the Arab's "*City of the Silent*," we came to an obelisk, which has never been entirely separated from the rock, and there it still remains with its three sides attached. It forms a most singular object, and at first glance has the appearance of having been broken: had it been finished, it would probably have been about 97 feet high and 12 feet broad.

Thence we passed up a steep inclined road to the summit of a hill, which commands a fine view of the Nile, the town, and the island of Elephantine.

As we descended on the other side, the Pacha pointed out to the Prince the spot whereon formerly stood a pillar, the Latin inscription on which recorded the discovery of quarries in the vicinity of Philice, but which Wilkinson informs us in "*Murray's Hand Book for Egypt*," now adorns a European Museum.

Then we came upon a large mutilated sarcophagus.

The Bin-Bachi drew the Prince's attention to the singular manner in which the blocks of

granite—for although the composition of the rocks about this place is granite, syenite and porphyry, nevertheless all the Egyptian statues are made solely of the former—were originally cut out of the quarries, and explained to His Highness that wedges had been used, for he showed us a trench that had evidently been made expressly for the purpose of moistening the stone, for therein are visible several wedge holes where it has not been broken.

On our return to the palace the sun was sinking to rest; so hurrying into the comfortable odas that had been appropriated to the Prince and myself, we changed our toilette, and then descended into the selamlick, where we found a most excellent supper *à la Turque* provided for us, to which the Grand Pacha and myself did ample justice, for sight-seeing had sharpened our appetites, and there I found some plump pigeons well cooked, off which I made an excellent repast, but of which the Prince, as was his custom, partook *not*—why, or wherefore I know not—unless, indeed, he refrained from eating them on religious scruples, because they are called by the Children of the Desert, "Allah's proclaimers," because it is stated that the pigeons were wont to whisper in the prophet's ears.

After His Highness had partaken of from

twenty or thirty different dishes, then came the dessert, which consisted of pyramids of dates, delicious figs, grapes, glass dishes of preserves, *kullehs* of rose, violet, and other sherbets; then we retired into the noble *majlis* of the haram, where the Governor introduced the Prince to his Buiük Hanem, who was a fine fair Georgian beauty of nineteen years of age, elegantly attired, of fascinating manners, but whose countenance was tinged with a slight expression of melancholy, which added a peculiar interest to her '*contour*.' She rose from the divan, as also did her ladies of the haram from their cushions, as the Grand Pacha advanced towards the seat of honour; but when he uttered the magic word *otour*, all doubled themselves up again. Findjans of delicious Mocha were served, and cigarettes lighted. As soon as we had partaken of that refreshment, His Highness rose, and taking leave of Häise Hanem, we proceeded to our respective odas, for—

“ We were wearied out with that day's toil
Of gazing on the ruins that stood on Asouan's soil,
And longed for the time when in slumber deep
We might lose ourselves in dreams and sleep.”

At break of day Saliké Hanem, attended by two young slaves, brought the Prince a bowl of delicious milk and a few rolls of white bread, and myself a findjan of coffee; after partaking of

that early *fatur* breakfast, the Prince handed that intelligent Circassian two purses of paras for herself and ten others, to be distributed as buk-sheesh among the slaves who had attended upon us.

Descending into the selamlick, we found the Governor, with his staff, waiting to escort us to Gezeeret Asouan (The Island of Elephantine). His Excellency accompanied us to the '*scale*,' where we embarked in his handsome barge, and were soon rowed across to the island.

This first place we visited was the ancient '*scale*,' close to the flights of steps, between the two old walls, and near the wide spreading sycamore tree, where stand the *débris* of two river gods, evidently the handy work of the Romans, deeply buried in the thick alluvial deposit of the far-famed river.

Then we inspected the only remains of the Nilometer, which consists of a staircase, for Mahomet Ali's Kehia Bey, in 1822, as I have previously stated, removed the materials of the other portion of that structure to build the palace in which we had been so hospitably entertained. His Excellency also pointed out to us the sites of the Christian ruin and small temple, the materials of which had been similarly desecrated.

Then passing on to the southern side of the

island, we came upon the extensive ruins of some large buildings, and several houses of very ancient date, about which lay scattered *débris* of pottery, many a piece of which is ornamented with Greek inscriptions. Close stood a host of Nubian peasants, now the inhabitants of the island, who had been busily engaged in carrying away the nitre found in the mounds for the manuring of their lands.

The Governor informed us that ever and anon they brought him pieces of bronze, some of which not unfrequently proved to be coins of great antiquity.

Then we re-embarked in the barge, and soon landed on the Island of Séhayl, which lies at the north end of the First Cataract; there we had pointed out to us numerous rocks, on which were sculptured several most interesting and admirably executed hieroglyphical tablets—the substructions of an ancient yet small temple.

Here we obtained an excellent view of E'Shellal (the First Cataract), which is formed by a tremendous rush of water over a mass of picturesque looking rocks, the fall of which, however, is not more than six feet. While gazing on that rapid, for it only deserves that appellation, the Grand Pacha was highly amused at beholding some Arab boats, and naïvely remarked somewhat ugly clumsy

vessels they looked in comparison to the drawings of those pretty gaudily painted ones used by the ancient Egyptians in days of yore, and of which we had seen such excellent representations on the sculptures in the large grotto at El Kab (Eileithyas), sixty miles from Thebes on our way up to Asouan. There they were beautifully painted and of large tonnage, furnished with banks for fourteen rowers, fitted up with an excellent cabin, and having a deck capable of containing one of the ancient chariots with the horses attached thereto. Those were the vessels that so pleased the Arabs when first they made the conquest of El Musr.

The Arab boats were being towed up by powerful men, with thick ropes, through the wide and now comparatively safe channel, for accidents seldom or ever happen, as in the olden days, when the passage of this rapid was extremely difficult, not to say even dangerous, owing to its narrowness and the inexperience of the *reis* (captains). The boats which we saw being towed up were capable of carrying about twelve hundred English bushels of corn (250 ardebs of Upper Egypt).

They passed on to the eastward of the Island of Biggeh—on which we afterwards landed to inspect the ruins of the small temple, and the red granite statue behind it, as also the stela of the same material among the huge mounds—close to

which the boatmen most cleverly caught a quantity of fish by means of curious traps of their own construction.

The Grand Pacha being anxious to procure some of them to send on board the "Taka" for the Princess' table, His Excellency the Governor despatched his barge to the boatmen, from whom their haul was obtained, but only by the payment, be it understood, of considerable buksheesh. On examining them, we found various species (but their names I could not learn, for the Arabs call all fish by the term—'*semmuk*.')

Scarcely had that vessel passed than another boat, rowed by fourteen men, hugged that island on the western side, and came rushing down swiftly on its way to Asouan, which the Governor informed us it would reach in about two to three hours.

Re-embarking in the barge, we ascended the cataract, and at the end of seven to eight miles the beautiful picturesque verdant scenery of the interesting Island of Philice burst into view, with its rocks covered with numerous inscriptions of the date of the Pharaohs. Looming forth opposite the northern extremity stands an elevated and singularly shaped rock, while on the eastern bank, a little to the south-east, on the slope of the rocks is seen a square, round-towered ruined fortress, with its entrance facing Ethiopia.

The charming aspect of this island was as pleasing to our sight as the various oases had been, when traversing the scorching deserts; at first I thought Philœ was land-locked, owing to the appearance of the rocks on both sides, which jut into the river.

On landing, we hastened to inspect the maze of monuments, which from their appearance seem to date not further back than the second century before Christ. First we passed into the Temple of Isis, and there noticed the inner propylon, the small chapel before it, and the granite rock.

His Excellency then pointed out to us the site where formerly stood that obelisk which Mr. Bankes conveyed to England, and which bears the two inscriptions which that learned savant, M. Letronne, not only restored, but most ably deciphered. The first was the '*prayer*' of the priests of Philœ to King Ptolemy, Queen Cleopatra, and others, to be relieved from the heavy expense which the entertainment of all persons of rank visiting this lovely spot entailed upon them, and the other Ptolemy's most gracious concessions of their request.

Among the other objects of interest that attracted the Grand Pacha's attention were the monolithic shrine in the adytum, the portico, the sculptures, the *dark* chambers, the small

chapel of Esculapius, as well as that at the end of the corridor, the inscriptions which record the French Invasion of Egypt, in the sixth year of the Republic, and the thirteenth Messidor, to which are appended the names of the staff officers attached to that invading army, the hypœthral structure on the east side of the island, the quay, which appears to have been carried along the whole length of the island, with the arched gate behind, a massive ruined wall, and the extensive mounds, amidst which stand piles of ruins.

Entering the chapel, we spent some time in minutely examining the Nile sculptures, ovals, Greek and Ethiopian inscriptions, also the Christian ruins, which have some pointed arches similar to those we had previously seen at Medénet Háboo.

It would occupy too much space and might perhaps be too tedious to my readers were I to attempt to enumerate all the interesting ancient sacred structures which we there beheld, suffice it to add for the information of any who may wish to peruse minute details of those ruins, that such are to be found in the erudite and valuable works of Wilkinson, Champollion, L'Hôte, and Letronne.

As the Prince had expressed a desire to return

to Asouan *via* the road route, we embarked in the Governor's barge at the old ruined Roman quay, and crossing over to the road leading to the desert, we mounted the horses that had been provided for us. The road we traversed was hemmed in, as it were, with masses of gloomy rocks, thickly studded with inscriptions.

The scene around was one of the wildest, grandest, and romantically picturesque I had ever beheld during our tour through the Land of the Dates.

Soon we passed the arcaded, open crumbling, domed roof of a ruin, the resting place of a Sheikh; then the boundary wall, constructed upon a raised mound, which towers above the dyke outside it; after which the deep sandy path wound amidst huge masses of granite, which led us to the village of Mahatta, densely studded with mud huts, situated beneath shady trees, and at their portals stood numerous rudely ornamented wooden divans, on which were squatted a host of cataract boatmen and Nubian peasants, whose skins emitted forth a most rank oily odour, for it is peopled by those independent, don't-me-care-looking individuals, who flocked in crowds in our wake to behold Egypt's Grand Pacha pass along. Then we came upon the ruins of an antique sun-dried brick wall, raised upon an elevated bank

of earth which the Governor informed us had been erected in days of yore to prevent the incursions of the desert tribes.

Loitering along one of the most romantically wild scenes that we had yet seen in the course of our travels, but which, no doubt, appeared much grander in its wildness to us, after the picturesque beauty of that silvery sand, bordered by emerald vegetation, purple blossoms, and dotted with thick palm groves, and flowery accacias, which we had left behind us on the margin of the lovely Philœa. We passed many fantastic shaped boulder-looking rocks, covered with chiselled hieroglyphics, which looked as if they had been recently carved, which excluded from our sight all view of the Nile, but occasionally we obtained *coup-d'œils* of the sandy desert plain extending in the distance to the Red Sea. Along that heated and almost suffocating tract, we noticed the imprints of various animals, but soon we lost all traces of them as we neared the ancient "*City of the Silent*," which is densely studded with ruined mounds of unenclosed tombs, marked round with rude stones and stone pillars, having Cufic inscriptions chiselled thereon, after which, we soon reached the Palace of Asouan. There we remained two days, previous to H.H. setting out on an excursion into Nubia (the recruiting

ground of the Egyptian army), and Ethiopia (the country of the Blacks), of both of which I purpose publishing an account.

Early the next day a message arrived from the Viceroy informing me that the Grand Pacha was to return to the haram at Ghezire (Ghesireh), and that his intended trip as far as the fifth cataract and the ruins of Meroë, which are equally as fine as either those of Thebes or Karnak, was postponed, but of which I intend to write an account. Being anxious to take our departure, the Prince sent the Bin-Bachi on board the "Taka" with orders for the captain to be ready to start on the morrow at break of day.

After having partaken of a most splendid entertainment, to which the Governor had, at His Highness's request invited the whole of his staff, the Cheikh-el-Beled and the officers of the "Taka," we repaired to the haram, in order to pass our last evening in the agreeable society of Haisé Hanem. Coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, and confectionery, were served, and while the guests were enjoying themselves in the selamlick with the moslem's acme of bliss—the sybaritism of smoking—our obliging hostess most kindly amused the Prince by relating the following circumstance which occurred at Constantinople, on her last visit to that "*Queen of Cities*."

"I need hardly tell you, O Prince," said the

Governor's Buiük Hanem, "that the Arabs when speaking disreputably of anyone, have a peculiar way of expressing their disgust, and exclaim 'I take refuge with Allah, for of a truth his mouth watereth for the spouses of other Moslems;' but I trust that you will not for a moment imagine, Cocóna, that such vile language is of frequent occurrence among the Turks. Allah be praised ! it is rarely indeed that the wife of an Osmanli has been seduced from the path of rectitude by a Turk. The character of the Turks differs in that respect most widely from that of Alla Franca people. If a Moslem is found to be guilty of a *liaison* with a Turk's wife, or of seducing her from her lord's abode of bliss, not only is he considered to have committed a base and vile action, but a *theft*; for, as you know full well, all Turks *buy* their wives. The Moslem who acts in that base manner is not looked upon in the light 'of a *gay deceiver*,' as in Europe, but as one of the vilest of men, whom Allah is called upon to 'let his grave be defiled, his beard soiled, and his abode visited with the plague.' He becomes amenable to the Moslem law, and he is—what do you call in Alla Franca parlance?" "Shunned," I added—" *Taib*, Cocóna, by all good sons of the Prophet, and thus becomes, as the Arabs say, a '*munkate*' (an outcast from society); for every individual avoids him as he would the plague of Allah.

"I will now relate to you an adventure which took place near Pera, and in which an Italian played a most conspicuous part, for it will give you an excellent insight into the difference between the character and the customs of the Turks and Italians.

THE FRENK TOHLEBI AND THE CLEVER OUSTA.

"A few years ago a young Italian, whom I will call Signor Martino Salvo, took up his residence in the Turkish capital. Now it chanced that he hired apartments close to the haram of a very wealthy Turk. He was, for an Italian, '*a reading man*;' but most unfortunately had stored his brain, not with a dictionary of useful knowledge, but with a lot of trashy verses, that a host of European poets had written about the Turkish harams. At night, when he courted '*balmy sleep*,' his rest was constantly disturbed with dreams of angelic-looking sultanas and captivating odaliskues, whom he fancied had appeared to him. These hallucinations produced a most injurious effect upon his idle brain, for like most young men, he was particularly vain of himself. He ran away with the foolish idea that he was such a marvel of manly beauty, that whenever a Turkish woman gazed upon him, she must experience a desire 'to please' him, as they say in haram and scriptural parlance. He had led a very gay and

dissolute life at Naples, Florence, and Nizza-la-Bella and possessed vanity enough to think that it would be excellent sport if he could only boast of having won the affections of a Moslem's Buiük Hanem. Night after night did these vile machinations haunt his brain. At length he determined to keep a sharp look out on the haram windows of his rich neighbour. He had never thought, before his mind became so unhinged, of ever lifting up the windowlet of his Karaghuez blue eyes to those latticed windows. One day however, he chanced to take a glance at those wire-work cages of that 'mansion of bliss,' and there to his great joy and surprise, he perceived, as he thought, a very pretty, fair-looking woman standing in the corner at one, which was partially open. He sneezed, coughed, and drew a long breath, in order to attract the attention of that '*light of the haram,*' for although it was utterly impossible for him to have caught a glimpse of her features, owing to the intricacy of the fine interlacings of the wire cage, nevertheless she appeared to him a '*Peri of Peris.*'

"Soon he became, as the Franzees say, quite *au despoir*, for not only did she take no notice of him, but vanished quickly out of sight. Still, there he remained stationary at his post, until the sun had sank to rest, but just as he was on the point of retiring she reappeared, holding a

wax candle in her hand, which she placed on a small soofra, and forthwith began to arrange her oda, never for a moment suspecting that she was being overlooked by mortal being. Now it chanced that our Italian was dotingly fond of music, and thinking that the sound of his flute would be sure to attract her notice, he hastily snatched it up, played an Italian air from *La Stella del Nord*, and then sang the following words:—

“ Si, nel mio sovvenir,
Come tra nube tetra,
De' giorni che già fur,
La visione penetra,
Brilla, scompare, ritorna,
E alfin nell'ombre si nasconde ancor.”

“The houri listened attentively, then approached close to the wire interlacings, in order to have a peep at the musician. With that innate instinct so natural to all artful oustas, she imagined that she was being serenaded, and as she understood Italian—for many of the odalisques in the high harems have, as you well know, picked up a smattering of that language—she smiled and sung in good style, for she was gifted with a good voice, a translation of those lines in Turkish, which ran as follows:—

“ ‘ Yes, to my memory,
As from an open cloud
Of the departed days,
The vision doth appear.
It shines, withdraws, returns,
And then for ever dies.’ ”

"'Ah! ah!' said Martino Salvo, 'the houris do not seem to be as untractable as report makes out.'

"Then, turning to a mirror, he looked admiringly at himself, at the same time exclaiming, 'I thought I was handsome enough to attract her attention.'

"Week after week at sunset did he repair to his window just to play several amorous airs, while at the same time he kept constantly ogling that inamorata, who in return favoured him with many a gracious smile. As he had the *entrées* of the diplomatic circles at Fera, he amused those Special Princes with an account of his love making.

"Sleep soon entirely forsook his eyelids, then he lost his appetite, and became seriously indisposed. 'Surely,' said he to himself one day when reclining on his couch, 'that beautiful creature must be the Pacha's wife, for she appears to be the favourite, and to act as she pleases. Well, I know the Pacha intimately, he is a fine, dashing young fellow, and it would be a capital joke to run away with her.' A few days after he had thus soliloquised to himself, the houri, tired of making love behind wire latticed interlacings, raised up the window."

"*Bou bella dir*" (That is not unlikely), I added,

"because I have often caught the *oustas* doing so myself in the old Palace of Bebek, whenever they wanted to look out on the Bosphorus."

"Our Italian," continued Haise Hanem, "who was on the watch, was quite delighted, but the *houri*, when she beheld him place in his handkerchief a small stone and sprig of *fâghiyeh*, the prophet's favourite flower, whose fragrance is most delicious, and a rose, the symbol of love, was absolutely in ecstasies. That was the manner in which he sought to make his declaration of affection, but how to convey that love token to his inamorata sadly perplexed him. Woman's wit is decidedly most ingenious, but as you know, *Cocóna*, the tricks and manners of the inmates of the harams are as shrewd and subtle as those of the serpent; so retiring from the wire caged window, she snatched up an orange from off the *soofra*, to which were attached several leaves, for it had evidently been recently broken off a bough, and tying a long piece of dark blue trimming cord to its stem, she attached it to the outer frame of the small side window of the elaborate trellice work. Taking the hint, the Signor jerked most dexterously the handkerchief towards the orange, on which it safely lodged, for the houses were not far apart, and soon he had the supreme happiness of perceiving that the orange was pulled up to the

uplifted window, and the palm of a henna-stained hand was extended forth, the fingers of which soon clutched love's token and were quickly withdrawn. Great was the Italian's joy next morning when looking up at the haram window to find a turquoise as blue as an Italian summer sky, and as large as an eye, suspended therefrom by a piece of the self same blue trimming which she had tied to the handkerchief with which he had presented the *houri*.

"On his appearance at the next diplomatic *soirée* he was complimented on his recovery, and joked about his love affair, nevertheless he kept his own counsel. The *houri* now began to coquet more boldly; she not only played off the artillery of her eyes, but began to hold converse with him in pantomimic language. But only to gaze upon her charms in the far-far distance did not satisfy the Signor. He was anxious to elope with her, and bear her away from her tyrant of a husband, as he designated his friend the Pacha, in order that they might '*please each other*.'

"As soon as he had mastered the key to her pantomimic language, he gave her to understand that he wished her to flee from the haram walls, come to him, and then they would depart to some terrestrial Eden of bliss far, far away from Istamboul. A few days afterwards, when the floating morn-

ing mist which had covered the day like a mystic veil had dispersed, that houri managed to convey to the Signor, by signs, the joyful intelligence that she would come to his apartment that night at eleven o'clock, European time. The Signor was almost frantic with delight, but being as thoughtless, as all his nation generally are, he had neglected to make any arrangement as to his whereabouts, or whither they should flee to shelter themselves from the just wrath of the Pacha, who could not fail to discover his loss ere the sun had sank to rest. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had better go and take counsel with some of his intimate friends. Starting off to his acquaintances, he there and then made them the confidants of the whole affair, and extolled in no unmeasured terms on the incomparable loveliness of his conquest. 'She is,' said the Signor, 'the Pacha's youngest and most tenderly beloved Buiük Hanem;' then he explained to them his embarrassment, but they soon re-assured him on that point, and consoled him, "that Allah would, as the Arabs say, make his path easy." They all took a most lively interest in the affair, and expressed their anxiety to feast their heretical evil eyes on the features of that Khanoum Effendem who had so boldly quitted the pleasures and luxury of haram life, to brave the fury of so high a per-

sonage as the Pacha in order to please the whim and caprice of a '*Ya Haragee*.' Pleased with his friends' sympathy, and proud to prove to them that she was not only a Turkish lady, but one of *la crème de la crème*, '*the light of a high haram*,' he replied, 'Come and pay me a visit to-morrow, and I will introduce her to you.' During the few months he had been carrying on that intrigue, he had whiled away many a tedious hour by storing his brains with a complete vocabulary of Turkish expressions, for well did he know the Houri did not understand much Italian; she could read it, but was powerless to hold a long conversation. Next evening, as the time-piece in his room pointed to the hour of ten, the Signor was seated in his apartment; on a chair by his side hung a shawl, a bonnet, and a thick European veil, all admirably calculated to conceal the Turkish attire of his expected guest. Descending into hall, for he had taken the precaution to dismiss all his attendants, so that they might not perceive the Houri enter, his heart beat pit-a-pat when he heard the time-piece strike eleven.

"Scarcely had the last stroke sounded on his ear, when a muffled figure might be seen advancing towards that vestibule. It was his beloved. Taking her hand, he imprinted many a token of

affection thereon, hurried her upstairs, and on her entrance into the *majlis*, he quickly robed her in her masquerade attire. Snatching off the *yachmak*, he put the bonnet on her head, then the veil, and throwing the ample shawl over her, which enveloped her whole person, he led her downstairs, and conducted her to a sedan chair, which stood in a dark angle of the street, which was carried down to the '*scale*,' where they entered a *caik*, which glided up the Bosphorus like a fairy bark, and on landing they were rapidly driven away to a country house, which his friends had hired for him at Therapia.

"Early next morning his two confidants, punctual to their appointment, paid him a visit. The Signor presented Gul to them, with a self-satisfied smile, while they, in their turn, complimented him on his admirable taste and wonderful good luck in having secured such a prize. Refreshments were served, and just as they were puffing away at some fragrant Havannahs, his valet entered, and informed him that a gentleman desired to speak with him. His friends made their bows and withdrew, Perplexed to know who could be the intrusive visitor at that inopportune moment, the Signor turned pale, appeared rather nervous, but regaining his self-possession, he exclaimed, '*Bakalem!* I suppose it is the

Pacha's friend, who has come to bring me a challenge. *Christi!* I had no idea that the Turks were so civilized, and moved so quickly in such matters.'

"Taking Gul by the hand, he led her into an adjoining apartment. Turning to the valet he ordered him to introduce the gentleman. To his surprise a young Turk, attired in Nizam costume, entered, made his *temena* to our hero, who, pointing to a chair, requested him to *otour*.

" 'Effendi,' said he, 'yesterday you carried off a young slave belonging to my friend, Ali Pacha.'

"Signor Martino Salvio looked aghast, but remained speechless.

" 'Effendi,' said the Turk, 'I suppose you must have fallen desperately in love with Gul, or else been seized with some sudden and most unaccountable freak, or else I am certain that an Effendi of your position would never have been guilty of a *theft*. I have been deputed to tell you that you are the Pacha's debtor for fifty thousand piastres' (£ 500).

" 'I—I'—stammered forth the Italian—'do not owe the Pacha—fifty thousand piastres,' quite thunderstruck at such an announcement.

" 'Most assuredly, you do Effendi; for that is the sum which Ali Pacha paid for Gul. She was a very useful slave; in fact, she was one of the best in his service, and being a *first-rate*

pastry cook, he feels her loss greatly, and it will cost him that sum, if not much more, to replace her; and yet I must do my friend the justice to say that he only asks you to pay him the sum he actually gave for her, and does not, as he has a right to do by law, call upon you to make him an indemnity for the loss of her truly valuable services.'

" 'Why,' exclaimed the Signor, furious with passion. 'I thought that Gul was—the Pacha's wife.'

" 'His Buiük Hanem! *La! La! La!*' exclaimed the Turk, clicking his tongue in that singular manner which only a true son of the Prophet knows how to do, and burst out into a loud laugh. '*Yok!* Effendi; she was but an *ousta*, employed as the Pacha's pastry cook. If you had had the audacity to play off the artillery of those *Karaghuez* (evil eyes), blue eyes of yours, at his Buiük Hanem *Janum!* the lovely Haidé's eunuchs would have sent you to instant beatitude, for the Pacha loves her as his life, and is jealous of her as a tigress of her cubs.'

"When the Signor introduced Gul to his friends, he felt as if he were in the ninth Heaven; but, after the *éclaircissement* that had taken place, he wished the earth would open and swallow up that pastry cook for whom he had to pay such lots of paras.

“Duped as he had been, he hesitated not, but forthwith gave the Turk an order upon his bankers at Galeta for the sum demanded.

“He soon became tired of the kitchen *oustas*, but as he had seduced her, taken her away from that happy haram, wherein she had been lodged, well fed, clothed, and had received plenty of *buksheesh*—for the Pacha being a gourmand, loved good cheer, and when nice light fancy pastry graced his *soofra*, he invariably sent Gul lots of *paras*—and prevented her from being ‘mated,’ the Cadi mulcted him in the sum of two hundred thousand piastres (£200), which he paid, and left Constantinople, vowing most solemnly that he had seen and experienced too much of ‘the tricks and manners’ of *oustas*, who knew so well how to masquerade it like Khanoum Effendems.”

“*Machallah ! Haisé Hanem*,” exclaimed the Prince, as he rose to depart ; “pray accept this diamond ring,” saying which he drew from off his finger a most costly brilliant, “as a token that the Grand Pacha will never cease to remember how agreeably and pleasantly you have made his time pass away while at Asouan.”

Wishing that attentive Khanoum Effendem the “*Blessings of Allah*,” we retired, and early next morning the Governor escorted us to the yacht,

which then steamed away down the Nile, and after a pleasant trip we all landed safely at the Palace of Boolak, and crossed over to the haram at Ghezire (Ghezireh), where we found a host of artisans, mechanics, plasterers, and labourers hard at work pulling down the greater portion of the palace, erecting additional rooms, altering the park-like grounds, laying out the gardens, placing statues, making fountains, digging a lake, in short, a *corvée* of Arabs and Fellahs were busily engaged re-constructing that fairy-like palace in which El Kiedover of El Musr gave a splendid ball this year on the anniversary of his advent to the government of Pharaoh's land, to which upwards of two thousand guests were invited.

The next day Effendina visited his three Consorts, from whom His Highness learned how pleased the Grand Pacha had been with his cruise, and how loyally the people had received him Up and Down the Nile.

"Allah be praised!" replied His Highness, "I will, with Allah's blessing, make their *turikat* (path through life) easy."

"*Amin! Amin!*" was the response, "May your Highness live a thousand years!"

THE END.





